

# AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXX.

---

JUNE, 1834.

---

ART. X.—*The Writings of George Washington, being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages and other Papers, Official and Private, selected and published from the Original Manuscripts; with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations.* By JARED SPARKS. Vols. II & III. Boston, 1834.

WE know of no one in the wide circle of literature who has rendered greater benefits to the all-important subjects of American biography and history, or has laid his country under heavier obligations in this respect, than the editor of the work under review. His former productions are before the public, and are known and estimated by that public. To several of them we have heretofore directed the particular attention of our readers; and now, with peculiar pleasure, we ask a careful perusal of these volumes, illustrating, as they do, the mind and character of him who may be justly denominated the great sun of our revolutionary cycle. The lesser stars, that shed their healthful light in those changing times, have received, as they merited, our warm admiration; but to him our higher eulogy is due, who, in the day of his country's most fearful trial, walked his upright and useful course without an equal, and has rendered forever hopeless the daring presumption of any attempt to become so. At this period, particularly, is it good to dwell upon the deeds and virtues of Washington—his calm dignity—his noble modesty and distrust of his own powers—his disinterested generosity, and devotion of his all to the cause of his country. Now, when so frightful a change has come over the

spirit of our rulers; when, instead of the hesitation, even in the exercise of clearly granted powers, which, as we shall see, characterized the acts of George Washington, our executive officers seem determined to consider themselves as placed at the helm of government to try how far they can strain constructive powers, or with what success they can usurp new; and deserting the safe path marked out by the experience of their predecessors, endeavour at novel and untried experiments upon the peace and happiness and comfort of the nation; when temperate conduct and temperate speech, those exterior demonstrations of a sense of the dignity of a high office, to which even the most absolute monarchs have been anxious to manifest their deference, have given way to disgraceful ebullitions of passion in language and action; when the devotion which marked our forefathers, and which, in their instance, was manifested for their country and their whole country, has been narrowed down to a selfish attachment to party; when so many of our countrymen have raised up false idols, and seem willing to sacrifice on their altars the dearest interests of their neighbours; and when, O, blind infatuation! inferior men, these false idols, have been confidently compared to our Washington,—we say, in such seasons, it is profitable to perceive, by what fell from his own lips, what *he* was—to judge him by the undisguised statement of his own views and feelings—to trace this record from his earliest years, and to see his *private* conduct and his *private* virtues. Beholding, in such an examination, no sins of early youth to be lamented; no excesses of passion or of false feeling to draw a blush to the cheeks of age, we may with full confidence in the result of a candid comparison, present the portrait to all our countrymen, and asking them to “look upon this picture,” and “on this,” beg them to discard from their minds the unnatural vision in which any would be placed on a level with our great first president.

It might be supposed, at first, that but little which is new could be offered with regard to Washington. This is true with respect to his life from the commencement of his association with the cause of American liberty. The events of his career from that period are identified with the history of the United States, and are probably familiar to most of us. Of his earlier years, comparatively little was generally known before the appearance of Mr. Sparks' volumes; and though these disclose no facts or incidents of any stirring interest, they present, what is of far more consequence, materials for forming a proper estimate of Washington's character from very early life. It will be seen, that when quite a boy, he disclosed those traits of real greatness which were developed with so much lustre in his manhood.

Our design, at present, is to submit an account of the work,

and an abstract of such of its parts and such extracts from Washington's correspondence as we think will be most agreeable to our readers. These will readily suggest an abundance of incidental remarks. The matter, in fact, furnished by these volumes, is so voluminous, that our difficulty will lie in selecting from the mass, without going beyond the limits which we have prescribed to ourselves in this article.

The two volumes already published, are part of a series intended to contain the greater portion of Washington's very numerous productions, and are numbered second and third; the first, not yet given to the public, being devoted to a new life of that illustrious man by the editor. The second volume contains his official letters, principally addressed to the royal governor of Virginia, Dinwiddie, relating to the French war, and his private letters before the American revolution. This first part is enriched by many learned and valuable notes of Mr. Sparks, and with an appendix explanatory of the different incidents referred to in the correspondence. To this portion of the editor's labours we shall principally direct the reader's notice, as the matters therein developed are the least generally known. His early papers, his career in the service of king George, as commander of the Virginia forces against the French, and his agency in the introductory steps to our revolution are brought to our notice more fully and clearly than in any other publication. The third volume will be read with a more general interest, as the sphere of Washington's exertions was so much enlarged, and the events of the war come home so closely to all our bosoms. There is less, however, here, that may be deemed strictly novel in its character; and yet, the tale of the revolutionary war, however often repeated, is one that is never tiresome to the ear of a true American. As we read it, too, in the book before us, it is a narrative fresh from the lips of the great leader of that war himself; and we thus view, as he did, the stirring events which were in progress around him. We sympathize with his darkened feelings of apprehension, and rejoice with him when the lowering clouds seem about to be dissipated.

Mr. Sparks says of this second part,

"This division of the work is intended to embrace the period of the American Revolution, and to include such of the letters and other writings of Washington, as have been selected for publication, from the time he was appointed commander-in-chief of the army, till he resigned his commission at the end of the war. Whether regarded as to the variety, extent, and dignity of the topics on which they treat, as authentic materials for history, or as illustrating the character and acts of the great American patriot, these papers possess an extraordinary value and interest. They not only present an entire view of the operations in which Washington was engaged, as the military chieftain of the war of independence, through

every stage of the contest, but they incidentally exhibit the internal condition and resources of the country, the spirit of the people, the policy, aims, and doings of the Continental Congress, and the origin and progress of the new forms of civil government, which were set up by the states and by smaller communities, as circumstances required, and to which the people, and even Washington at the head of his armies, rendered implicit obedience."

For the purpose of enabling our readers to judge of the extent of Mr. Sparks' labours, and also of the magnitude of those, in the mere point of composition alone, which General Washington underwent from very early life, we shall furnish an account of the nature of his productions, their variety and extent. It will be seen that this third volume of the series comprises but a small part of the immense mass of papers which Washington left behind him.

Washington's revolutionary correspondence was carefully transcribed under his directions, and the letters were arranged according to their subjects and dates. They fill forty-four large volumes. He was particular in designating even the dimensions of the volumes, the quality of the paper, and the style of the binding. In his plan of classification, the following order was adopted.

1. Letters to the Congress of the United States; to Committees of Congress; to the Board of War and Ordnance; to American Ministers Plenipotentiary at Foreign Courts; and to individual Members of Congress in their public characters.
2. Letters to Provincial Congresses, Conventions and Committees of Safety; to Governors, Presidents, and other Executives of States; and to Civil Magistrates and Citizens of every denomination.
3. Letters to Officers of the Line of every rank; to Officers of the Staff, and to all other Military characters.
4. Letters to Foreign Ministers; to Subjects of Foreign Nations in the immediate service of the United States, and to Foreign Officers.
5. Letters to Officers of every rank and denomination in the service of the enemy; to British subjects of every description with the enemy; and to persons applying for permission to go to the enemy; and,
6. Private Letters.

This general outline of subjects is sufficient to give the reader an idea of the magnitude of Washington's labours with the pen. It will be considered in no small degree extraordinary, that in the midst of his constant and active duties, under circumstances, too, the most unfavourable for quiet of mind, he was enabled to perform so fatiguing a portion of his duties. Not being originally fond of letters, and having received but an ordinary education, it may be presumed that the pen was not so ready an instrument in his hand as the sword. Frequent practice, however, habituated him to its use, if it did not render him fond of it. Certain it is, that this practice operated most

favourably upon his style; the letters of his later years being far superior in this respect to those of his earlier manhood. Upon the question whether he wrote all the official papers which bear his name, the editor makes the following very judicious remarks:

“That he wrote with his own hand all his official letters during the revolution, it would be as preposterous to suppose, as that Marlborough, or Bonaparte, or Wellington, or any other great commander, was the penman of all the letters to which he subscribed his name. Compositions of this kind are not adduced as evidences of the genius, the rhetorical ingenuity, the brilliant fancy, the felicitous invention, or the literary accomplishments of the persons whose names they bear. The value to be attached to them, and the high consideration which they justly claim, are derived from the circumstance of their being records of great events, expressing the opinions and unfolding the designs of men, in whose conduct and motives the destinies of nations are involved. They are the highest and purest fountains of history, and by whatever hand the written language is constructed, the spirit and substance, the principles, facts, arguments, and purposes, must necessarily be considered as flowing from him, by whose name they are sanctioned; he is responsible for the whole; his character and reputation, as well as the vital interests of the cause entrusted to him, are at stake. Caution in weighing and judgment in adopting the sentiments of others, are often not less indicative of true wisdom and greatness, than the power to originate and combine. It will be seen, by hints contained in several of Washington’s letters, that his personal labour in writing was at times intense, even amidst the harassing cares and oppressive burdens under which he struggled in discharging his military duties. When he resorted to the assistance of his secretary, aids, or other persons, it was his custom sometimes to prepare brief minutes of the topics which he wished to have introduced into a letter, and leave the arrangement and style to the amanuensis. At other times he would dictate in detail the substance of a despatch; and again, when the subject was of minor importance, he would give general directions only, which the secretary would embody in his own language.”

However this may be in regard to all his papers, we were much struck with one circumstance, in reading these, which Mr. Sparks also mentions; we allude to the similarity of thought in all of these productions. Mr. S. adds:

“There is no feature more remarkable, however, in the whole series of correspondence, than the similarity which prevails throughout in the style, the turns of expression, the habits of thought, and particularly the methods of stating facts and enforcing argument. This will be obvious upon a very slight inspection; and no stronger proof can be required of the pervading influence of one master-mind, whatever instruments it may have employed to communicate its sentiments and effect its designs. It should be stated, moreover, that the originals of many of the ablest and best written papers, which will appear in the present work, may still be seen in the hand-writing of the author. It is a mistake, which some have been too ready to adopt, that he was not accustomed to composition. The truth is, he commenced the habit very early, and practised it assiduously till the end of his life. It is equally true, that his defective education qualified him but indifferently to attain elegance or even accuracy of style. But he knew when his thoughts were clearly and forcibly expressed. To convey his meaning with directness and emphasis was his chief study. Though

he frequently betrayed a want of skill in the construction of his sentences, yet he was fastidious in the use of words, as is manifest from the numerous verbal erasures and insertions in his original manuscripts. Indeed he seldom suffered a paper of any sort to go out of his hands, even an ordinary letter of friendship or business, without first composing and correcting it with studious care, and then transcribing a fair copy. Bundles of letters to the managers of his farms, written in the midst of his weightiest public duties, afford a striking testimony to this fact.

We think it due to Mr. Sparks to make known, as extensively as we can, the very great variety and arduous nature of his researches; and also to record the liberal encouragement which he received both in London and Paris, and which redounds so much to the praise of those courts. We shall therefore transcribe what he says, on this point, in his Introduction to the third volume.

"In the first place, the letters received by Washington during the war, amounting to several thousands in number, the records of councils of war and courts-martial, the opinions of the general officers on important subjects, the orderly books, resolves of public bodies, and reports of committees, all of which are among his papers, afford a rich treasure of facts, to which I have constantly resorted. The manuscript papers relating to the revolution, which are deposited in the office of the Secretary of State at Washington, containing all that remains of the proceedings and correspondence of the Old Continental Congress, I have also personally examined. For the same purpose I have visited the several States which belonged to the original Confederation and took part in the war, and have examined in the public offices of each State the manuscript papers appertaining to the period under consideration. It has moreover been my good fortune, through the politeness of individuals, to gain access to many private collections of papers, including the entire correspondence of several of the major and brigadier generals of the army, the members of the Old Congress, and other civil and military officers of distinction. The materials thus collected, being original and perfectly authentic, and proceeding from the highest sources, possess a value which may easily be estimated.

"In England and France my researches were pursued with no less perseverance and success. With a liberality on the part of the governments of both these countries, which demands the warmest acknowledgments, I was permitted to inspect in the public archives all the papers which relate to the American war. The task occupied nearly twelve months of close application, but the labour was abundantly rewarded by the results. The British officers opened to me the complete correspondence of the ministers, Lord Dartmouth and Lord George Germain, with the governors of the colonies at the beginning of the contest, and with the commanders in America during the whole war, namely, Generals Gage, Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Robertson, Carleton, Cornwallis, and others of subordinate rank. The original correspondence of the British Commissioners, while negotiating the peace in Paris, was likewise examined; and also the original papers presented from time to time by Lord North to Parliament.

"In Paris my researches embraced the voluminous correspondence between Count Vergennes and the French ministers, Gerard and Luzerne, while they were in the United States, amounting in all to nearly four hundred despatches, and unfolding the policy and views of the French government from the beginning to the end of the war; also *Mémoires* and other papers on American affairs, written by members of the cabinet, or by able jurisconsults employed for that purpose. In the achievements of the De-

partment of War, the despatches of Count Rochambeau, and other officers commanding the French army in America, were submitted to my examination, and such copies as I desired were allowed to be taken."

The same facilities were afforded to Mr. Sparks in England and France in his researches with the view of supplying the deficiencies in the records of transactions before the American war. Washington's letters prior to that event relate chiefly to the French war, in which he was actively engaged for five years. They form a complete narrative of the transactions which occurred from the time of his joining General Braddock until his retirement from the army. At the defeat of that General, Washington, in common with the other officers, lost all his papers. Among them was a journal of the campaign, which it was, in more respects than one, desirable to have preserved. This loss has been partly supplied to Mr. Sparks by the liberality of the governments above mentioned.

After his resignation of command in the British colonial forces, he retired to his plantation at Mount Vernon, and was chiefly devoted to his private affairs for the space of fifteen years. Though usually a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, there are scarcely any traces of his public acts in that body. There exist two manuscript volumes of private letters written between the periods of his leaving the army and the breaking out of the Revolution, which are important only as exemplifying his habits of economy, rigid industry, strict impartiality and justice, and above all, that minuteness of detail for which he was remarkable. This trait will be found particularly conspicuous in his letters on military affairs. As an instance of these and other peculiarities of constitution, we shall present the following extract from the Introduction to the second volume.

"For many years previous to the revolution, it was Washington's custom to keep a diary of some of the principal incidents that occurred within his observation. For this purpose he commonly used an almanac, interleaved with blank paper, and bound in a small volume. He made daily entrances under three heads, namely, first, "*Where, how, or with whom, my time is spent*;" secondly, "*Account of the Weather*;" thirdly, "*Remarks and Observations*." He was a careful observer of the weather, and almost every night recorded the aspect of the heavens during the preceding day, whether cloudy or fair, the direction of the winds, and temperature.—Whenever he left home he carried the interleaved almanac in his pocket, as also another little book, in which he entered daily the amount of money paid out by him, and the specific objects for which it was paid. This habit ceased during the revolution, but was renewed afterwards. The contents of his diary turned chiefly on agricultural operations and other business concerns. These volumes, kept for a series of years, afford some biographical materials not destitute of interest.

Several manuscripts are in existence, the productions of Washington's boyhood. Some of them are not remarkable, ex-

cept for the neatness of the handwriting, and as evincing his fondness for mathematical studies. There is one, however, which is worthy of a passing notice, as it shows a serious and observant disposition unusual at the early age at which it was written. It is entitled "*Rules of civility and decent behaviour in company and conversation.*" He was, at the time of recording these Rules, but thirteen years old. They consist of one hundred and ten distinct regulations, written out and numbered. From what sources they were obtained, or whether any were of his own composition, does not appear. That they were true indices of his own dispositions and principles, and that by them he regulated his conduct in life, is obvious from a very slight attention to his behaviour. Many of these Rules are transcribed by Mr. Sparks. We have not room for them all; but will copy a few, so that our readers may judge of their character from the specimen.

"1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

"2. In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

"3. Sleep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not when others stop.

"12. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

"13. In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

"14. In writing, or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

"15. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

"24. In your apparel, be modest, and endeavour to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

"25. Play not the peacock, looking every where about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

"26. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone, than in bad company.

"27. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern.

"30. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death, and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams, but to your intimate friend.

"32. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

"33. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear and answer; and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.

"36. If two contend together, take not the part of either unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your own opinion; in things indifferent be of the major side.

"44. Be not apt to relate news, if you know not the truth thereof. In

discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

“45. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

“46. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

“51. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

“52. Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

“53. Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humour makes one dish of meat a feast.

“55. When you speak of God, or his attributes, let it be seriously in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

“56. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

“57. Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.”

His military dispositions were very early developed. At the age of fourteen he was anxious to enter the navy, and a midshipman's warrant was accordingly procured for him. The design was abandoned in consequence of his mother's repugnance to a separation from him. She was then a widow; he was her eldest son, and she was left with five young children besides George. The difference in the future destiny of Washington may well be imagined, had his original intention been consummated.

We have adverted to his predilection for mathematical studies. This, nurtured by the opportunities which a new and unexplored country presented, induced him to turn his attention to surveying. At the age of sixteen he became a practical surveyor. He set out upon a tour of this description through the Allegheny mountains, in March 1748, in company with a Mr. George Fairfax, and kept a rough diary of his adventures. It is well written, and the descriptions of scenery, &c. quite graphic. From some letters, written at this period, it appears that the young hero had been captivated by the charms of a country beauty. As it is the only instance on record of Washington's being what is called really in love—for we should presume that his subsequent marriage was one rather of esteem and regard than of any very enthusiastic attachment—we shall copy one of the letters in which the subject is alluded to. We have mentioned his extreme youth at this time—a period when his heart was probably more liable to soft impressions than at any other of his life. We may remark, as we are upon the subject of his character and dispositions, that though his feelings were evidently exceedingly kind, and regulated always by a very high sense of his social obligations, yet they were too nicely

balanced and tempered to allow the supposition that they were ever likely to get the better of his cool judgment. Washington was not what we should style a warm-hearted man; though he possessed a high spirit and a very delicate sense of honour. The letter we have referred to is as follows :

“‘DEAR FRIEND ROBIN,—As it is the greatest mark of friendship and esteem, which absent friends can show each other, to write and often communicate their thoughts, I shall endeavour from time to time, and at all times, to acquaint you with my situation and employments in life, and I could wish you would take half the pains to send me a letter by any opportunity, as you may be well assured of its meeting with a very welcome reception.

“‘My place of residence at present is at his lordship's [Lord Fairfax's], where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady in the same house, Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister. But that only adds fuel to the fire, as being often and unavoidably in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty; whereas, were I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrow, by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in oblivion; and I am very well assured, that this will be the only antidote or remedy.’”

How long the figure of this fair lady filled the eyes of our “young surveyor,” and whether the tale of love met a willing or unpropitious ear, or was at all communicated to the object of his regard (though the probabilities are, that it was not), are all questions to which we have no means of returning an answer. It appears that three years of his life were passed in the arduous duties of his business of surveying among the woods of the Alleghanies and on the southern branches of the Potomac river. This occupation must have strengthened his constitution, and given him much practical information that was of use to him in after life.

We shall introduce here, though it is out of the order of time, the letter which many years after this he wrote to his wife, on the occasion of his being appointed by Congress to the supreme command of the American forces. It is the only letter to that lady which is supposed to be in existence, Mrs. Washington having destroyed, a short time before her death, his other epistles to her. We refer to this letter in this place, as we may not hereafter allude to the subject of Washington's warmth of feeling. It will be perceived, that the letter in question is most affectionate and friendly; and yet the allusion to his will, at its close, gives it, in some degree, a business complexion. The circumstances in which he was about to be placed, would, most properly, draw his attention to the probability of a separation by sudden death from his family; and the propriety of a provision for his widow in such an event would have forced itself

upon the mind of any one; we however were struck with its being introduced in a letter to *her*. We may be wrong in this; in every other respect, the note does him infinite credit. It is in these words:

“TO MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON.

“*Philadelphia, 18 June, 1775.*

“MY DEAREST,—I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased, when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress, that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

“You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavour in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose.—You might, and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence, which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is, that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content, and a tolerable degree of tranquillity; as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

“As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns, while it is in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to this place (for I had not time to do it before I left home) got Colonel Pendleton to draft a will for me, by the directions I gave him, which will I now enclose. The provision made for you in case of my death will, I hope, be agreeable.

“I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and to assure you that I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy, your affectionate, &c.’”

During his early years, Washington resided with his half-brother, Lawrence, at Mount Vernon. His brother was a cap-

tain in the British Army. His health became delicate, and he was advised to make a voyage to the West Indies; George accompanied him, and kept a journal of his tour. They went to Barbadoes. George was very ill there of the small-pox. His brother received but little benefit from the voyage, and returned and died in his own house in 1752. The family vault, which was afterwards honored by the reception of the remains of his younger and more illustrious brother, received his body. The estate at Mount Vernon descended to George, and it is known that it became his constant residence, except when he was called from home by public duties.

In the year 1751, through the influence of his brother Lawrence, George obtained an appointment as one of the adjutants-general of Virginia, with the rank of major; he was then but nineteen years of age. When Governor Dinwiddie came to preside over the colony, he divided it into four military districts, and in 1753 assigned George Washington to the command of the Northern District, renewing his appointment as adjutant.

About this time the French commenced their system of encroachment upon the western frontiers of the English colonies, which ended in what was denominated the French war. The governors of those colonies, which were supposed to be trespassed upon by the intruders, became alarmed for the safety of their territories, and determined to take measures to repel the invaders. Vague and unsatisfactory rumours had reached the ears of Governor Dinwiddie as to the numbers and designs of the French, and he therefore resolved to despatch a trusty agent for the purpose of demanding of the French leader his designs, of ascertaining the facts, and making all proper investigations. The governor made choice of Major Washington, then in his twenty-second year, for this delicate and responsible mission; and the previous habits of Washington, his capacity to endure fatigue, and his knowledge of the country and of the character of the Indians, which he had acquired in his surveying expeditions, peculiarly qualified him for the task. He performed the duty to the entire satisfaction of Dinwiddie, and gave additional manifestations, in its discharge, of that energy and decision of character for which he had been already favourably known.—The journal which he kept contains a full account of the events of his mission: as, however, it has been published in England, and been several times reprinted in this country, we shall not extract any part of it here.

Washington returned from this mission and arrived at Williamsburg, the seat of government, on the 16th of January, 1754. The governor and council resolved to enlist two companies of one hundred men each, and send them to the Ohio

with orders to construct a fort on that river. The command of the men was conferred upon Washington. Shortly after, the number of troops was enlarged, and the whole put under the orders of Colonel Fry. Washington was made second in command, and raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He proceeded on his march, but his further immediate progress was stopped by the news of the capture of the fort (situated where Pittsburgh now stands), which had fallen into the hands of a large body of the French. This was considered the first overt-act of hostility in the memorable war which raged for seven years in both Europe and America.

Colonel Fry soon after died, and the whole command devolved upon lieutenant-colonel Washington. Reinforcements were forwarded to him, so that his forces exceeded three hundred men. He continued his advance towards the Ohio.

We have mentioned these, apparently trifling, details, because it was during this expedition, that an occurrence took place, which has given rise to the only circumstance in Washington's long and eventful career, which has been seriously pressed as affording an imputation upon the propriety of his conduct and character. Though it may not be generally known in our country, it is a fact, that many highly respectable French historians have recorded the death of the young officer, Jumonville, their countryman, as an illegal act on the part of Washington, and as amounting, in substance, to assassination. We shall cite two or three of these writers for the purpose of showing our readers how much the facts of this case have been perverted and misunderstood by the French historians, and what groundless slanders have been cast upon the fair fame of the father of his country. Flassan holds some rank in French literature. His work, entitled, *History of French Diplomacy, or of the Politics of France*, was written with the approbation of the Emperor Napoleon. He says (vol. 6, p. 28) that Jumonville was the bearer of a letter from his commandant; that he was surrounded by a party of Indians and English, and after he had ordered the summons to be read, and before the reading was finished, the English fired upon his party, killed him and others, and took those who survived prisoners of war. Lacrételle, in his *History of France during the eighteenth century* (vol. 2, p. 234), states the facts in the same way, and attempts to excuse Washington's supposed criminality, by alleging his youth and incapacity to restrain his troops. The Abbé Montgaillard, in his *History of France since the end of the reign of Louis XVI.* (vol. 5, p. 297), a writer of ability and eloquence, speaks thus of our illustrious countryman:

"This great man, the only person with whom no other in modern history can be compared, would have enjoyed a renown without reproach, his

public career would have been without fault, his glory would have shone with an unsullied lustre, had it not been for the fatal event of the death of Jumonville, a young officer sent to him with a summons by the commandant of the French establishments on the Ohio. Washington, then a major in the forces of the king of England, commanded the post which assassinated Jumonville. He was then twenty-three (twenty-two) years of age. Far from offering any reparation, himself attacked by the brother of Jumonville, and made prisoner with his troops, he received his life and liberty on the condition of sending back the Frenchmen who escaped from the massacre; yet he violated his promise. The French could never efface the remembrance of this deplorable circumstance, whatever veneration the political life of this illustrious citizen might have merited."

There are several other authors of the same nation, who have given currency to the same calumnies. It will be at once felt, that a charge of this serious description, so gravely made and repeated, and supported by such names, demanded a full investigation, and required a conclusive answer. This the subject has received at the hands of Mr. Sparks, who has performed the duty—for such it was, to rescue the character of Washington from false charges—with his usual ability, and he is entitled to the thanks of his countrymen for his labours. He shows, conclusively, that the whole story has originated with a letter which was written on the 2d day of June, 1754, by M. de Contrecoeur (the commanding French officer), to the Marquis Duquesne, governor of Canada. Having most successfully attacked the correctness of that letter, he invalidates the sole and whole authority on which the French writers rely for their version of the facts. Contrecoeur's letter, or at least that part of it which relates to this particular matter, we shall present to our readers:

"Since the letter, which I had the honour of writing to you on the 30th ultimo, in which I informed you that I expected the return of M. de Jumonville in four days, it has been reported by the savages, that his party has been taken, and eight men killed, among whom is M. de Jumonville. A Canadian belonging to the party, named Mouceau, made his escape, who relates, that they had built cabins in a low bottom, where they lay during a heavy rain. At seven o'clock in the morning they saw themselves encircled on one side by the English, and by savages on the other. Two discharges of musketry were fired upon them by the English, but none by the savages. M. de Jumonville called to them by an interpreter to desist, as he had something to say to them. The firing ceased. M. de Jumonville caused the summons to be read, which I had sent, admonishing them to retire, a copy of which I have the honour to enclose. Whilst this was reading, the said Mouceau saw the French gathered close around M. de Jumonville, in the midst of the English and the savages. At that time Mouceau escaped through the woods, making his way hither, partly by land and partly in a small canoe on the river Monongahela.

"This, sir, is all that I have been able to learn from Mouceau. The misfortune is, that our people were taken by surprise. The English had surrounded and come upon them before they were seen.

"I have this moment received a letter from M. de Chauvignerie, which I have the honour to send you herewith, from which you will see that we

have certainly lost eight men, of whom M. de Jumonville is one. The savages, who were present, say, that M. de Jumonville was killed by a musket-shot in the head, while he was listening to the reading of the summons, and that the English would immediately have destroyed the whole party, if the savages had not rushed in before them and prevented their attempt. M. Drouillon and M. de la Force were made prisoners. We are not informed whether M. de Boucherville and M. du Sablé, two cadets, are among the slain. Such is the account which we have received from the savages."

Mr. Sparks then gives an accurate statement of the facts which the official letters of Washington, now for the first time published, and the manuscript letters of Governor Dinwiddie, enable him to present. As we feel a special interest in the point, and are anxious to disseminate as widely as we can the editor's valuable investigations, we shall extract a part of his triumphant vindication of Washington. The whole will be found at page 447 of the second volume.

"When the news of the capitulation of Ensign Ward to the French on the Ohio, in consequence of a military summons, reached Will's Creek, where the Virginia troops were encamped, Colonel Washington considered the frontiers to be actually invaded, and that, in compliance with the tenor of his orders, it was his duty to march forward and be prepared to meet the invading forces wherever they should present themselves. A council of war was immediately held, by which this opinion was confirmed, and it was resolved to proceed to the junction of Red-stone Creek with the Monongahela, thirty-seven miles from the fort captured by the French, construct such a fortification there as circumstances would permit, and wait for reinforcements. On the 1st of May the little army, amounting to one hundred and fifty men, set off from Will's Creek, and advanced by slow and tedious marches into the wilderness. The Indians brought in frequent reports of their having seen French scouts in the woods, and on the 24th of May the Half-King sent a message to Washington, apprizing him that a French force, in what numbers he could not tell, was on its march to attack the English wherever they should be found, and warning him to be on his guard. He was now a few miles beyond the Great Meadows, and on receiving this intelligence he hastened back to that place, and threw up an entrenchment, determined to wait there the approach of the enemy, whom he supposed to be coming out with a hostile intention.

"Early in the morning of the 27th, Mr. Gist arrived in camp from his residence, which was about thirteen miles distant, and informed Colonel Washington, that M. La Force with fifty men had been at his plantation the day before, and that on his way he had seen the tracks of the same party five miles from the encampment at the Great Meadows. Seventy-five men were immediately despatched in pursuit of this party, but they returned without having discovered it. Between eight and nine o'clock the same night an express arrived from the Half-King, who was then six miles off, with intelligence that he had seen the tracks of two Frenchmen, which had been traced to an obscure retreat, and that he imagined the whole party to be concealed within a short distance. Fearing this might be a stratagem of the French for attacking his camp, Colonel Washington put his ammunition in a place of safety, and, leaving a strong guard to protect it, he set out with forty men, and reached the Indian's camp a little before sunrise, having marched through a rainy and exceedingly dark night.

"On counselling with the Half-King, and the other Indians of his party, it was agreed that they should march together and make the attack in concert on the French. They then proceeded in single file through the woods, after the manner of the Indians, till they came upon the tracks of the two Frenchmen, when the Half-King sent two Indians forward to retrace these tracks, and discover the position of the main body. This was found to be in a very retired place surrounded by rocks, and half a mile from the road. A disposition for attack was then formed, in which the English occupied the right wing and the Indians the left. In this manner they advanced, till they came so near as to be discovered by the French, who instantly ran to their arms. Washington then ordered his men to fire, and a skirmish ensued. The firing continued on both sides about fifteen minutes, till the French were defeated, with the loss of their whole party, ten men being killed, including their commander, M. de Jumonville, one wounded, and twenty-one taken prisoners. Colonel Washington's loss was one man killed, and two or three wounded. The Indians escaped without injury, as the firing of the French was directed chiefly against the right wing, where Washington and his men were stationed.

"This is a brief and simple narrative of facts, drawn from Washington's official letters written at the time, and from the account transmitted by Governor Dinwiddie to the British ministry, which are both confirmed by the extracts from Washington's private journal, published by the French government. It is worthy of remark, that this journal, kept for his own private use, and captured the year following by the French at Braddock's defeat, accords in every essential point with his public communications to Governor Dinwiddie. Is not this accordance an irrefragable proof of the fidelity of his statement, even if his character permitted us to demand any other proof than his single declaration? Were it possible for him to give a deceptive colouring to his public despatches, yet there could be no conceivable inducement for recording such deceptions among the broken minutes of his daily transactions, which were intended for no eye but his own.

"Let it now be asked, what ground there can be for calling the death of Jumonville in this skirmish an *assassination*, or affixing to it the stigma of a crime, with which it has been marked by the French historians? Is this charge authorized either by the act itself, or by the nature of the causes which led to it?

"As to the act itself, it differs in no respect from that of any other commander who leads his men into an engagement, in which some of the enemy are slain. It was a conflict into which both parties entered, with such means of annoyance as they could command. One of Washington's men was killed by the French, and others were wounded. There would be just as much justice in calling the death of this man an assassination, as that of M. de Jumonville. It is true, as M. de Contrecoeur wrote to the Marquis Duquesne, that Washington came upon the French by surprise; but this circumstance, so far from being a matter of censure, is not only considered allowable among the stratagems of honourable warfare, but an object of praise in a commander who effects it with success. The report of the Canadian, that the reading of the summons was begun by M. de Jumonville's order, and of the savages, that he was killed while the interpreter was reading it, are manifestly fictions, as these incidents are nowhere else mentioned. Some of the prisoners said, after they were taken, that when the firing commenced, the French called out to the English, with the design to make known the object of their mission, and the purport of the summons brought by M. de Jumonville. This was not told to Washington by the prisoners, nor was he informed of it till after their departure. He wrote to the governor, however, stating that he had heard such a re-

port, and affirming it to be false. The same particulars and the same affirmation were entered in his journal. As he was at the head of his men, and the first person seen by the French, he believed it impossible that any such call should have been made without his hearing it, which was not the case, but, on the contrary, he saw them run to their arms, and they immediately commenced firing.

"It may not be possible to ascertain at this time the precise object for which the party under Jumonville was sent out. The tenor of his instructions, and the manner in which he approached Colonel Washington's camp, make it evident enough that he deviated widely from the mode usually adopted in conveying a summons; and his conduct was unquestionably such as to create just suspicions, if not to afford a demonstration, of his hostile designs. His appearance on the route at the head of an armed force, his subsequent concealment at a distance from the road, his remaining there for nearly two days, his sending off messengers to M. de Contrecoeur, were all circumstances unfavourable to a pacific purpose. If he came really as a peaceful messenger, and if any fault was committed by the attack upon him, it must be ascribed to his own imprudence and injudicious mode of conducting his enterprise, and not to any deviation from strict military rules on the part of Colonel Washington, who did no more than execute the duty of a vigilant officer, for which he received the unqualified approbation of his superiors and of the public."

Colonel Washington had advanced with his troops as far as Gist's plantation, thirteen miles beyond the Great Meadows, when news of the arrival of strong reinforcements to the French at Fort Duquesne determined him, after holding a council of war, to retreat. He retreated accordingly, and entrenched himself at Fort Necessity, in the Great Meadows. He had under his command about four hundred men. The forces of the enemy, who besieged him in that place, were about nine hundred French and Indians. The fort is situated three or four hundred yards to the south of the national road, and four miles from the foot of Laurel Hill.

In the retreat to this fort, Washington showed a noble example to his men. It is to be recollected that he was, at this period, though he bore the rank of colonel, but twenty-two years old. The horses were very few. He placed ammunition and other public stores upon his own, and marched with the men. The officers imitated his conduct. They arrived at the Meadows, very much fatigued, and found there but a small quantity of refreshments or ammunition. On the 3d of July the French arrived before the place and commenced the attack; the battle lasted from eleven o'clock in the morning till eight at night, when the assailants requested a parley. As there were no prospects of relief to Washington, and he had no means of further prolonging the contest, he consented to capitulate. The articles of capitulation were more favourable, perhaps, than the circumstances of his situation would have led him to expect.

"By the terms of the capitulation, the whole garrison was to retire, and return without molestation to the inhabited parts of the country, and the

French commander promised that no embarrassment should be interposed, either by his own men or the savages. The English were to take away every thing in their possession, except their artillery, and to march out of the fort the next morning with the honours of war, their drums beating and colors flying. As the French had killed all the horses and cattle, Colonel Washington had no means of transporting his heavy baggage and stores; and it was conceded to him, that his men might conceal their effects, and that a guard might be left to protect them, till horses could be sent up to take them away. Colonel Washington agreed to restore the prisoners, who had been taken at the skirmish with Jumonville; and as a surety for this article two hostages, Captain Vanbraam and Captain Stobo, were delivered up to the French, and were to be retained till the prisoners should return. It was moreover agreed, that the party capitulating should not attempt to build any more establishments at that place, or beyond the mountains, for the space of a year."

We have adverted particularly to these articles of capitulation, as in the original (for they were written in French), there are expressions that go to admit the impropriety of the death of Jumonville, which we have before discussed. The French authors we have alluded to have not failed to make the best use of the circumstance for their own purposes. In connexion, therefore, with that subject, it is proper to afford the full explanation which our editor also furnishes of this whole matter.

Washington was ignorant of the French language. He was deceived by the interpreter. The articles contained the words "l'assassinat du Sieur de Jumonville;" which were understood by the English officers to mean—for thus they were explained to them—the *death* of Jumonville. An officer of Washington's regiment, who was present when the articles were read and signed, wrote thus to a friend:

"When Mr. Vanbraam returned with the French proposals, we were obliged to take the sense of them from his mouth; it rained so hard, that he could not give us a written translation of them; we could scarcely keep the candle lighted to read them by; and every officer there is ready to declare, that there was no such word as *assassination* mentioned. The terms expressed were, *the death of Jumonville*. If it had been mentioned, we would by all means have had it altered, as the French, during the course of the interview, seemed very condescending, and desirous to bring things to a conclusion; and, upon our insisting, altered the articles relating to stores and ammunition, which they wanted to detain; and that of the cannon, which they agreed to have *destroyed*, instead of *reserved for their use*.

"Another article, which appears to our disadvantage, is that whereby we oblige ourselves not to attempt an establishment beyond the mountains. This was translated to us, *not to attempt buildings or improvements on the lands of his Most Christian Majesty*. This we never intended, as we denied he had any there, and therefore thought it needless to dispute the point.

"The last article, which relates to the hostages, is quite different from the translation of it given to us. It is mentioned *for the security of the performance of this treaty*, as well as for the return of the prisoners. There was never such an intention on our side, or mention of it made on theirs by our interpreter. Thus by the evil intention or negligence of Vanbraam, our conduct is scrutinized by a busy world, fond of criticizing the pro-

ceedings of others, without considering circumstances, or giving just attention to reasons which might be offered to obviate their censures.’”

The commander of this French detachment was M. de Villiers, Jumonville's brother. He rendered an account of the affair to his government, which was published. As Washington, many years afterwards, when this account was sent to him for his remarks upon it, wrote an answer which we shall give to our readers, it is but fair to copy a part of Villiers' statement.

“‘As we had no knowledge of the place,’ says M. de Villiers, ‘we presented our flank to the fort, when they began to fire on us with their cannon. Almost at the same instant that I saw the English on the right coming towards us, the Indians as well as ourselves set up a loud cry, and we advanced upon them; but they did not give us time to fire before they retreated behind an entrenchment adjoining the fort. We then prepared ourselves to invest the fort. It was advantageously situated in a meadow, and within musket-shot of the wood. We approached as near to them as possible, and not uselessly to expose his majesty's subjects. The fire was spirited on both sides, and I placed myself in the position where it seemed to be most likely a sortie would be attempted. If the expression may be allowed, we almost extinguished the fire of their cannon by our musketry.

“‘About six o'clock in the evening the fire of the enemy increased with renewed vigour, and continued till eight. We returned it briskly. We had taken effectual measures to secure our posts, and keep the enemy in the fort all night; and, after having put ourselves in the best position possible, we called out to the English, that, if they desired a parley with us, we would cease firing. They accepted the proposal. A captain came out, and I sent M. de Mercier to receive him, and went to the Meadow myself, where we told him, that, not being at war, we were willing to save them from the cruelties to which they would expose themselves on the part of the savages by an obstinate resistance, that we would take from them all the hope of escape during the night, that we consented nevertheless to show them favour, as we had come only to avenge the assassination which they had inflicted upon my brother, in violation of the most sacred laws, and to oblige them to depart from the territories of the king. We then agreed to accord to them the capitulation, a copy of which is hereunto annexed.

“‘We considered that nothing could be more advantageous to the nation than this capitulation, as it was unnatural in the time of peace to make prisoners. We made the English consent to sign, that they had assassinated my brother in his camp. We took hostages for the French who were in their power; we caused them to abandon the lands belonging to the king; we obliged them to leave their cannon, which consisted of nine pieces; we had destroyed all their horses and cattle, and made them sign, that the favour we granted them was only to prove how much we desired to treat them as friends. That very night the articles were signed, and I received in camp the hostages whom I had demanded.

“‘On the 4th, at the dawn of day, I sent a detachment to take possession of the fort. The garrison defiled, and the number of their dead and wounded excited my pity, in spite of the resentment which I felt for the manner in which they had taken away the life of my brother.

“‘The savages, who in every thing had adhered to my wishes, claimed the right of plunder, but I prevented them. The English, struck with a panic, took to flight, and left their flag and one of their colours. I demolished the fort, and M. de Mercier caused the cannon to be broken, as also the one granted by the capitulation, the English not being able to take it

away. I hastened my departure, after having burst open the casks of liquor, to prevent the disorders which would otherwise infallibly have followed. One of my Indians took ten Englishmen, whom he brought to me, and whom I sent back by another.' ”

Mr. Sparks very properly notices the ridicule which the pretended capture of ten Englishmen by one Indian casts upon the whole account. Such, however, it is. Washington's comments are these:

“ ‘SIR,—I am really sorry that I have it not in my power to answer your request in a more satisfactory manner. If you had favoured me with the journal a few days sooner, I would have examined it carefully, and endeavoured to point out such errors as might conduce to your use, my advantage, and the public satisfaction; but now it is out of my power.

“ ‘I had no time to make any remarks upon that piece, which is called my journal. The enclosed are observations on the French notes. They are of no use to me separated, nor will they, I believe, be of any to you; yet I send them unconnected and incoherent as they were taken, for I have no opportunity to correct them.

“ ‘In regard to the journal, I can only observe in general, that I kept no regular one during that expedition; rough minutes of occurrences I certainly took, and find them as certainly and strangely metamorphosed; some parts left out, which I remember were entered, and many things added that never were thought of; the names of men and things egregiously miscaled; and the whole of what I saw Englished is very incorrect and nonsensical; yet, I will not pretend to say that the little body, who brought it to me, has not made a literal translation, and a good one.

“ ‘Short as my time is, I cannot help remarking on Villiers' account of the battle of, and transactions at, the Meadows, as it is very extraordinary, and not less erroneous than inconsistent. He says the French received the first fire. It is well known that we received it at six hundred paces' distance. He also says, our fears obliged us to retreat in a most disorderly manner after the capitulation. How is this consistent with his other account? He acknowledges that we sustained the attack warmly from ten in the morning until dark, and that he called first to parley, which strongly indicates that we were not totally absorbed in fear. If the gentleman in his account had adhered to the truth, he must have confessed, that we looked upon his offer to parley as an artifice to get into and examine our trenches, and refused on this account, until they desired an officer might be sent to them, and gave their parole for his safe return. He might also, if he had been as great a lover of the truth as he was of vainglory, have said, that we absolutely refused their first and second proposals, and would consent to capitulate on no other terms than such as we obtained. That we were wilfully, or ignorantly, deceived by our interpreter in regard to the word *assassination*, I do aver, and will to my dying moment; so will every officer that was present. The interpreter was a Dutchman, little acquainted with the English tongue, therefore might not advert to the tone and meaning of the word in English; but, whatever his motives were for so doing, certain it is, he called it the *death*, or the *loss*, of the *Sieur Jumonville*. So we received and so we understood it, until, to our great surprise and mortification, we found it otherwise in a literal translation.

“ ‘That we left our baggage and horses at the Meadows is certain; that there was not even a possibility to bring them away is equally certain, as we had every horse belonging to the camp killed or taken away during the action; so that it was impracticable to bring any thing off that our

shoulders were not able to bear; and to wait there was impossible, for we had scarce three days' provisions, and were seventy miles from a supply; yet, to say we came off precipitately is absolutely false; notwithstanding they did, contrary to articles, suffer their Indians to pillage our baggage, and commit all kinds of irregularity, we were with them until ten o'clock the next day; we destroyed our powder and other stores, nay, even our private baggage, to prevent its falling into their hands, as we could not bring it off. When we had got about a mile from the place of action, we missed two or three of the wounded, and sent a party back to bring them up; this is the party he speaks of. We brought them all safe off, and encamped within three miles of the Meadows. These are circumstances, I think, that make it evidently clear, that we were not very apprehensive of danger. The colours he speaks of as left were a large flag of immense size and weight; our regimental colours were brought off and are now in my possession. Their gasconades, and boasted clemency, must appear in the most ludicrous light to every considerate person, who reads Villiers' journal; such preparations for an attack, such vigour and intrepidity as he pretends to have conducted his march with, such revenge as by his own account appeared in his attack, considered, it will hardly be thought that compassion was his motive for calling a parley. But to sum up the whole, Mr. Villiers pays himself no great compliment in saying we were struck with a panic when matters were adjusted. We surely could not be afraid without cause, and if we had cause after capitulation, it was a reflection upon himself.

“I do not doubt but your good nature will excuse the badness of my paper, and the incoherence of my writing; think you see me in a public house in a crowd, surrounded with noise, and you hit my case. You do me particular honour in offering your friendship; I wish I may be so happy as always to merit it, and deserve your correspondence, which I should be glad to cultivate.”

The Virginia House of Burgesses passed a vote of thanks to Colonel Washington and his officers “for their bravery and gallant defence of their country.”

Washington soon after resigned his commission. There had been constant jealousies and uneasiness as to rank between the officers who held their commissions from the governor, and such as derived them immediately from the king, and who commanded what were called the independent companies. The letters of Washington to Governor Dinwiddie, are replete with remarks upon this topic, and show conclusively the very high spirit and proper sense of his personal dignity, which always characterized him. The pay of the colonial officers was less than that of the others; and Washington was anxious, at several periods prior to Braddock's arrival, unless he were placed upon a par in this respect with the British officers, to be permitted to serve as a volunteer without pay: a sense of duty to his country alone prevented his throwing up his commission long before.

The British government had determined to prosecute the war vigorously in America; and therefore despatched the unfortunate General Braddock to take the supreme command of all the military forces in North America. That officer arrived in Virginia on

the 20th of February, 1755, and almost immediately afterwards, knowing the importance and value of Washington's services, offered him a situation in his family as one of his aids; a post that would avoid the inconvenience to which he might be subjected by the difference of rank, in case he acted under a colonial commission, and to which he knew Washington would not again submit. As Washington's passion for a military life had in no degree abated, he accepted the complimentary offer of the commander-in-chief. His age was then twenty-three. He wrote thus to his friend, John Robinson, the speaker of the Virginia house of delegates, on the occasion:

"Mount Vernon, 20 April, 1755.

"DEAR SIR,—I little expected, when I wrote you last, that I should so soon engage in another campaign; but, in doing it, I may be allowed to claim some merit, if it is considered that the sole motive which invites me to the field, is the laudable désiré of serving my country, not the gratification of any ambitious or lucrative plans. This, I flatter myself, will manifestly appear by my going as a volunteer, without expectation of reward, or prospect of obtaining a command, as I am confidently assured it is not in General Braddock's power to give me a commission that I would accept. Perhaps by many others the above declaration might be construed into self-applause, which, unwilling to lose, I proclaim myself. But by you, sir, I expect it will be viewed in a different light, because you have sympathized in my disappointments, and lent your friendly aid to reinstate me in a suitable command; the recollection of which can never be lost upon a mind that is not insensible of obligations, but always ready to acknowledge them.

"This is the reason why I am so much more unreserved in the expression of my sentiments to you, than I should be to the world, whose censures and criticisms often place good designs in a bad light. But, to be ingenuous, I must confess I have other intentions in writing you this letter; for, if there is any merit in my case, I am unwilling to hazard it among my friends, without this exposition of facts, as they might conceive that some advantageous offers had engaged my services, when, in reality, it is otherwise, for I expect to be a considerable loser in my private affairs by going. It is true, I have been importuned to make this campaign by General Braddock, as a member of his family, he conceiving, I suppose, that the small knowledge I have had an opportunity of acquiring of the country, Indians, &c., is worthy of his notice, and may be useful to him in the progress of the expedition.

"I heartily wish a happy issue to all your resolves, and am, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant."

It is well known, that the expedition of General Braddock was regarded with great interest both in England and America. Mr. Sparks says in a note:

"Such was the confidence in the prowess of Braddock's army, according to Dr. Franklin, that, while he was on his march to Fort Duquesne, a subscription paper was handed about in Philadelphia to raise money to celebrate his victory by bonfires and illuminations, as soon as the intelligence should arrive. When, therefore, the news of his total defeat and overthrow went abroad, the effect produced on the public mind was like the shock of an earthquake—unexpected and astounding. Of the possi-

bility of such an issue no one had dreamed, and the expressions of surprise, as well as of disappointment, were loud and universal. The consequences were alarming to the middle colonies, as their frontiers were left exposed to the ravages of the French and Indians, in which situation they continued till Fort Duquesne was taken by General Forbes, more than three years afterwards."

His forces consisted of two British regiments, of 500 men each, commanded by Sir Peter Halket and Colonel Dunbar. To these, more than 1000 colonial troops were joined. His march was very slow, owing chiefly to the lukewarmness of the colonial governments and the people, and the tardiness and faithlessness of the contractors. Had it not been for the energetic personal exertions of Dr. Franklin, among the Pennsylvania farmers, the general's progress would have been stopped. For a spirited description of the march of the army, we would refer the reader to Washington's letters. It was separated into two divisions. On the 8th of July, Braddock, who commanded the advanced forces, arrived at the junction of the Youghiogany and Monongahela rivers. Here Colonel Washington, who had been detained by a severe attack of fever, which had nearly proved fatal, joined the main army.

Of the character of the commanding general, Washington had early formed a very correct estimate. He wrote from the camp at Will's creek to a friend:

"The general, from frequent breaches of contract, has lost all patience; and, for want of that temper and moderation which should be used by a man of sense upon these occasions, will, I fear, represent us in a light we little deserve; for, instead of blaming the individuals, as he ought, he charges all his disappointments to public supineness, and looks upon the country, I believe, as void of honour and honesty. We have frequent disputes on this head, which are maintained with warmth on both sides, especially on his, as he is incapable of arguing without it, or giving up any point he asserts, be it ever so incompatible with reason or common sense."

Under this leader, then, the army on the 9th of July advanced in the highest spirits, with the firm conviction that they should soon victoriously enter the walls of Fort Duquesne.

Mr. Sparks says:

"The steep and rugged grounds on the north side of the Monongahela, prevented the army from marching in that direction, and it was necessary in approaching the fort, now about fifteen miles distant, to ford the river twice, and march a part of the way on the south side. Early on the morning of the 9th all things were in readiness, and the whole train passed through the river a little below the mouth of the Youghiogany, and proceeded in perfect order along the southern margin of the Monongahela. Washington was often heard to say during his lifetime, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld was the display of the British troops on this eventful morning. Every man was neatly dressed in full uniform, the soldiers were arranged in columns and marched in exact order, the sun gleamed from their burnished arms, the river flowed tranquilly on

their right, and the deep forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on their left. Officers and men were equally inspirited with cheering hopes and confident anticipations.

"In this manner they marched forward till about noon, when they arrived at the second crossing-place, ten miles from Fort Duquesne. They halted but a little time, and then began to ford the river and regain its northern bank. As soon as they had crossed, they came upon a level plain, elevated but a few feet above the surface of the river, and extending northward nearly half a mile from its margin. Then commenced a gradual ascent at an angle of about three degrees, which terminated in hills of a considerable height at no great distance beyond. The road from the fording-place to Fort Duquesne led across the plain and up this ascent, and thence proceeded through an uneven country, at that time covered with wood.

"By the order of march, a body of three hundred men, under Colonel Gage, made the advanced party, which was immediately followed by another of two hundred. Next came the general with the columns of artillery, the main body of the army, and the baggage. At one o'clock the whole had crossed the river, and almost at this moment a sharp firing was heard upon the advanced parties, who were now ascending the hill, and had got forward about a hundred yards from the termination of the plain. A heavy discharge of musketry was poured in upon their front, which was the first intelligence they had of the proximity of an enemy, and this was suddenly followed by another on their right flank. They were filled with the greater consternation, as no enemy was in sight, and the firing seemed to proceed from an invisible foe. They fired in their turn, however, but quite at random, and obviously without effect, as the enemy kept up a discharge in quick and continued succession.

"The general advanced speedily to the relief of these detachments; but before he could reach the spot which they occupied, they gave way, and fell back upon the artillery and the other columns of the army, causing extreme confusion, and striking the whole mass with such a panic, that no order could afterwards be restored. The general and the officers behaved with the utmost courage, and used every effort to rally the men and bring them to order, but all in vain. In this state they continued nearly three hours, huddling together in confused bodies, firing irregularly, shooting down their own officers and men, and doing no perceptible harm to the enemy. The Virginia provincials were the only troops who seemed to retain their senses, and they behaved with a bravery and resolution worthy of a better fate. They adopted the Indian mode, and fought each man for himself behind a tree. This was prohibited by the general, who endeavoured to form his men into platoons and columns, as if they had been manœuvring on the plains of Flanders. Meantime the French and Indians, concealed in the ravines and behind trees, kept up a deadly and unceasing discharge of musketry, singling out their objects, taking deliberate aim, and producing a carnage almost unparalleled in the annals of modern warfare. More than half of the whole army, which had crossed the river in so proud an array only three hours before, were killed or wounded, the general himself had received a mortal wound, and many of his best officers had fallen by his side."

Twenty-six officers (out of eighty-six) were killed, and thirty-seven wounded. Of the privates, 714 were killed and wounded. The British troops numbered about 1300. The French, together with the Indians, it has been since ascertained, (for Washington much underrated their strength,) amounted to about 850. We

shall extract a part of the narrative which has been gathered from the French accounts.

"The English were preparing to cross the river when the French and Indians reached the defiles on the rising ground, where they posted themselves, and waited till Braddock's advanced columns came up. This was a signal for the attack, which was made at first in front, and repelled by so heavy a discharge from the British, that the Indians believed it proceeded from artillery, and showed symptoms of wavering and retreat. At this moment, M. de Beaujeu was killed, and the command devolving on M. Dumas, he showed great presence of mind in rallying the Indians, and ordered his officers to lead them to the wings and attack the enemy in flank, while he with the French troops would maintain the position in front. This order was promptly obeyed, and the attack became general. The action was warm and severely contested for a short time; but the English fought in the European method, firing at random, which had little effect in the woods, while the Indians fired from concealed places, took aim, and almost every shot brought down a man. The English columns soon got into confusion; the yell of the savages, with which the woods resounded, struck terror into the hearts of the soldiers, till at length they took to flight, and resisted all the endeavours of their officers to restore any degree of order in their escape. The rout was complete, and the field of battle was left covered with the dead and wounded, and all the artillery, ammunition, provisions, and baggage of the English army. The Indians gave themselves up to pillage, which prevented them from pursuing the English in their flight."

Mr. Sparks continues:

"It is not probable that either General Braddock, or any one of his officers, suspected the actual situation of the enemy, during the whole bloody contest. It was a fault in the general, for which no apology can be offered, that he did not keep scouts and guards in advance and on the wings of his army, who would have made all proper discoveries before the whole had been brought into a snare. This neglect was the primary cause of his defeat, which might have been avoided. Had he charged with the bayonet, the ravines would have been cleared instantly; or had he brought his artillery to the points where the ravines terminated in the valley, and scoured them with grape-shot, the same consequences would have followed. But the total insubordination of his troops would have prevented both these movements, even if he had become acquainted with the ground in the early part of the action. The disasters of this day, and the fate of the commander, brave and resolute as he undoubtedly was, are to be ascribed to his contempt of Indian warfare, his overweening confidence in the prowess of veteran troops, his obstinate self-complacency, his disregard of prudent counsel, and his negligence in leaving his army exposed to a surprise on their march. He freely consulted Colonel Washington, whose experience and judgment, notwithstanding his youth, claimed the highest respect for his opinions; but the general gave little heed to his advice. While on his march, George Croghan, the Indian interpreter, joined him with one hundred friendly Indians, who offered their services. These were accepted in so cold a manner, and the Indians themselves treated with so much neglect, that they deserted him one after another. Washington pressed upon him the importance of these men, and the necessity of conciliating and retaining them, but without effect.

"A report has long been current in Pennsylvania, that Braddock was shot by one of his own men, founded on the declaration of a provincial soldier, who was in the action. There is another tradition also, worthy of notice,

which rests on the authority of Dr. Craik, the intimate friend of Washington from his boyhood to his death, and who was with him at the battle of the Monongahela. Fifteen years after that event, they travelled together on an expedition to the western country, with a party of woodsmen, for the purpose of exploring wild lands. While near the junction of the Great Kenhawa and Ohio rivers, a company of Indians came to them with an interpreter, at the head of whom was an aged and venerable chief. This personage made known to them by the interpreter, that, hearing Colonel Washington was in that region, he had come a long way to visit him, adding, that during the battle of the Monongahela, he had singled him out as a conspicuous object, fired his rifle at him many times, and directed his young warriors to do the same, but to his utter astonishment none of their balls took effect. He was then persuaded that the youthful hero was under the special guardianship of the Great Spirit, and ceased to fire at him any longer. He was now come to pay homage to the man who was the particular favorite of heaven, and who could never die in battle. Mr. Custis, of Arlington, to whom these incidents were related by Dr. Craik, has dramatized them in a piece called *The Indian Prophecy*."

The rout, it is well known, was complete. The remains of the army retreated with great precipitation. During the retreat Braddock died of his wounds, and was buried near the road. His grave is within a few yards of the national road, and about a mile west of the site of Fort Necessity.

Washington's conduct was eminently praiseworthy throughout this trying affair. It received the warm applause of all. We shall quote some passages of his correspondence at the time, to show in what light he viewed the transaction. To Mrs. Mary Washington he says:

"Fort Cumberland, 18 July, 1755.

"HONOURED MADAM,—As I doubt not but you have heard of our defeat, and, perhaps, had it represented in a worse light, if possible, than it deserves, I have taken this earliest opportunity to give you some account of the engagement as it happened, within ten miles of the French fort, on Wednesday the 9th instant.

"We marched to that place, without any considerable loss, having only now and then a straggler picked up by the French and scouting Indians. When we came there we were attacked by a party of French and Indians, whose number, I am persuaded, did not exceed three hundred men; while ours consisted of about one thousand three hundred well armed troops, chiefly regular soldiers, who were struck with such a panic, that they behaved with more cowardice than it is possible to conceive. The officers behaved gallantly, in order to encourage their men, for which they suffered greatly, there being near sixty killed and wounded; a large proportion of the number we had.

"The Virginia troops showed a good deal of bravery, and were nearly all killed; for, I believe, out of three companies that were there, scarcely thirty men are left alive. Captain Peyrouny, and all his officers, down to a corporal, were killed. Captain Polson had nearly as hard a fate, for only one of his was left. In short, the dastardly behaviour of those they call regulars, exposed all others that were inclined to do their duty, to almost certain death; and, at last, in despite of all the efforts of the officers to the contrary, they ran, as sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them.

"The general was wounded, of which he died three days after. Sir

Peter Halket was killed in the field, where died many other brave officers. I luckily escaped without a wound, though I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me. Captains Orme and Morris, two of the aids-de-camp, were wounded early in the engagement, which rendered the duty harder upon me, as I was the only person then left to distribute the general's orders, which I was scarcely able to do, as I was not half recovered from a violent illness, that had confined me to my bed and a wagon for above ten days. I am still in a weak and feeble condition, which induces me to halt here two or three days, in the hope of recovering a little strength, to enable me to proceed homewards; from whence, I fear, I shall not be able to stir till towards September; so that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you till then, unless it be in Fairfax. Please to give my love to Mr. Lewis and my sister; and compliments to Mr. Jackson, and all other friends that inquire after me. I am, honoured Madam, your most dutiful son.'"

To his brother John, he wrote:

"*Fort Cumberland, 18 July, 1755.*

"DEAR BROTHER,—As I have heard, since my arrival at this place, a circumstantial account of my death and dying speech, I take this early opportunity of contradicting the first, and of assuring you, that I have not as yet composed the latter. But, by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me!

"We have been most scandalously beaten by a trifling body of men, but fatigue and want of time prevent me from giving you any of the details, until I have the happiness of seeing you at Mount Vernon, which I now most ardently wish for, since we are driven in thus far. A feeble state of health obliges me to halt here for two or three days, to recover a little strength, that I may thereby be enabled to proceed homewards with more ease. You may expect to see me there on Saturday or Sunday fortnight, which is as soon as I can well be down, as I shall take my Bullskin Plantations in my way. Pray give my compliments to all my friends. I am, dear Jack, your most affectionate brother.'"

And to Robert Jackson, as follows:

"*Mount Vernon, 2 August, 1755.*

"DEAR SIR,—I must acknowledge you had great reason to be terrified at the first accounts that were given of our unhappy defeat; and, I must own, I was not a little surprised to find that Governor Innes was the means of alarming the country with a report so extraordinary, without having better confirmation of the truth, than the story of an affrighted wagoner!

"It is true, we have been beaten, shamefully beaten, by a handful of men, who only intended to molest and disturb our march. Victory was their smallest expectation. But see the wondrous works of Providence, and the uncertainty of human things! We, but a few moments before, believed our numbers almost equal to the Canadian force; they only expected to annoy us. Yet, contrary to all expectation and human probability, and even to the common course of things, we were totally defeated, and sustained the loss of every thing. This, as you observe, must be an affecting story to the colony, and will, no doubt, license the tongues of people to censure those whom they think most blamable; which, by the by, often falls very wrongfully. I join very heartily with you in believing, that when this story comes to be related in future annals, it will meet with

unbelief and indignation, for had I not been witness to the fact on that fatal day, I should scarcely have given credit to it even now.

“Whenever it suits you to come into Fairfax, I hope you will make your home at Mount Vernon. I assure you, nothing could have added more to the satisfaction of my safe return, than hearing of the friendly concern that has been expressed on my supposed death. I am, &c.”

Again, to Governor Dinwiddie, he said:

“The dastardly behaviour of the regular troops (so called) exposed those who were inclined to do their duty, to almost certain death; and, at length, in spite of every effort to the contrary, they broke and ran as sheep before hounds, leaving the artillery, ammunition, provisions, baggage, and in short every thing, a prey to the enemy; and when we endeavoured to rally them, in hopes of regaining the ground, and what we had left upon it, it was with as little success as if we had attempted to stop the wild bears of the mountains, or the rivulets with our feet.

“It is supposed that we had three hundred or more killed, and about that number were brought off wounded. It is conjectured (I believe with much truth), that two-thirds of both received their shot from our own cowardly regulars, who gathered themselves into a body, contrary to orders, ten or twelve deep,—would then level, fire, and shoot down the men before them.”

Washington's health was still so feeble, that he was forced to retire to Mount Vernon to recruit his strength.

Not long after, the Assembly determined to increase the number of troops, and to adopt vigorous measures of defence, and the governor immediately commissioned Washington as commander-in-chief of all the Virginia forces, and allowed him an aid-de-camp and secretary. At twenty-three years of age, this responsible charge was entrusted to him.

We have not space to relate in detail the able military plans for the defence of the colony which his genius suggested and his industry and perseverance matured. They strikingly manifest energy, decision, and promptitude of character. His influence at that early age was very striking, and the best evidence of the greatness of his talents. To show that his reputation was by no means confined to his native state, we shall extract what was said of him and to him in a letter from a friend at this period:

“Your name is more talked of in Pennsylvania, than that of any other person in the army, and every body seems willing to venture under your command. If you would send some discreet person, I doubt not he would enlist a good number, especially to be irregulars, for all their talk is of fighting the Indian way. The Assembly of Pennsylvania is now sitting. Mr. Franklin and Mr. Peters both told me, that, if you would write a pressing letter to them, informing them of the damages and murders, and desiring their assistance, you would now get it sooner than any one in America.”

The praises he received for his exertions and the difficulties he had to contend with, are alluded to in the following extracts. From Colonel Fairfax:

“‘The House of Burgesses are pleased with the governor’s orders, and depend on your vigilance and success. Your endeavours in the service and defence of your country must redound to your honour; therefore do not let any unavoidable interruptions sicken your mind in the attempts you may pursue. Your good health and fortune are the toast at every table. Among the Romans, such a general acclamation and public regard, shown to any of their chieftains, were always esteemed a high honour, and gratefully accepted.’”

Landon Carter also wrote as follows:

“‘Virginia has been neglected by the mother country. Had there been a more active king on the throne of France, she would have made a conquest of it long ago. If we talk of obliging men to serve their country, we are sure to hear a fellow mumble over the words ‘liberty’ and ‘property’ a thousand times. I think as you do. I have endeavoured, though not in the field, yet in the senate, as much as possible to convince the country of danger, and she knows it; but such is her parsimony, that she is willing to wait for the rains to wet the powder, and rats to eat the bow-strings of the enemy, rather than attempt to drive them from her frontiers.’”

Colonel (afterwards general) Gage, who commanded subsequently the British army at Boston, and who had been with Washington in Braddock’s expedition, also offered him his congratulations for his successful exertions. Mr. Sparks thinks the letter worthy of preservation, considering the relations which afterwards subsisted between the parties during the revolutionary war.

“‘*Albany, 23 November, 1755.*

“‘DEAR SIR,—Your obliging letter of the 17th of October was forwarded from Philadelphia to this place, and came to my hands yesterday. It gave me great pleasure to hear from a person, of whom the world has justly so good an opinion, and for whom I have so great an esteem. I shall be extremely happy to have frequent news of your welfare, and hope soon to hear, that your laudable endeavours, and the noble spirit you have exerted in the service of your country, have at last been crowned with the success they merit.

“‘We expect the next intelligence from your parts will inform us, that those merciless barbarians, that have ravaged your frontiers, are repulsed and driven back to their woods. The account we have received of their barbarities gave me infinite concern, when I reflected on the many poor families that I had seen in that part of the world, who had been massacred by those murderers. Nothing would give me greater pleasure, than to hear they had met with the fate their villanies deserve, and which I hope they will sooner or later meet with.

“‘General Johnson has finished his fort at Lake George, which will be garrisoned by the New England forces, as well as Fort Edward. There is an end of this campaign, and nothing remains now but to prepare for the next, which I hope will be more successful than the last. I sincerely wish you all health and happiness, and beg you will believe me, dear Sir, &c.

“‘THOMAS GAGE.’”

We have before adverted to Washington’s narrow escape from running a career in the British navy. Providence seems designedly to have prevented his entering into the immediate service of the English sovereign. Before, of course, any manifestation was given of a future possible collision between the

two countries, his desire for military distinction led him to entertain the natural wish of promotion in the regular army of England. Governor Dinwiddie, whose admiration and friendship for him were at one time very strong, recommended him warmly to his superiors for advancement. He wrote thus in May, 1756, to Major General Abercrombie:

“‘As we are told the Earl of Loudoun is to raise three regiments [one regiment of four battalions] on this continent, on the British establishment, I do not venture to trouble him immediately on his arrival with any recommendations: but, good sir, give me leave to pray your interest with his lordship in favour of Colonel George Washington, who, I will venture to say, is a very deserving gentleman, and has from the beginning commanded the forces of this dominion. General Braddock had so high an esteem for his merit, that he made him one of his aids-de-camp, and, if he had survived, I believe he would have provided handsomely for him in the regulars. He is a person much beloved here, and he has gone through many hardships in the service, and I really think he has great merit, and believe he can raise more men here than any one present that I know. If his lordship will be so good as to promote him in the British establishment, I think he will answer my recommendation.’”

No offer of the kind appears ever to have been made to him.

Though Washington's education had been, almost from boyhood, of a military cast, his deference to the civil authority was always marked and exemplary. His example in this respect should have been more imitated than it has been. Mr. Sparks says, in a note to page 224 of Vol. II:

“‘On the 12th of January Colonel Washington wrote to the governor respecting the trial of several subaltern officers and soldiers for a mutiny. ‘I thought it needless,’ said he, ‘to send you the proceedings of the court-martial, or to ask warrants for execution, as we have no law to inflict punishment, even of the smallest kind. I shall keep those criminals in irons, and, if possible, under apprehensions of death, until some favorable opportunity may countenance a reprieve.’ The governor replied, that, as the men were enlisted and paid with money raised for the king's service, he conceived they were subject to the articles of war, in the same manner as the king's regular forces. But so tenacious was Colonel Washington in upholding the rights of the Assembly and the laws of the colony, that he did not accede to this opinion. He considered the Assembly as the only proper authority to prescribe rules of discipline for an army, raised and maintained at their expense; and he believed himself amenable to the civil laws for any acts of severity not countenanced by that code. This was conformable to the scrupulous exactness with which, during all his future military career, and frequently when the interest of the public service offered the strongest temptations to the contrary, he yielded implicit obedience to the civil power.’”

Of a like complexion was his distaste to execute powers that were clearly conferred upon him, when their exercise might involve dangerous results. He wrote to the president of the council,

“‘I could by no means think of executing, willingly, that discretionary power, with which you were pleased to invest me, of ordering out the

militia. It is an affair, sir, of too important and delicate a nature for me to manage. Much discontent will be the inevitable consequence of this draft.'"

Mr. Sparks truly adds in a note—

"This power of drafting the militia, with which the forts were to be garrisoned while the regular troops were employed in the expedition, was conferred equally on the President, and the Commander-in-chief; a substantial proof of the confidence reposed in the latter by the Assembly, although in this case, as in all others, he could not be prevailed upon to exercise a delegated power to any greater extent than was absolutely necessary for a full discharge of the duties of his station. This control of that strong passion, the love of power, was one of the marked traits of his character, and a main cause of his popularity through the whole of his brilliant career."

How varying is popular applause! How precarious its tenure! We have seen, in one day, the popular favour follow acts of direct and undisguised violations of law, over which naught but the gaudy veil of military action had been thrown. Our forefathers conferred their approval with more discrimination.

In the year 1758, being twenty-six years of age, he was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. On taking his seat, he resigned his commission in the army, which was followed by a most gratifying address from the officers who had been under his command. Affection and respect are commingled and most powerfully expressed in this paper. How he was received in the House may be judged from the following extract.

"Being now a member of the House of Burgesses, he joined that Assembly when it was next convened. The House resolved to return their thanks to him, in a public manner, for the distinguished services which he had rendered to his country, and this duty devolved on his friend the Speaker. Mr. Wirt relates the anecdote in the following words, on the authority of Edmund Randolph.

"As soon as Colonel Washington took his seat [in the Assembly], Mr. Robinson, in obedience to this order, and following the impulse of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged the duty with great dignity, but with such warmth of coloring, and strength of expression, as entirely to confound the young hero. He rose to express his acknowledgments for the honor; but such was his trepidation and confusion, that he could not give distinct utterance to a syllable. He blushed, stammered, and trembled, for a second; when the Speaker relieved him, by a stroke of address, that would have done honor to Louis the Fourteenth, in his proudest and happiest moment. 'Sit down, Mr. Washington,' said he, with a conciliating smile, 'your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess.'"—*Life of Patrick Henry*, p. 45.

As an instance of the exactness of his attention to his pecuniary affairs, we quote from a letter, about this time, to his agent in London :

"And here I cannot forbear ushering in a complaint of the exorbitant

prices of my goods this year. For many years I have imported goods from London, as well as other ports of Britain, and can truly say I never had such a pennyworth before. It would be a needless task to enumerate every article that I have cause to except against. Let it suffice to say, that the woollens, linens, nails, &c., are mean in quality, but not in price, for in this they excel. Indeed they are far above any I ever had. It has always been a custom with me, when I make out my invoices, to estimate the charge of them. This I do for my own satisfaction, to know whether I am too fast or not, and I seldom vary much from the real prices; but the amount of your invoice exceeds my calculation about twenty-five per cent, and many articles not sent that were ordered.'"

Again he wrote about his clothes, in respect to which he was very particular.

"On the other side is an invoice of clothes, which I beg the favor of you to purchase for me, and to send them by the first ship bound to this river. As they are designed for wearing-apparel for myself, I have committed the choice of them to your fancy, having the best opinion of your taste. I want neither lace nor embroidery. Plain clothes, with gold or silver buttons, if worn in genteel dress, are all that I desire. I have hitherto had my clothes made by one Charles Lawrence. Whether it be the fault of the tailor, or of the measure sent, I cannot say, but, certain it is, my clothes have never fitted me well. I therefore leave the choice of the workman to you. I enclose a measure, and, for a further direction, I think it not amiss to add, that my stature is six feet; otherwise rather slender than corpulent. I am very sincerely, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant.'"

We have devoted so much space to these early incidents in the career of Washington, that we can spare but a few pages to the deeply interesting and important matters which his connexion with the Revolution discloses. The correspondence of Washington in reference to the war would furnish of itself abundant matter for a long article. We can therefore, now, merely allude to this valuable store of historical and biographical materials, and may, at some future period, recur to it.

It was to be expected, that in the very outset of the contest, Washington would assume the ground which his known devotion to his country's interest and happiness, and his high sense of right and honour, had led his countrymen to anticipate. He formed and expressed, with all other good patriots, his opinion of the impolicy of the Stamp Act. In the year 1769, in a letter to his friend, George Mason, he hinted even at forcible resistance, as a dernier resort, and encouraged warmly the scheme of non-importation. As the thing advanced and the views of the British ministry were developed, Washington's decision of character led him, at once, to take a stand upon the determination of *resistance*, and to compel, with arms in hand, a respect for the violated rights of America. He saw clearly that Britain was fixed in her plan of oppression—he thought that his countrymen had petitioned enough—that a line should be distinctly drawn, and that the colonies should plant themselves upon their

rights, trusting to God for a happy issue of the conflict. "Unhappy it is," said he, "to reflect that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America, are either to be drenched with blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?"

The reader of his letters will be immediately struck with the alteration in Washington's style when his pen is employed upon the subject of his country's wrongs. The fire of patriotism and all his native spirit are infused into his writings. There is no disguise of purpose, no concealment of views; his plans had the straightforward energy of purpose which his honesty and integrity suggested. The idea of independence was embraced by him as early and as enthusiastically as by any; and yet in the opening of the contest, he had no such design. We have shown in a previous number,\* that independence was not the original intention of any of our revolutionary patriots; and our assertion is corroborated by the evidence which this work supplies.—[We will here merely refer to the note of Mr. Sparks, to be found in the Appendix to vol. 2, page 496.] It will be seen that Washington took a lead in the organization of all the measures adopted in Virginia from the commencement of the troubles. He was elected a delegate to the first Congress in Philadelphia, from his native state. Of his qualifications as a legislator, the following extracts are proof:

"Although Washington could hardly be considered a man of reading, or one who gathered knowledge from a deep study of books, yet few were better informed on all the practical topics of life, or had a more perfect understanding of the political principles on which the English government was founded, and of the true merits of the controversy between Great Britain and the colonies. No gentleman associated more constantly and intimately with men of the first talents and attainments, or was more eager or better qualified to profit by such an intercourse. At Mount Vernon he lived in the exercise of an open and generous hospitality, which drew to his house the best part of the society of Virginia and Maryland, as well as strangers from other colonies. He also spent a portion of every year at Williamsburg, as a member of the House of Burgesses, where he frequented the circles of wealth and fashion, at the same time that he was brought into contact with men of powerful minds in the transaction of public affairs. His manner of life was a school, in which every day increased his insight into human character, and sharpened his faculties of observation and judgment, always acute and always active."

"The Congress met at Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia, on the 5th of September, and was dissolved on the 26th of October. Washington took a deep interest in the transactions of this body, and gave his unremitting attendance during its sittings. It was his custom thoroughly to understand every important measure in which he engaged, to examine its grounds, and study and weigh its details. There is now among his papers a copy of the petition to the king, sent out by this Congress, carefully and

\* Life and Opinions of John Jay. Am. Quart. Rev. No. 28, Dec. 1833.

handsomely written with his own hand. This was his habit through life. When he wished to possess himself perfectly of the contents of any paper, he would copy it in a fair hand, and apparently with deliberation, that no point might escape his notice, or fail of making its due impression.—Another habit akin to this was to condense documents and papers, by writing down their substance in few words, and always in a distinct and clear method. Many papers of both these kinds have been preserved, particularly on political subjects after the revolution, to which we shall have occasion to recur hereafter.

“The opinion entertained of him, by his associates in the first Congress, may perhaps be gathered from the following anecdote related by Mr. Wirt.

“Congress arose in October, and Mr. Henry returned to his native county. Here, as was natural, he was surrounded by his neighbours, who were eager to hear not only what had been done, but what kind of men had composed that illustrious body. He answered their inquiries with all his wonted kindness and candor; and, having been asked by one of them, ‘whom he thought the greatest man in Congress,’ he replied,—‘If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is, unquestionably, the greatest man on that floor.’ Such was the penetration which, at that early period of Washington’s life, could pierce through his retiring modesty and habitual reserve, and estimate so correctly the unrivalled worth of his character.”—*Life of Patrick Henry*, p. 113.

He returned to the second Continental Congress which met in that same city on the 10th of May 1775. On the 15th June he was elected commander in chief, unanimously and by ballot. The nomination was made by Mr. Thomas Johnson of Maryland; but the chief agency in the appointment was exerted by John Adams. It was not done without much deliberation.—Charles Lee was very popular with many of the members; there were other officers of reputation, too, who were Washington’s seniors; but after canvassing the merits of each, Congress came, as we have seen, unanimously to the conclusion that George Washington possessed supreme qualifications for the important post. The finger of Providence was in the selection; and the world knows, and we all of us feel its wisdom. The President announced it to him in Congress, and he rose in his place and returned a dignified and suitable answer. Here began his important duties, and here the interesting letters, to which we have referred, date their commencement. We cannot now enter upon their examination; we shall therefore close this article by extracting merely the correspondence which passed between Washington and General Gage, whom we before noticed, upon the subject of the treatment of some prisoners of war. The feeling and the spirit of Washington which these letters display, will, we are confident, be admired by all.

#### “TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GAGE.

“*Head-Quarters, Cambridge, 11 August, 1775.*

“SIR,—I understand that the officers engaged in the cause of liberty and their country, who by the fortune of war have fallen into your hands, have

been thrown, indiscriminately, into a common gaol appropriated for felons ; that no consideration has been had for those of the most respectable rank, when languishing with wounds and sickness ; and that some have been even amputated in this unworthy situation.

“ Let your opinion, sir, of the principle which actuates them be what it may, they suppose that they act from the noblest of all principles, a love of freedom and their country. But political principles, I conceive, are foreign to this point. The obligations arising from the rights of humanity and claims of rank are universally binding and extensive, except in case of retaliation. These, I should have hoped, would have dictated a more tender treatment of those individuals, whom chance or war had put in your power. Nor can I forbear suggesting its fatal tendency to widen that unhappy breach, which you, and those ministers under whom you act, have repeatedly declared your wish is to see for ever closed.

“ My duty now makes it necessary to apprise you, that, for the future, I shall regulate all my conduct towards those gentlemen, who are or may be in our possession, exactly by the rule you shall observe towards those of ours now in your custody.

“ If severity and hardship mark the line of your conduct, painful as it may be to me, your prisoners will feel its effects. But if kindness and humanity are shown to ours, I shall with pleasure consider those in our hands only as unfortunate, and they shall receive from me that treatment to which the unfortunate are ever entitled.

“ I beg to be favored with an answer as soon as possible, and am, sir, your very humble servant.”

Gage replied as follows :

“ *Boston, 13 August, 1775.*

“ SIR,—To the glory of civilized nations, humanity and war have been compatible ; and compassion to the subdued is become almost a general system. Britons, ever pre-eminent in mercy, have outgone common examples, and overlooked the criminal in the captive. Upon these principles your prisoners, whose lives by the law of the land are destined to the cord, have hitherto been treated with care and kindness, and more comfortably lodged than the king's troops in the hospitals ; indiscriminately it is true, for I acknowledge no rank that is not derived from the king.

“ My intelligence from your army would justify severe recrimination. I understand there are of the king's faithful subjects, taken some time since by the rebels, laboring, like negro slaves, to gain their daily subsistence, or reduced to the wretched alternative, to perish by famine or take arms against their king and country. Those who have made the treatment of the prisoners in my hands, or of your other friends in Boston, a pretence for such measures, found barbarity upon falsehood.

“ I would willingly hope, sir, that the sentiments of liberality, which I have always believed you to possess, will be exerted to correct these misdoings. Be temperate in political disquisition ; give free operation to truth, and punish those who deceive and misrepresent ; and not only the effects, but the causes, of this unhappy conflict will be removed. Should those, under whose usurped authority you act, control such a disposition, and dare to call severity retaliation, to God, who knows all hearts, be the appeal for the dreadful consequences. I trust that British soldiers, asserting the rights of the state, the laws of the land, the being of the constitution, will meet all events with becoming fortitude. They will court victory with the spirit their cause inspires ; and, from the same motive, will find the patience of martyrs under misfortune.

“ Till I read your insinuations in regard to ministers, I conceived that I had acted under the king, whose wishes, it is true, as well as those of his ministers, and of every honest man, have been to see this unhappy breach

forever closed; but, unfortunately for both countries, those who long since projected the present crisis, and influence the councils of America, have views very distant from accommodation. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

“THOMAS GAGE.

“GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esq.’”

And Washington closed the correspondence thus :

“TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GAGE.

“*Head-Quarters, Cambridge, 20 August, 1775.*

“SIR,—I addressed you, on the 11th instant, in terms which gave the fairest scope for that humanity and politeness which were supposed to form a part of your character. I remonstrated with you on the unworthy treatment shown to the officers and citizens of America, whom the fortune of war, chance, or a mistaken confidence, had thrown into your hands.—Whether British or American mercy, fortitude, and patience are most pre-eminent; whether our virtuous citizens, whom the hand of tyranny has forced into arms to defend their wives, their children, and their property, or the mercenary instruments of lawless domination, avarice, and revenge, best deserve the appellation of rebels, and the punishment of that cord, which your affected clemency has forborne to inflict; whether the authority under which I act is usurped, or founded upon the genuine principles of liberty, were altogether foreign to the subject. I purposely avoided all political disquisition; nor shall I now avail myself of those advantages, which the sacred cause of my country, of liberty, and of human nature, give me over you; much less shall I stoop to retort and invective; but the intelligence you say you have received from our army requires a reply.—I have taken time, sir, to make a strict inquiry, and find it has not the least foundation in truth. Not only your officers and soldiers have been treated with the tenderness due to fellow citizens and brethren, but even those execrable parricides, whose counsels and aid have deluged their country with blood, have been protected from the fury of a justly enraged people. Far from compelling or permitting their assistance, I am embarrassed with the numbers who crowd to our camp, animated with the purest principles of virtue and love to their country.

“You advise me to give free operation to truth, and to punish misrepresentation and falsehood. If experience stamps value upon counsel, yours must have a weight which few can claim. You best can tell how far the convulsion, which has brought such ruin on both countries, and shaken the mighty empire of Britain to its foundation, may be traced to these malignant causes.

“You affect, sir, to despise all rank not derived from the same source with your own. I cannot conceive one more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and original fountain of all power. Far from making it a plea for cruelty, a mind of true magnanimity and enlarged ideas would comprehend and respect it.

“What may have been the ministerial views, which have precipitated the present crisis, Lexington, Concord, and Charlestown can best declare.—May that God, to whom you then appeal, judge between America and you. Under his providence, those who influence the counsels of America, and all the other inhabitants of the United Colonies, at the hazard of their lives, are determined to hand down to posterity those just and invaluable privileges, which they received from their ancestors.

“I shall now, sir, close my correspondence with you, perhaps for ever. If your officers, our prisoners, receive a treatment from me different from that which I wished to show them, they and you will remember the occasion of it. I am sir, your very humble servant.’”

ART. XI.—*The Life of Alexander Hamilton.* By his Son,  
JOHN C. HAMILTON. Vol. I. New York, 1834.

IT is an unfortunate circumstance that times of political and commercial distress should be also periods of depression in literary enterprise. The business of the bookseller, from the very nature of his material, requires to be managed with greater prudence than almost any other; and when national credit has sustained a shock, or the currency suffers a derangement, prudence dictates to the "trade" a reduction of their engagements, at a date even earlier than it would become necessary in almost any other pursuit. Prudent publishers abstain from new enterprises; authors feel the loss of their occupation, and the retailer abstains from adding to his stock. To the last of these causes it must be ascribed that we are now presenting to our readers a review of a work which has not been offered to the public at the moment we are writing, and which may possibly be delayed long after the present number shall be distributed.

We are compelled to confess that we do sometimes, as much for our own gratification as in the pursuit of our critical vocation, obtain access to the damp sheets of works that promise to interest our readers at periods, earlier than the legitimate epoch of publication. In the present instance the first volume of the *Life of Hamilton* was caught in the publisher's hands ready to be offered to the trade, and we forthwith commenced our analysis of it. A prudence that we should hope to be excessive, caused him to defer its appearance until a happier state of things should arise. We regret this the more, because many passages in the work are exactly suited to be instructive at the present juncture. Such indeed is the peculiar fitness of the subject to existing circumstances, that we have been unable to refrain from presenting our analysis to our readers. Should the publication of this biography be long delayed, the sound and valuable lessons of Hamilton's wisdom may be promulgated too late to produce much beneficial effect. Aware, therefore, that we have obtained the volume by no unfair means, we, like other potentates, assume the responsibility of the course; and although an apology be due to the author for thus anticipating him, we think we should fail in our duties were we to omit the present opportunity of exciting and partially gratifying the curiosity of the literary and political world.

The American people, for many years after the premature decease of Alexander Hamilton, looked with anxiety for the publication of the records of his eventful and useful life. No

name, in fact, except that of Washington himself, is more deeply impressed upon the foundations of our civil liberties, of our national existence, and of our public institutions. Nevertheless, except in the form of his official reports while he was a member of the general administration, and in the lucid and able arguments by which he sustained and expounded the principles of our existing institutions, no direct evidence existed of the important part he acted, not only in the framing of the federal government, but in the early scenes of the revolution, during the greater part of the contest for independence, and in the eventful but almost unknown period which intervened between the close of the war with Great Britain and the adoption of the existing constitution. Some aged men there are who recollect the earliest burst of his eloquence; when unknown, a stranger and a boy, he encouraged an unarmed and timid populace to acts of resistance to an oppression under the form of laws. They are but just departed who knew the value of his services in the military cabinet of Washington, or entered by his side into the redoubt of Yorktown, in the face of the flower of British valour: his services in the restoration of the reign of order and good government, at the dangerous epoch when it might have reasonably been questioned whether the licence of a people just relieved from foreign rule might not prove destructive of their real liberties, are also remembered by many. Still, the greater part of the living generation know little of Hamilton, but as a useful and zealous public servant during the administration of Washington, and an able and intelligent advocate; but they also recal him to mind as the type and almost the personification of a party, whose name no longer figures in our political contests, except when applied as a term of reproach. There are even many who have been taught to consider him as the asserter of opinions hostile to our existing institutions, and who view his character through the mist of party prejudice.

Various writers of high literary or political reputation have in succession undertaken to furnish the biography of Hamilton, but have all seemed to shrink from the task. The volume before us shows in its ample and copious materials that this apparent dread could not have arisen from any want of the essential documents. The outlines of the early part of his eventful life are here exhibited to us as portrayed by his own hand, in private correspondence and public documents. The connexion between these is not difficult to be discovered in the published histories of the times; all then in truth that appeared necessary to be done, was to unite the matter of these separate documents by a continuous and simple narration.

It would indeed have been a matter of choice whether these documents should have been thrown into the form of an appen-

dix, or incorporated in the narrative itself. The present biographer has wisely chosen the latter plan, and has thus given a degree of interest to his work, which will be fully appreciated by all who read it. In this mode indeed the author is frequently brought into comparison with the subject of his work; and few men have ever lived who could advantageously bear this, whether we have regard to mere purity of style or the profound and correct thought of which it is so often made the vehicle.

Another obvious difficulty presented itself at the very threshold. Hamilton was the personification, almost the embodied spirit of the Federal party. To write the history of his life would have been to open anew the wounds of political warfare; nor would it have been possible for any person who had figured in these contests to avoid expressing his own political bias. The merits of the biographer would have been judged of only with reference to party feelings, and the most powerful exertions of literary talent might have proved unsuccessful, had it taken a direction contrary to the prejudices of the times.

The epoch has however arrived, when the character of Hamilton may be duly appreciated; when his military and civil services may receive their due meed of praise, not from the relics of a broken party, but from the verdict of his countrymen.— And although perfect unanimity of sentiment is not to be expected in a popular government, we still feel satisfied that a very large majority of the nation is already in that state of mind, from which a calm and dispassionate opinion may be anticipated. The American people as a mass think and reason. Often hurried by their passions into acts that a cooler reflection disapproves; fickle in their affections to the living, whom they ultimately exalt above and depress beneath the real level; still rarely they have failed to awaken to a just sense of their duties and interest, and finally to render to the departed patriot the praise to which he was justly entitled.

For ourselves, at least we feel that we can enter upon our duty as critics with strict impartiality. Of the hero of the biography we have only vague recollections; of the political contests in which he figured as a party, no knowledge except from the histories of the times. We do indeed remember the expression of woe which burst from every mouth at the news of his untimely end; when all ranks and classes, every shade of political sentiment, united in manifestations of regret at his loss, in the zenith of his fame. Such posthumous praise bears strong testimony to the ability, the honesty, the virtue, and the patriotism of the departed; but it leaves it undecided whether these high qualities may not have been obscured by errors of judgment. Drawing thus our estimate of the political character of

Hamilton from the documents now laid before us, we shall not forestal the decision of our readers, but leave them in like manner to form their own conclusions.

Alexander Hamilton was not a native of the present United States; still, the island of his birth had, perhaps, from its position as a colony, more of fellow-feeling for a great portion of our confederation than existed, at the time the revolution broke out, between the eastern and southern states. Transplanted to our soil at an early period of his life, he soon entered with all the feeling of a native into its wrongs and sufferings. A similar spirit pervaded many of the insular colonies of Great Britain, but their exposed condition made them cautious in expressing it. Long years of estrangement may have broken the ties that once existed between the British colonies in the West Indies, and those which now constitute the United States; but there was a time when they would willingly have made common cause with us, and symptoms of a similar disposition are again manifesting themselves.

Hamilton, at a very early age, was compelled, by the pecuniary embarrassments of his father, to seek his own means of support. For this purpose, he applied himself to commerce, and entering the counting-house of an eminent merchant in St. Croix, manifested such talent and capacity as to entitle him to be entrusted with the whole management of the affairs of his principal, during a necessary absence. At the time when made the repository of so important a trust, he numbered only fourteen years. Mercantile affairs were not however to his taste; he sighed for the means of obtaining the advantages of education, and for a sphere of activity more extensive than could be afforded within the narrow circuit of a sugar island.

An occasional literary essay showed his friends his capabilities, and he was furnished from the separate estate of his mother with the means of prosecuting classical studies in the continental colonies, where a wise policy had provided more extensive facilities for education than existed in the West Indies. We cannot, however, but consider his early introduction to the business of a counting-house, as having exerted a favourable influence upon his subsequent career. The habits of order and regularity in a well conducted commercial establishment are never forgotten, and are applicable to every possible pursuit. Nor is the exercise of a mercantile correspondence without its value in a literary point of view. To those with little previous education, or who have not an opportunity of improving themselves afterwards, this exercise may communicate no elegance of style; but where the use of language has once been attained, the compression of thought and conciseness of expression on which merchants pride themselves, give a terseness and pre-

cision of diction which those educated in any other profession can rarely equal.

Hamilton arrived in New York at a most interesting epoch. A spirit of resistance to the acts of the parliament of Great Britain, which were justly considered as not only contrary to natural rights, but even to the admitted privileges of Britons, was fast rising to that height at which the colonists finally threw off, not only the obnoxious usurpations of the legislature, but even their own character of subjects to the king.

The dispute was indeed of no recent origin. Former kings had reproved their parliaments for interfering with the affairs of the colonies, and a colonial jury had on one occasion pronounced a verdict of guilty on a charge of treason against a distinguished individual who had sought redress from the houses of peers and commons of England, for real or fancied wrongs committed by the government of his native colony. But the parliament had fallen to the state of a convenient engine of royal power, and the monarch was willing to take advantage of its subserviency to give legal form to his measures of taxation. The struggle therefore began, strange as it may seem, on the part of the colonists, in an appeal to the prerogative of the crown against the acts of a legislature.

Coming from an island not in the possession of England, Hamilton was not at first prepared to enter into all the feelings of the people among whom he was about to take up his permanent residence. He however speedily applied himself to the study of the controversy, and was not slow in admitting in its fullest extent the motive of the course of the provincials. From that moment he gave to its support the whole powers of his precocious and ardent mind, and, by continual reflection and meditation, prepared himself for the post he was destined to take in the forensic and literary struggles which preceded an appeal to the sword. The deep thought he was known to have devoted to the subject of the controversies between the parent country and the colonies, led to his being urged to address a public meeting of the citizens of New York. This was his first appearance as a public speaker, and was made under many disadvantages. His real youth, and still more the appearance of it, growing out of his slender figure, and small stature, must have given him the air of a boy presuming to mingle in the counsels of men. Such premature attempts are rarely successful, but this was not the case in the present instance.

"The novelty of the attempt, his youthful countenance, his slender and diminutive form, awakened curiosity and arrested attention. Overawed by the scene before him, he at first hesitated and faltered; but as he proceeded almost unconsciously to utter his accustomed reflections, his mind warmed with the theme, his energies were recovered; and, after a discussion clear,

cogent, and novel, of the great principles involved in the controversy, he depicted in glowing colours the long-continued and long-endured oppressions of the mother country; he insisted on the duty of resistance, pointed to the means and certainty of success, and described the waves of rebellion sparkling with fire, and washing back on the shores of England the wrecks of her power, her wealth, and her glory. The breathless silence ceased as he closed; and the whispered murmur, 'it is a collegian! it is a collegian!' was lost in loud expressions of wonder and applause at the extraordinary eloquence of the young stranger."

About this epoch he became a frequent writer in the columns of one of the New York newspapers, and was actually drawn into direct discussion with his preceptor, Dr. Cooper, the president of the college in which Hamilton was pursuing his studies. This reverend gentleman, educated in the tenets of the high church, and in the politics of the tories at the University of Oxford, was distinguished, not only for his success as a teacher, but for his abilities as a writer, and his delicate but pungent wit. It is sufficient praise for Hamilton to say that in this keen encounter he did not sustain a defeat.

Other and important publications were contributed by him to the cause of freedom; but we should do injustice to our author by attempting to abridge his account of them, or by forestalling the curiosity of his readers.

It is to the honour of Hamilton that while he exerted himself thus strenuously in disseminating the doctrines of the revolution, he set his face against every species of disorder and violence. Popular commotions became frequent, and persons obnoxious either from their principles, or their infractions of the non-importation agreement, were sought and maltreated by mobs. Among these was Dr. Cooper, the preceptor and literary antagonist of Mr. Hamilton. His escape from the hands of an enraged assemblage is mainly to be attributed to the delay afforded by Hamilton's eloquent address to them, during which another student roused the president from his bed and conveyed him, almost in a state of nudity, to a recess beneath the gravel cliffs which then bordered the Hudson.

"By a similar exhibition of firmness, he interposed with a concourse of people known as 'Travis' mob,' and diverted their rage from Mr. Thurman, whose conduct, as a member of one of the committees, had aroused their indignation, and whose life was menaced."

Another instance of the sort, but in which his exertions proved unavailing, is thus related by his biographer:

"The press of Rivington, the tory printer, was the last object of attack. By occasionally printing for the popular side, he had preserved some appearance of neutrality, but as the controversy ripened, he took a decided part with the royalists. On the twenty-third of November, a party of horse from Connecticut, under the command of Sears, appeared in the city, with the avowed design of destroying his press. Heading the mob, they proceeded, in the dusk of evening, to rifle its contents. Hamilton again

appeared the advocate of order, and relying on his former success, renewed his appeals to the discretion of the citizens, and, indignant at the encroachment of unlicensed troops from another colony, offered to join in opposition to the intruders, and check their progress. His exhortation was unsuccessful. The outrage was perpetrated, but his interference was not without happy consequences. It elevated him still more in the estimation of the patriots, who saw in his love of order and respect for the authority of the laws, assurances of those high qualities which, rising above the wild uproar of the times, disdained to win popularity from popular delusion."

When an appeal to arms appeared to be inevitable, Hamilton, with an ardour equal to that he had shown in argument, applied himself to the study of military tactics. In particular he paid the greatest attention to the branch of artillery.

"The convention of New York having determined to augment its military establishment, among other arrangements ordered a company of artillery to be raised. Hamilton seized this opportunity to enter the service, and was recommended to the convention by his friend M'Dougal, who had been appointed colonel of the first regiment raised in the province. A doubt having been intimated of his knowledge of that branch of arms, M'Dougal proposed that he should undergo an examination, and on a certificate being given of his competency, he was appointed, on the fourteenth day of March, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, 'Captain of the Provincial Company of Artillery,' and within a short time after was directed to guard the records of the colony. 'Hamilton,' says Mulligan, by whom he was aided, 'recruited his men, and with the remnant of the second and last remittance which he received from Santa Cruz, equipped them. He attended to their drill and his other duties with a degree of zeal and diligence which soon made his company conspicuous for their appearance, and the regularity of their movements.'

"His first lieutenant having been transferred to another command, he took this occasion to enforce, in a letter to the convention, the policy of advancing officers in succession, in which he added, 'I would beg the liberty warmly to recommend to your attention the first sergeant in my company,—a man highly deserving notice and preferment. He has discharged his duty in his present station with uncommon fidelity, assiduity, and expertness; he is a very good disciplinarian, possesses the advantage of having seen a good deal of service in Germany, and has a tolerable share of common sense. In a word, I verily believe he will make an excellent lieutenant, and his advancement will be a great encouragement and benefit to my company in particular, and will be an animating example to all men of merit to whose knowledge it comes. Hamilton, in this suggestion, paid a debt of gratitude, and, at the same time, inculcated a measure, the efficacy of which was demonstrated in various instances.

"The convention adopted the suggestion. The brave bombardier was promoted to a lieutenantancy, and rising to the command of a company, Captain Thomson fell at the battle of Springfield, at the head of his men, after gallantly repulsing a desperate charge of the enemy. A general resolution was at the same time published by the convention, assuring 'promotion to such privates and non-commissioned officers as should distinguish themselves.'"

In the command of this company he took a part in the disastrous battle of Long Island, and covered the retreat across the East River; distinguished himself at the battle of White Plains; and again protected the passage of the army over the Raritan,

where, by the judicious position of his field-pieces, he retarded the progress of the pursuing enemy until night came on. In the brilliant enterprises of Trenton and Princeton, he and his company bore a distinguished part, and entered winter quarters at Morristown with numbers diminished to one-fourth of the original establishment; a diminution arising wholly from the casualties of the service. In the mean time the main army had fallen away, partly by the loss of the garrison of Fort Washington, and by the slain of Long Island and White Plains; but still more from desertions, and the refusal of those whose term of service had expired to re-enlist; to less than a tenth of the numbers with which it had entered into the campaign.

At Morristown, Hamilton accepted from Washington the appointment of aid to the commander-in-chief; and here his entire duties as a soldier closed for a time. It was not without reluctance that he consented to relinquish the prospect of promotion in the line of the army, to which his distinguished services during the most arduous campaign of the revolution would have entitled him, for a place in the staff.

“His high sense of personal independence had already induced him to decline a similar invitation from two general officers; but influenced by the reputation of the commander-in-chief, he relinquished his objections, and entered upon the discharge of his duties with all the devotion due to his early and illustrious friend.

“This larger and more appropriate sphere of action, gave to his mind not only a wider but a loftier range. He was called, not merely to execute subordinate parts, but to assist in planning campaigns, in devising means to support them, in corresponding with the different members of this extensive empire, and in introducing order and harmony into the general system.

“The situation of an aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, from the position in which he stood, was among the most arduous that can be imagined. The pressure of the correspondence was that which the general principally felt; and in the selection of the members of his staff, ‘as to military knowledge,’ he says in a letter to Colonel Harrison, of the 9th of January, 1777, ‘I do not expect to find gentlemen much skilled in it; if they can write a good letter, write quick, are methodical and diligent, it is all I expect to find in my aids.’ And in a subsequent letter to congress,\* calling for additional assistance, he remarks, ‘the business that has given constant exercise to the pen of my secretary, and not only frequently, but always, to those of my aids-de-camp, has rendered it impracticable for the former to register the copies of my letters, instructions, &c. in books; by which means valuable documents, which may be of equal public utility and private satisfaction, remain in loose sheets, and in the rough manner in which they were first drawn.’”

There has been an impression upon the public mind, that the publication of the Memoirs of Hamilton might have a tendency to depreciate the character of Washington. It has even been industriously circulated that the descendants of the former would

\* Dated New-Windsor, April 4th, 1781,—addressed to the president of congress.

make claims that might derogate from the long established reputation for ability of the commander-in-chief. Those who will carefully peruse the volume before us will see that it has no such tendency, and it rather serves to exhibit the great qualities of Washington in a light more brilliant than they appear even in the pages of his own venerated biographer.

At the moment Hamilton received an appointment in the staff of Washington, the latter enjoyed a popularity and reputation more unanimously granted than he ever again acquired in the course of his illustrious life; he was mature in age, possessed of the entire confidence of the public, and the admired object of every eye. Hamilton was still a mere boy, endued indeed with intelligence beyond his years, the author of able and popular pamphlets, and finally a company officer of bravery, and likely to rise in the profession of arms. It is not in the least degree probable that with such a difference in their respective positions, any other relation could have existed than that of high respect and humble deference on the one hand, and, if the strict line of military etiquette was ever passed, of paternal authority on the other. But Washington was one of the few men who retain equal grandeur and excite equal reverence in every possible position. One man only, is it said, and he alike remarkable for his impudence and abilities, ever ventured to attempt to draw aside the mantle of dignity which invested Washington, even in private life, and he shrunk abashed from the abortive undertaking. Under such a chief the duty of his aids became that of studying his thoughts, opinions, and feelings, which they were then to clothe each in his own peculiar style. From the time of his appointment to the command of the army until the close of the revolutionary war, the active duties of the field left Washington but little leisure for the occupations of the cabinet. Much of his correspondence devolved upon his secretary and aids, but the thoughts and principles which it embodied were not the less his own. In the distribution of duties among the members of his staff, he showed the rare talent of distinguishing at once the exact sphere in which each might be most usefully employed; while in his selection from the line of the army, or from civil life, the same power of discrimination was exhibited, along with a total absence of jealousy. In no other point is the grandeur of Washington's mind more marked than in this. Some men, in other respects great, permit themselves to be surrounded by parasites and flatterers, whose unconditional subserviency to their own views they mistake for acuteness of intellect; others dread the approach of men of talent for fear of fostering rivals, and are content to act by inadequate instruments, rather than run the risk of converting their tools into prime movers. The eagle glance with which Washington

penetrated the thoughts and springs of action of others, preserved him from the first of these errors; his own consciousness of greatness from the other.

Delighting in the study of Plutarch, Hamilton had framed for himself a *beau-ideal* of human character. This vision of his mind appeared embodied in the person of Washington, who united the best portions of the most illustrious characters of that author, with the graces which are the growth of Christian nurture alone. Thus qualified to appreciate the virtues and intellect of Washington, and possessed of a facility of expression in written language almost unrivalled, Hamilton became the depository of the most secret thoughts of his chief, and the organ of their promulgation. It cannot be doubted that excelling, as Hamilton did, all his contemporaries in the rapidity with which he reached sound conclusions, he must sometimes have anticipated the more slow and cautious inductions of his commander, and that the latter may have accepted them as the results to which his own mind would finally have led him.

Such, then, was the original relation between Hamilton and Washington; a relation equally honourable to both parties, and which, with a single instance of temporary alienation, continued until the close of the life of the latter.

The campaign of 1776 had been generally favourable to the British arms. Lee, who commanded at New York until the arrival of the commander-in-chief, had exposed a large portion of the army, by taking up a false position on the heights of Long Island. It was at first a question whether this part should be withdrawn or reinforced. The landing of the enemy at Gravesend settled the question by making a retreat in their face almost as dangerous, and in its disheartening results, quite as efficient, as a defeat. The battle which followed, exhibited the tactical skill of the British general in a most favourable point of view; the Americans were rather outmanœuvred than beaten; and more lives were lost by their thrusting each other from a causeway, over which alone a practicable retreat was left, than fell in the action. The project of the British, by which they abandoned New York to the charge of a small garrison, and moved by way of the Sound to the rear of the American army, and by which it was hoped to cause it to fight again without the means of retreat, was frustrated by the prudence of Washington; he gained by the battle at White Plains the object of his wishes, the safe retreat of his army.—In his subsequent manœuvres on the Hackensack and Passaic, Washington showed himself fully equal to his antagonists, but afterwards sacrificed all merely military questions to the great object of covering Philadelphia. That city being placed beyond all immediate danger, by the affair of Trenton, he assumed the

position of Morristown, by the occupation of which he in a moment repaired all the many misfortunes of the campaign, except the loss of New York, and the diminution of his efficient numbers.

In the next campaign the British government committed a most important error in strategy. An army had been formed in Canada which undertook to penetrate into the state of New York by the way of Lakes Champlain and George. It appeared probable that, to aid this inroad, General Howe would have acted upon the Hudson with the force under his command, amounting to 40,000 effective men. Whether, however, he had satisfied himself that the defences of the highlands of the Hudson could not be forced in the presence of Washington's army, or whether he was determined in any event to pursue the object of his last year's efforts, is uncertain. Under one or other of these motives, he committed the unpardonable error of dividing his force. About one half was directed by himself to the Chesapeake, the other remained as a garrison in New York. His own division gained the object of the expedition, and Philadelphia fell; but the Americans were enabled by this division of the British army, through the exertions of Schuyler, to collect a force which, under Gates, surrounded Burgoyne, and compelled him to a surrender. Now was the moment at which the star of America was in the ascendant; had the battalions which foiled in open field the veterans of England and Germany, and which, aided by the militia, prevented their retreat, been forthwith despatched to the assistance of Washington, Howe must also have laid down his arms. The water defences of the Delaware were still unbroken, and he had no means of retreat, nor of receiving reinforcements; he could not in consequence have adopted the bold measure he was enabled to carry into effect the next summer, of marching across Jersey in the very face of the American army.

Washington was however now sensible of a public feeling which would have supported Gates in refusing to obey orders to join him with his whole force; he had also reason to expect the existence of a party that would have taken advantage of any disaster which might have followed the weakening of the Northern army, to pursue him to ruin. He was in consequence compelled to limit his demands for reinforcements to a mere request, subject to the discretion of Gates himself. This request he however followed up by the mission of a trusty agent, empowered to issue orders in his name in case of need. This agent was Hamilton, and he executed his delicate and difficult task to the entire satisfaction of his commander. But honourable as was the result of the mission to the agent who performed it, the anticipated advantages were lost by delay. The

water-guard was forced before the reinforcements joined the army. Howe received by the way of the Delaware such additional strength as enabled him to defy the attack of the Americans, although he did not venture to engage in a battle which he had at first sought. It may at the present distant epoch be no subject of regret that the war was not closed by the capture of Howe at the end of the campaign of 1777; much of individual suffering, much loss of private wealth, might indeed have been spared, but we question whether the nation would have emerged from the contest with that capacity for self-government it has since exhibited. The trials and sufferings which attended the later years of the revolutionary war, the total downfall of public credit, which began in and followed them, the local disturbances which threatened to break up the confederated colonies into numerous petty and hostile states, were all necessary to prepare us for that happy constitution which was for so many years the pride and boast of America.

The value of which such lessons of adversity have been to the people of the United States, furnishes no excuse for those who were the instruments by which they were taught. Our author well observes—

“The history of the revolution, as it has usually been told, is full of the marvellous. It is the portraiture of a civil conflict without vices or intrigues;—the narrative of a league without refractory members.

“Three millions of people have been represented as bursting from the bondage of Great Britain, and submitting without a question to the mild controul of a government of their own choice; and the curious inquirer, looking for the usual play of the passions which marks the conduct of men under such circumstances, has been asked to believe that, in this instance, all former experience was false; that the sudden assumption of political rights was unattended with abuse, and that in America, resistance to oppression clothed all the leaders of the opposition with more than human virtues.

“Yielding to this pleasing illusion, and pointing to the light bonds of the confederacy, it has been inferred that man can dispense with government, and that here at last has been found that which the wildest enthusiast hardly dared to hope,—a state of society where ‘men created free and equal,’ require nothing more to make them virtuous and happy.

“Without examining the premises from which this inference is derived, reason and the experience of this country prove the falsity of the conclusion; and it is believed, that a true narrative of the twelve years which preceded the adoption of the present constitution of the United States, would show, that never did a people placed under circumstances so propitious to their well-being, incur more unnecessary suffering, privation, and wrong, than the American; and that this is chiefly attributable to the jealousy of power which was encouraged by demagogues, and to the feebleness of the league whose powers they often arbitrarily administered.

“These false appearances have been assumed to amuse the public mind; and in the emulation of flattery, truth in all its just proportions has been excluded from the view.

“The glory which the two first congresses shed upon the revolution

seems to have dazzled every judgment as to the conduct of their successors; and instead of those salutary lessons which are to be derived from their errors and misconduct, the freedom of history has been restrained, and those lights and shades which form part of every picture in which man is exhibited, are merged in a general blaze of indiscriminate admiration.

"He will approach nearer to the truth who, while he represents the American people at first earnestly hoping a reconciliation with Great Britain, then angered by her menaces, and exasperated by her measures of coercion, entering upon the contest, stimulated by a sudden and intense desire of independence, as the only refuge,—in its progress sometimes doubting, often misled, but always true to their principles, and in all the ordinary features of their character raised and exalted, shows that they were sustained throughout this arduous struggle by the eminent qualities and pre-eminent popularity of one man, aided by the enlightened counsels of a few virtuous friends, who seemed raised up by providence to establish a great nation.

"Among the arts of a later period, it has been contended as an evidence of the virtues of the times, but for the purpose of shielding individual misconduct, that Washington's course was unimpeded by opposition; and that a man raised far above his cotemporaries, and resting on the support of a body as variable as the congress of the confederation, was not an object of envy, and was at all times secure and firm in his position when every thing around him was in a state of fluctuation.

"It falls, in natural connexion with the incidents of the preceding chapter, to show that it was the want of power, not the want of inclination, which prevented Washington, now revered as the Father of his Country, from being treated as a mere soldier of fortune.

"The materials for this purpose, from the silence of the journals of congress, are imperfect; but from amidst the errors which have been promulgated respecting the proceedings of those secret councils where falsehood lies in ambush, enough may be gathered to establish this allegation."

The secret influences that nearly caused the loss of the services of Washington to his country, are developed by our author, in spite of the paucity of authentic documents in respect to this portion of our history, with equal ability and judgment. They may be briefly comprised under the following heads: 1. The objection of the Eastern states, whose population filled the ranks of the army, to a commander of Southern birth. 2. The disaffection growing out of the frequent demand for the services of the militia, and its repugnance to strict discipline. 3. The existence of a party opposed to Washington among the officers of the army itself, and the final accession to this party of a cabal in the general congress.

It was necessary to find a person of distinguished rank in the army, and prominent in the eyes of the public, to serve either as the instrument or leader of this cabal. Lee, who had high reputation for military talent, and had contrived by caustic and disparaging remarks to cause the resources of Washington's mind to be called in question, might have figured in the latter capacity. Circumstances developed in Wilkinson's Memoirs seem to intimate that he was meditating a brilliant enterprise at

the moment in which he was captured, that should have offered a marked contrast to the hurried retreat of Washington across Jersey before the active Cornwallis. His capture was, however, attended with circumstances little creditable to him; and his position as a native of Great Britain was a cause of the failure of a general arrangement for the exchange of prisoners. He therefore long remained in captivity, although Washington's exertions to establish a cartel were unceasing, and generous in the extreme, when we consider that the principal point of difference was in respect to a person whom he must have known for a rival.

The fame and popularity acquired by Gates for the capture of Burgoyne pointed him out as a proper instrument in the hands of the cabal. Weak and vainglorious, he was unfit to perform the part of a leader, but was easily induced to become a tool, although his vanity was such as to aspire to the highest station. His first act in opposition to Washington was probably suggested by his desire to remain at the head of an important and separate command. In this he was aided by the anxiety that was naturally felt for the recovery of the posts on the Hudson, captured by General Clinton in his unavailing attempt to relieve Burgoyne. For this reason congress limited their orders to Gates for a detachment to reinforce the army of Washington to twenty-five hundred men, although the latter had expressed his wish to receive seven thousand five hundred, which were absolutely necessary to put him in condition to retake Philadelphia.

"On the 4th of November, resolutions of thanks to General Gates and to the officers serving under him, which this important event justly called for, were passed by congress. The friends of Gates were not content with this; and notwithstanding he had volunteered through Wilkinson an apology for the terms of the capitulation, which had already called forth the loudest public reprobation, and than which nothing could have been more futile; 'that the reduction of Fort Montgomery, and the enemy's progress up the river endangered the arsenal at Albany, a reflection which left him no time to contest the capitulation,' these terms were 'pronounced honourable and advantageous to the states.' At the same time, the committee to whom the motion for directing the future operations of the army under General Gates was referred, brought in a report, which, after debate, was committed, and Mr. Duer added to the committee; and, on the ensuing day a report was introduced, upon which it was resolved, 'that General Washington be informed that it is the earnest wish of congress to regain the possession of the forts and passes of the Hudson river,' and that for that purpose General Gates should remain in command in that quarter, and that Putnam join the main army with such a detachment from Gates' army 'as General Washington may think can be spared, not exceeding twenty-five hundred men, including Colonel Morgan's corps.' Authority was given Gates to order such of the continental troops and militia as were posted near the Hudson to join him; and he was empowered to call on the several states for such number of militia as he shall judge necessary, to maintain the posts on the river, 'to the end that his army may be in readi-

ness to pursue such operations as congress shall direct.' He was also authorized to ask all farther means he required. The governor and council of New York were directed to be furnished with copies of these resolutions; to appoint a committee to assist Gates, which committee were requested and empowered to call on the states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey, to furnish such number of men as he should require for this object; and farther authority was given to him to call for all the necessary aids to reduce Ticonderoga and Fort Independence; to which was added a resolution,—'That if General Washington, after consulting General Gates and Governor Clinton, shall be of opinion that a larger reinforcement can be detached to the main army, consistent with the attainment of the objects, (previously specified,) in such case he be directed to order such farther reinforcements to the main army, as may be thought conducive to the general welfare, any thing in the preceding resolution to the contrary notwithstanding.'\*

"In debating the last resolution, it was moved after '*directed*,' to insert '*with their concurrence*,' which was negatived by a vote of all the states except Massachusetts and one vote from Rhode Island, and the general resolutions were adopted by every state except Massachusetts, which was divided, and by one vote from Rhode Island."†

The opposition to General Washington in the army mustered in its ranks Mifflin, who had succeeded Gates in the appointment of quarter-master general, and a number of foreigners, who had been disappointed in their expectations of obtaining high rank and influence. Among these the most prominent was Conway. The wilful negligence or incompetency of Mifflin was productive of most disastrous effects; and to one or the other, or to both united, is to be attributed the distress of the army in the winter quarters of Valley Forge. If wilful negligence was the cause, he appears to have been prompted to it, as he was certainly supported when its results became manifest, by a party in congress. It thus happened that at the close of the campaign in which so great a success had been obtained as

\* "This resolution appears on the journals as a part of the report of this committee. This would seem to be an error;—as its effect is to defeat the intention of the report, the probability is, that it was proposed to be appended to the report with that view, and that on that motion the amendment was suggested."

† "The votes were as follows:—For inserting '*with their concurrence*.'"

"Affirmative.—Messrs. Samuel Adams, John Adams, Gerry, Marchant, Dyer.—5.

"Negative.—Messrs. Folsom, Lovell, Law, Williams, Duane, Duer, Elmer, Morris, Roberdeau, Clingan, Smith, Rumsey, Jones, F. L. Lee, Harvie, Penn, Harnett, Laurens.—18.

"For the general resolution.

"Affirmative.—Messrs Folsom, J. Adams, Lovell, Law, Williams, Duane, Duer, Elmer, Morris, Clingan, Smith, Rumsey, Jones, F. L. Lee, Harvie, Penn, Harnett, Laurens.—18.

"Negative.—Messrs. S. Adams, Gerry, Marchant, Dyer, Roberdeau.—5."

to secure the recognition of the United States as a nation, and thus to give facilities for supplies that had not before existed, the army was exposed to sufferings almost unexampled even in defeat.

Although the force of public opinion compelled congress to accept Mifflin's resignation of his office of quarter-master-general, yet on the very same day he was placed at the head of the Board of War. On the representation of Mifflin that the members of this board were not sufficient to give weight to its decisions, Gates, with another commissioner, was added, and that general became its president. "Winter had now closed in, and while Washington was engaged in efforts to provide for his famishing and almost naked army, a communication was received from General Gates, marked with all the insolence of anticipated triumph." We refer to the work itself for the interesting correspondence that ensued, merely stating that its cause was a discovery by Washington of a correspondence between Conway and Gates, in which the acts of Washington were made the subject of censure, and which afforded clear evidence of an intrigue between them.

The new Board of War, in pursuit of the object of degrading Washington, recommended the appointment of inspectors-general. Powers were conferred on this office in effect paramount to those of commander-in-chief. Conway was then elected an inspector general; "the man who had been detected in intriguing with Gates, and whom Washington denounced as a dangerous incendiary."

"The communications received by Washington from various parts of the country, and from his friends in congress, fully confirmed the belief that a party had been formed against him in that body, and was rapidly extending.

"Rumours were put in circulation, that, yielding to the public feeling, he purposed to resign, and to such an extent was the impression created, that some of his warmest friends were alarmed, lest, under all the pressure of circumstances, he might be led to this sacrifice. But Washington was surrounded by men who knew his value, and would have sustained his determination had it faltered; but never for an instant did he indulge a purpose of such fatal tendency. 'The moment,' said he, 'I become sensible the majority of the people wish me out, I will resign; until then I am determined to withstand this intrigue.'

"His course was obvious: relying with confidence and security on his well-founded popularity, he assumed a tone of decision and independence in his correspondence with congress, which at once proved his fearlessness of the charges which were maliciously circulated against him, and his consciousness, that in an issue between that body and the nation, his policy would receive its just estimate."

In fine, the cabal was completely defeated; those who had from mistaken views aided its designs, became sensible of their error; Conway resigned his commission, and Gates retired from the Board of War.

"This attempt to unveil the counsels of that secret conclave which doomed Washington to disgrace,—which would, in all probability, have defeated the revolution, or if not, would have robbed America of the pride of boasting a native as her leader, has unavoidably been imperfect; but enough of truth has been gathered to indicate the path of inquiry.

"When time shall give the whole of this eventful story, the historian will not forget to remark, among other incidents, that while Pennsylvania was chilled and dissatisfied, the votes of Maryland, of North Carolina and Georgia divided,—his native Virginia misrepresented,—the powerful influence of New England marshalled under adverse leaders; that New York, though her metropolis and her mountain passes were in the hands of the enemy,—her temporary seat of government in ashes, though just relieved from subjugation by the capitulation of Burgoyne,—thus dismembered, and dislocated, maintained all her constancy and all her firmness.

"Justice to those patriots who resisted and ultimately defeated this cabal, would seem to require that the persons who composed it should be indicated; but, as the removal of the commander-in-chief was never brought to a direct question, and as the votes on several of the prominent acts which have been referred to, are not recorded, much must remain in uncertainty.

"Among the friends of Washington, were to be remarked the manly sense, the practised wisdom, the unbending firmness of Robert Morris, detecting by his strong sagacity every intrigue of the opposition, and overcoming their obstinacy by his superior determination. There was also found Charles Carroll, whose high and generous constancy of character inspired confidence in his friends, and prevented the zeal of party from blinding those who were under its influence. There, also, the rich and varied powers of Gouverneur Morris were forever kept in play, surprising all around him by the fertility of his erratic genius. There was Duer, with stores of wit that never were exhausted, and a rich, vivid, and spontaneous eloquence that rose with every renewed effort, braving, defying, and disconcerting the hostile majority. There, also, were Boudinot of New Jersey, Burke of North Carolina, Paca of Maryland, and others whose names are not distinguished.

"Of the individuals who were believed to have controlled the measures of the cabal, the Lees and the Adamses\* have been indicated as the most conspicuous. As to the former, the allegation has been denied; and of the part taken by John Adams, who was nominated at the height of its influence a Commissioner to France, history is silent, and has directed its attention to Samuel Adams, whose early services, zeal, and proscription have imparted to his character a singular interest; but who, born with all the qualities to aid in subverting an established government, was devoid of those necessary to build one up."

The prevalence for so long a time of a party that would, if successful, have probably defeated all the beneficial results of the revolution, by substituting for the civic and martial virtues of Washington a merely military chief, who, if victorious, would not have exercised the forbearance and discretion which on subsequent occasions marked the conduct of that great man, seems to be principally owing to the imperfect form of the confederation, and the anomalous position of the congress. That body,

\* "Letter of Edward Rutledge to Mr. Jay.—*Life of John Jay*, p. 25. vol. 2."

in a season of pressing difficulty, assumed, without hesitation, power the most unlimited; and not content with claiming it for themselves, delegated it, with dictatorial authority, to the commander-in-chief for the space of six months. Even long after that period they claimed, in their reception of ambassadors, the attributes of sovereigns, as due to them in their collective capacity. No sooner, however, had the terrors of 1776 vanished, and the capture of Burgoyne been achieved, than they seem to have trembled at their own previous boldness. The people, who, in a season of difficulty, had complied with every requisition of the general congress, and cheerfully acquiesced in the rule of a dictator in the person of Washington, were deluded into a search for state rights, and the exercise of local sovereignty. The members of the congress ceased to consider themselves as representatives of a single great people, and became accessible to the influence of faction. Combining executive with legislative powers, the former were exercised inefficiently, and liable to frequent vacillations. We have just cited one case in which much injury arose from their improvident acts. The war, which might have been terminated at a blow, was prolonged for five additional years; but the whole weakness and inefficiency of the system did not become apparent until the artificial energy imparted by the presence of an armed foe had ceased to be felt.

Hamilton remained in the staff of the commander-in-chief until February, 1781. At this time a misunderstanding arose, the details of which are given by our author. It is gratifying to observe, that although Hamilton determined to retire from the family of Washington, this event did not in any degree lessen the esteem in which they held each other. Hamilton, indeed, probably rose in estimation, both with his general and the public; the former feeling the want of his valuable services, and the latter seeing him in such a light as proved that he was not merely a useful engine in the hands of a superior, but capable himself of acting and directing.

During the interval which elapsed from the retreat of the British army from Philadelphia until Hamilton resigned his appointment as aid-de-camp, the military events are of less interest than in the preceding years. The measures which were discussed in the cabinet, the plans which were laid for forcing the British from their posts, with the reasons why they were not prosecuted, are given by the biographer. In this part of the work, too, are inserted some letters, both of a public and private character, of no little interest. Among them is a correct copy of the account given by Hamilton to the younger Laurens, of the affair of the unfortunate André.

The war had, in fact, ceased to be a purely military question.

The British government had ascertained that arms alone could not decide the contest; and the Americans had been satisfied of the wisdom of Washington's policy, who was content to keep an army in the field, and was determined not to risk it in a general action unless all the probabilities of success should be with him. This army was, in fact, the essence of the national existence; the occupation of the principal towns in rotation had no effect upon the issue of the war; it augmented, indeed, the general suffering, but tended only to induce the people to a more obstinate resistance. This army, however, was continually on the brink of ruin, from the want of means to sustain it. Mutinies of serious character broke out, and the British government began to entertain hopes that the armed force would melt away, and the people become weary of a protracted war.

The mode in which the colonies were first excited to a passive resistance, then to the enrolment of local forces, next to the formation of an army under the controul of the general congress, and finally to the assumption of an independent position among nations, has been previously indicated. Whatever there may have been of plan and determination to establish a separate government among the master spirits, and however evident it may have been to those who possessed a just view of the state of things, that the sole choice was entire submission, or final separation, the people were not prepared, at the time hostilities broke out, even for the discussion of the latter alternative. War was waged against the troops of the king of England by men who united in petitions to his throne, and styled themselves his faithful subjects. All the measures, therefore, necessary to maintain existence as a nation followed, and were dictated by the course of events, instead of preceding and controlling them. In the beginning of the struggle each state raised its own troops, and sought the means of supporting and paying them. The troops were next put upon the continental establishment, and the direct pay and subsistence was to be furnished by congress.

It is no impeachment of the wisdom of that body that they refrained from the imposition of direct and heavy taxes. Even those they ventured to recommend to the state legislatures, which had retained the power of levying them, were collected with difficulty, and imposed only under the pressure of the most urgent necessity. The country, in truth, entered upon the contest in a state of impoverishment. The threatening aspect of the times had induced the few men of monied capital to remove their funds to foreign countries; the measures of non-intercourse had put a stop to trade, and to the circulation of money. The latter, however well intended as a method of passive resistance, was perhaps the very worst measure that could have been

adopted in reference to an actual war. The colonies had no manufactures, and practised only the rudest mechanical arts. The merchants, whom the foresight for which that class of citizens are proverbial, would have been induced to lay in stocks, not only of munitions of war, but of the articles of prime necessity, for which the colonies were then wholly dependent upon Europe, were either led by patriotic motives or coerced by fear to abandon their trade. The large foreign capital which they were in the habit of employing in their business was withdrawn, and their own resources diminished by their being thrown for the support of their families upon their stock, instead of their annual profits. Many of the sufferings of the revolutionary army arose from the absolute want of the usual supplies of materials for clothing, even more than from the want of means of paying for them. An unwise policy still farther enhanced the evil, for those who traded in British goods were considered as traitors to the cause, and the invested capital of foreigners was treated as a fair object of confiscation.

It is sometimes a matter of surprise to discover how little wisdom is gained by experience. The events which had been productive of so much inconvenience at the breaking out of the revolutionary war, and which arose in many cases from the want of regular and established government, might almost seem to have been repeated from choice at the commencement of the late war, by a government long and firmly established, and by administrations supported by overwhelming majorities of the people. Thus, when the aggressions of the European belligerents upon our commerce became so enormous that the patience of the nation was exhausted, recourse was had to an embargo, not as a preparation for war, but as a means of preserving peace; and by this embargo the commerce of the United States was more injured, and its mercantile capital more wasted, than they had been by fourteen years of plunder. Next in order, by way of coercing Great Britain, a law of non-intercourse was adopted, and the war found the country in the same state of destitution of all articles of necessity, except food and raw materials, in which it was at the breaking out of the hostilities of the revolution. Finally, by an act of folly that would be thought incredible, were we not at the present moment witnesses of one even greater, the engine contrived by a wise administration to remedy the evils of the revolution, and planned with deep foresight to prevent their recurrence, the only possible agent by which the circulation of the country could be preserved in a sound state, was permitted to die.

The confiscations of the revolution were repeated in another form. The Americans resident in foreign countries, who, with patriotic zeal, crowded back to their native country, bearing

their fortunes in the only profitable shape, that of the foreign manufactures, of which the country was destitute, were made the objects of plunder; their goods were captured by privateers commissioned under the pretence of annoying the enemy, and condemned by courts which adopted, as the rule of their decisions, the decrees of that very British judge whose forced construction of the law of nations was perhaps the most exciting cause of the war. Still further—the fraud that we at least should have considered pious, by which it was sought to convey the accumulated productions of the south to a market, by the way of Florida, and under the protection of a neutral flag, was treated with the same severity that it would have been by the enemy; and officers sought with avidity for proofs that the property belonged to their own countrymen. It is to the honour of our navy, that no one who obtained the respect of his countrymen for deeds of bravery, seems to have had any share in this plunder of his fellow citizens; but there were not wanting some who appeared to prefer a station where prize-money was to be gained, without personal risk, to the dangerous commands to which their rank entitled them.

To return from our digression: Congress, in the absence of all other resources, had recourse to the emission of bills of credit. This was no new measure in America. All the British colonies had from time to time resorted to the same expedient, in the efforts they made to aid the mother country in its numerous wars. The consequences had been every where the same in character, although different in degree, and the Spanish dollar, originally worth less than 4*s.* and 6*d.* sterling, had been enhanced in its measure in the local currencies to different rates, between 5*s.* and 8*s.* These efforts, however burthensome and obnoxious to those who felt little direct interest in their object, were far inferior to those required to change the condition of the states from that of colonies to that of an independent nation. The issues which were demanded were more copious, the depreciation which ensued more rapid and vastly greater.

Had this emission been resorted to as a mere temporary expedient, and had the government contemporaneously undertaken the preparation of a sound scheme of finance, the first emissions might have been redeemed, and no disastrous consequences need have ensued. The success of the measure, however, was so great at first as to mislead its planners. The patriotism of a large part of the people was such as to induce them to give ready currency to the new medium. We could cite instances where families, driven from their homes by the events of war, with ample means, spent their gold and hoarded the new paper.

The disastrous campaign of 1776 broke the delusion, and even before an issue beyond the demand for a circulating me-

dium had taken place, the fall in value became alarming. The old remedy of making the money a legal tender was resorted to, and as it always has done, increased instead of palliating the disease. The sanctity of contracts was invaded; the little vested capital destroyed by payments in the debased medium; taxes graduated to a specie value, or to the successive stages of depreciation, were received in a still baser money, while the prices of all articles nominally rose as rapidly as the paper fell in value. The bill for a dinner furnished some of the British officers captured with Burgoyne, at Philadelphia, was published by them in England, and is one of the most characteristic illustrations of the state of the times. It amounted to several thousand dollars, and was liquidated for two or three guineas.

"The report of the Board of Treasury, in the autumn of seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, had shown an emission of bills in circulation amounting to the enormous sum of one hundred and sixty millions of dollars, together with a public debt of near forty millions, in foreign and domestic loans; while the whole product of the latter, from the commencement of the war, had but little exceeded thirty millions, and of the taxes three millions.

"With the faint hope of sustaining their credit, congress passed a vote on the first of September, of the same year, pledging themselves not to issue, in bills of credit, a sum exceeding two hundred millions; which they proclaimed to the country, accompanied with an exposition of the extent of the national resources, and an assurance that full confidence might be placed in the public faith.

"The wants of the treasury had been so pressing, that intermediate this declaration, and the end of the following month of November, the balance of this limited sum was issued, and congress were left destitute even of this apparently last resource.

"In this emergency, the committee of Ways and Means adopted, as the only remaining expedient, the negotiation of bills on the American envoys in Europe; which, through the recent advices of Monsieur de la Luzerne, they had reason to expect would be provided for by the aid of France.

"The sale of these bills was directed to be made at the rate of twenty-five dollars in continental bills of credit, for four shillings and sixpence sterling, with the condition, that the purchasers should lend a sum equal to the cost of the bills, at an interest of six per cent.

"In March, seventeen hundred and eighty, the loan which had been authorized on the basis of an advance of two month's interest to the lender, not being filled, a *new emission* of bills was ordered, at the rate of forty for one, payable in six years, bearing an interest of five per cent, to be issued on the faith of the individual states, in proportion to their quotas, and a revision of the laws recommended, which rendered the continental bills a legal tender.\*

\* "There were, at this time, three kinds of paper afloat: one bearing an interest payable in sterling money, one at an interest payable in currency, and the third without interest. The two first were called Loan Office Certificates, and, like the bills of credit, were payable to bearer; but though resting on the same security, were in lower credit. To absorb this paper, it was proposed, in a series of ingenious essays, signed An American, to

"These financial embarrassments had given rise to scenes of extravagant, and, in many instances, profligate speculation. Going into the market with a currency stamped with disgrace, not only was government compelled to purchase below the fixed discount of their paper, and thus increase its discredit, but individuals, whose resources created confidence, came forward as competitors, and engrossed the supplies, which they dealt out to the administration on their own terms. Apprehensions of greater depreciation inducing the holders of the paper to force it into the market, with a view to realize something intrinsically valuable, raised the price of every article; while many capitalists, unable to loan securely, withheld their funds from circulation.

"The excitement produced by these circumstances, can now be with difficulty imagined. On the one hand, the most violent denunciations were uttered against 'engrossers, forestallers, and monopolizers,' on the other, outcries were raised against the public agents, who frequently abused their trust; an internal war ensued between debtor and creditor, threatening the most alarming consequences.

"These were evils in a great degree necessarily incidental to the state of the country, with a small capital, and deprived of foreign commerce; but there were others wholly attributable to the feeble operation of the confederacy.

"The administration of government by congress, through the medium of committees and boards, greatly augmented the civil expenditure; prevented the possibility of secrecy or system, and the numerous expedients which exigencies suggested, had resulted in the creation of various and conflicting chambers.

"As the pressure was more immediately felt at head-quarters, the financial difficulties urged themselves upon the individuals there with peculiar force. The situation of Hamilton, in the family of Washington, rendering him the confidant of all the secret embarrassments of his chief, opened to him an enlarged view of the situation of the country; and enforced upon him more strongly the necessity of decisive and immediate relief. His intimacy also with the French officers, enabled him to judge of the extent of their expectations, and led him to look forward with apprehension to a failure in the engagements with France, as an event which might, with other causes, lead, if not to an entire abandonment by our ally, to very partial and reluctant succours.

"The recent debates in the British parliament, had also shown the strong hopes of the ministry, that the resources of the United States were nearly exhausted, and their expectation that a continuance of the war might lead to a dissolution of the union, which the distempered state of some parts of the confederacy seemed at a distance to indicate as not improbable.

"Influenced by these considerations, Colonel Hamilton, soon after the army had entered winter quarters at Morristown, addressed an anonymous letter to Robert Morris, then a delegate from Pennsylvania to congress. In this letter he states his plan 'to be the product of some reading on the subjects of commerce and finance, and of occasional reflections on our particular situation; but that a want of leisure had prevented its being examined in so many lights, and digested so maturely, as the importance requires.' He requests, that if the outlines are thought worthy of attention, and any difficulties occur which demand explanations, that a letter should

create a stock, redeemable by instalments after the war; but what circulating medium was to be substituted, and how the interest on this stock was to be discharged, it is believed was not shown."

be directed to James Montague, to be lodged in the post office at Morris-town; and that, though the writer has reasons which make him unwilling to be known, if a personal conference should be thought material, that he would endeavour to comply, and asks the letter to be regarded as a hasty production.

"In this letter, after giving as his reasons for not addressing him through the press, the extreme delicacy of the subject, and the effect of discussion in increasing the evil 'by exposing our weak sides to the popular eye, and adding false terrors to well founded apprehensions,' he proceeds to examine the object of principal concern,—the state of the currency,—as to which he observes, that in his opinion, all the speculations of the country were founded in error,—combats the idea that the depreciation could have been avoided, and the impression which had been entertained that the money might be restored by expedients *within our own resources*; and to this dangerous and prevalent error he attributes the delay in attempting a foreign loan.

"He shows that the badness of the money was originally the effect of the condition of the country, and of the exertions made beyond its strength, and not the cause, though, at that time, it partook of the nature of both;—that as prices rose, the value of money fell; and that as the public expenditures became immense, no taxes which the people could bear on that quantity of money which is deemed a proper medium, would have been sufficient for the current demands of the nation, had it been gold instead of paper; that the idea was chimerical, that without resorting to foreign loans, we could do otherwise than augment the quantity of our artificial wealth beyond those bounds which were proper to preserve its credit.

"That the quantity of money in circulation, previous to the revolution, was about thirty millions of dollars, which was barely sufficient for our interior commerce, the foreign trade being carried on by barter; and as the balance of our principal trade was against us, and the specie was transferred to meet that balance, no part of it entered into the home circulation; and that it would have been impossible, by loans and taxes, to bring such part of it into the public coffers as would have served the purposes of the war, without obstructing commercial operations.

"He next shows, that the product of the taxes, both from the peculiar situation of the country, and by reference to the condition of other countries, would necessarily be inadequate to our wants.

"Hence he infers, that congress, when their emissions rose to thirty millions, were *obliged*, in order to keep up the supplies, to go on creating artificial revenues by new emissions; and that the only remedy then was a foreign loan, which judiciously applied, and assisted by a vigorous taxation, would have created a credit that might have prevented the excess of emissions. He contends, on the same principles, that in proportion to the extent of the depreciation at that time, was the impossibility of raising the money value by any other means, and that in the existing situation of the country, a *foreign loan* was the only expedient.

"He adds, 'these reasonings may prove useless, as the necessity of a loan is admitted, but *that his object is to establish good principles*, the want of which has brought us to the desperate crisis we have arrived at, and may betray us into fatal mistakes.'

"The next inquiry raised is,—How is the loan to be employed?—Two plans were stated to have been in contemplation:—one, that of buying up the paper, which he shows would have been impracticable, from the rapid artificial appreciation of it, which would require means far beyond the compass of the national resources, while this appreciation would be more relative to the purchasing medium, than to the prices of commodities, as the value of the paper might be raised by the combination of individuals, while

the reduction of prices must necessarily be slow, depending, as it would, on the sentiments of the great body of the people.

"The result of this plan, he states, would be, 'that the money would return into circulation almost as fast as it was drawn out, and at the end of the year the treasury would be completely empty;—the foreign loan dissipated, and the state of the finances as deplorable as ever. It would be much better, instead of purchasing up the paper currency, to purchase the supplies with the specie or bills.'—'A great source of error,' he observes, 'in disquisitions of this nature, is the judging of events by abstract calculations, which, though geometrically true, are false as they relate to the concerns of beings governed more by passion and prejudice, than by an enlightened sense of their interests. A degree of illusion mixes itself in all the affairs of society. The opinion of objects has more influence than their real nature. The quantity of money in circulation, is certainly a chief cause of its declining; but we find it is depreciated more than five times as much as it ought to be:—the excess is derived from opinion,—a want of confidence. In like manner, we deceive ourselves, when we suppose the value will increase in proportion as the quantity is lessened; opinion will operate here also, and a thousand circumstances may promote or counteract the principle.'

"The other plan proposed, was to convert the loan into merchandise, and import it on public account. This plan, though better than the former, he deems also liable to great objections, but not wholly to be rejected; and after suggesting a tax in kind, he contends, that 'the only plan which can preserve the currency, is one that will make it the immediate interest of the moneyed men to co-operate with government in its support. This country is in the same predicament in which France was previous to the famous Mississippi scheme, projected by Mr. Law. Its paper money, like ours, had dwindled to nothing, and no efforts of the government could revive it, because the people had lost all confidence in its ability. Mr. Law, who had much more penetration than integrity, readily perceived that no plan could succeed, which did not unite the interest and credit of rich individuals with those of the state; and upon this he framed the idea of his project, which so far agreed in principle with the Bank of England,—the foundation was good, but the superstructure too vast. The projectors aimed at unlimited wealth, and the government itself expected too much, which was the cause of the ultimate miscarriage of the scheme, and of all the mischiefs that befel the kingdom in consequence. It will be our wisdom to select what is good in this plan, and in any others that have gone before us, avoiding their defects and excesses. Something on a similar principle in America, will alone accomplish the restoration of paper credit, and establish a permanent fund for the future exigencies of government.'

"He then states his plan to be an American bank, to be instituted by congress for ten years, under the denomination of 'The Bank of the United States.'

"The basis of this bank was to be a foreign loan of two millions sterling, to be thrown into the bank as a part of its stock; a subscription to be opened in the currency of two hundred millions of dollars, and the subscribers to be incorporated; the payment of which to be guaranteed by the government on the dissolution of the bank, by ten millions of specie, being at the rate of one for twenty, or by a currency bona fide equivalent, and the annual money taxes to become part of the stock.

"All the remaining paper to be called in, (at the option of the possessor,) and bank notes to be issued in lieu of it for so much sterling, payable to the bearer in three months from the date, at two per cent per annum interest; a pound sterling to be estimated at two hundred and sixty-six and

two-thirds of the existing dollars;\* the interest payable punctually in specie at the end of the three months, when the possessor might have the bank notes renewed, or receive the sum deposited in the old paper; all the money issued from the bank to be of the same denomination, and on the same terms.

"An annual loan of two millions sterling to be furnished to congress by the bank, at four per cent, and the whole, or part of the stock, by arrangement between the bank and a Board of Trade, which he contemplated, to be employed in commerce. If only a part, the residue to be loaned occasionally, by permission of congress, in such sums as may be thought expedient, at an interest of six per cent, on private securities; the government to hold one half of the stock, and the bank to be managed by trustees of the stockholders, under the inspection of the Board of Trade.

"The part of the manuscript which details the effect of the commercial operations, is mutilated; but the result is stated to be, that the war might be carried on three years, and the government incur a debt of only four hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling, above the guaranty of the subscription, which it is probable would not be required, as the corporation would find it their interest to obtain a renewal of their charter.

"Having presented his plan, he observes, 'that he does not believe that its advantages will be as great as they appear in speculation, from a less profitable commerce than is supposed, and from other causes. I am aware how apt the imagination is to be heated in projects of this nature, and to overlook the fallacies which often lurk in first principles. But when I consider, on the other hand, that this scheme stands on the firm footing of public and private faith, that it links the interest of the state in an intimate connexion with those of the rich individuals belonging to it; that it turns the wealth and influence of both into a commercial channel for mutual benefit, which must afford advantages not to be estimated; that there is a defect of a circulating medium, which this plan supplies by a sort of creative power, converting what is so produced into a real and efficacious instrument of trade; I say, when I consider these things, and many more that might be added, I cannot forbear feeling a degree of confidence in the plan, and at least hoping that it is capable of being improved into something that will give relief to our finances.'

"To enlarge its advantages, he suggests that a variety of secondary expedients may be invented, and the whole scheme of annuities engrafted upon it."

This, as far as we have been able to ascertain, is the earliest plan of a national bank. It is not improbable that the advantages and facilities obtained by the governments of Europe, as well as by individuals engaged in commerce, from such institutions, had presented themselves to many reflecting persons. But all existing institutions had arisen under circumstances widely different from those in which the United States were placed. Even the Bank of England had not been established for the purpose of restoring a credit already fallen, but to give stability to one about to be impaired. It was left for Hamilton to perceive how such an institution might be made the means of rebuilding a confidence, fallen, to all appearance, beyond the chance of repair.

\* "Sixty dollars for one dollar of four shillings and sixpence sterling."

"At a time when the intricate science of finance was little understood in the United States, the statesman will perceive the clear and sound views which are taken of the condition of the currency; and will remark, with admiration, how far the author of this plan rose above all the crude opinions of that day; rejecting the whole scheme of legislative expedients, and pointing out, as the only basis of a permanent system, the combination of public with private capital. It has been observed, that this project was not embraced in all its parts; but it had, nevertheless, its influence on the mind of the eminent financier of the revolution; for within a short time after, a plan of a bank in Pennsylvania was introduced by him, founded on private contributions, to the amount of £300,000 sterling, by patriotic individuals, to furnish the army with a temporary supply of provisions, which, though limited in its views, led on to farther results of moment."

"Although the idea of a bank, with powers to carry on commercial operations, may be regarded with some distrust, and the extent of the plan may be supposed to derogate from its merit, yet a careful examination of this scheme will show, that it was the only one, proposed at that time, which could have absorbed the depreciated paper, and have restored a sound currency; which the other projects could not have effected. The idea of using the credit of government in mercantile adventures, which is the only objectional part of the scheme, as a general one, was peculiarly felicitous at the time it was suggested, and might have been instrumental in producing a uniform system of commercial regulations. As a mere temporary expedient, it did not escape the vigilant observation of Robert Morris, who entered into several commercial adventures, on account of the United States, to pay the interest on the foreign debt, which proved a great convenience to the treasury, and resulted in a small profit to the government."

This project bears date in 1779; the Bank of Pennsylvania was not reported to congress until June 22d, 1780, nor the Bank of North America proposed until May, 1781. Gouverneur Morris, who has claimed for himself the merit of the plan of the latter, was not appointed assistant to the superintendent of finance until July 6th, 1781. He may, however, have been previously consulted, but there is no probability that he had moved in the question as early as 1779. The anonymous communications of Hamilton were not intended to gain reputation for himself, but made from purely patriotic motives; the superintendent of finance was at full liberty to use them as he saw fit, and precluded from even guessing at the author; hence, that the statement of G. Morris was made in good faith, is not rendered doubtful by the discovery of this interesting document; it however destroys his right to the merit of priority.

At the present epoch, all that relates to the necessities and embarrassments for which a national bank was proposed as a remedy, cannot fail to be interesting. We are, in fact, in a time of profound peace, and with every apparent element of prosperity, in a state of commercial difficulty not less terrible than that which attended the close of the revolutionary struggle. These commercial embarrassments will be next felt by the agricultural interests, and will in turn reach every possible species of labour. All classes of the community must, indeed,

suffer, except the rich capitalists, who may, perhaps, be at first in some degree affected by the general wreck, but who will, in an enhanced rate of interest, and in the power of obtaining possession at diminished prices of the pledges they will demand for their loans, reap a rich and abundant harvest.

It was the fashion, during the miseries which attended some epochs of the late war, to appeal to the example of the revolutionary contest as a parallel scene of distress: luckily the people were satisfied, and did not inquire into the difference of the two cases. In the one, we have already seen that a little prudence might have lessened the difficulties; in the other, they could never have occurred, except from the utmost improvidence, an improvidence that may almost be stigmatised as criminal. In the same way we are now stimulated to a crusade against the bank, by the idea that a constitutional object is to be gained, and that the distress with which the struggle is to be attended is not greater than that which our forefathers bore with patience while it endured, and gloried in when it was over. The more honourable the feelings to which such appeals can be successfully made, the more criminal is it to take advantage of them for no useful purpose; to scatter blight over our fertile fields, and to impoverish the population of our splendid cities, with no other object than that of obtaining possession of offices of power and emolument.

How different from the course of the successful politicians of the present day, was that of Hamilton! Self appears never to have entered into any of his political reflections. The immediate benefit of his contemporaries, and the still more important object of securing to their posterity the natural rights of life, liberty, and *property*, were the objects of his desire. We have already seen that his communication to Robert Morris, although containing what might have formed for him a mighty reputation, was made anonymously; and thus it has happened that until the hour of the present publication, others have enjoyed, or claimed, the merit of taking the first step in that career which re-established the credit of the United States, and whose earliest consequence was the successful close of the revolutionary war.

Influenced by the same patriotic spirit, he commenced a correspondence with Mr. Duane, then a member of congress from the state of New York. In one of the letters, which is inserted entire in the work, he alludes to the first bank established, at the instance of Morris—that of Pennsylvania, and then proceeds to illustrate the advantages of a more extensive and powerful fiscal agent.

A letter to Morris, dated April 30th, 1781, discusses the question still more amply; and as the present generation seem to question what their fathers received as admitted truths, it

will not be irrelevant to cite some of the arguments on which this admission was founded.

“‘To surmount these obstacles,’ he observes, ‘and give individuals ability and inclination to lend, a plan might be devised which, by incorporating their means together, and uniting them with those of the public, will, on the foundation of that incorporation and union, erect a mass of credit that will supply the defect of moneyed capital, and answer all the purposes of cash. A plan which will not only advance the interest of the lenders, secure the independence of their country, and in its progress have the most beneficial influence upon its future commerce, but be a source of national strength and wealth. I mean,’ he says, ‘the institution of a national bank. This, I regard, in some shape or other, as an expedient essential to our safety and success, unless by a happy turn of European affairs, the war should speedily terminate, in a manner upon which it would be unwise to reckon. There is no other that can give to government that extensive and systematic credit which the defect of our revenues makes indispensably necessary to its operations. The longer it is delayed, the more difficult it becomes. Our affairs grow every day more relaxed and more involved. Public credit hastens to a more irretrievable catastrophe. The means for executing the plan are exhausted in partial and temporary efforts. The loan now making in Massachusetts, would have gone a great way in establishing the funds on which the bank must stand.

“‘I am aware of all the objections that have been made to public banks, and that they are not without enlightened and respectable opponents. But all that has been said against them only tends to prove, that, like all other good things, they are subject to abuse, and when abused, become pernicious. The precious metals, by similar arguments, may be proved to be injurious. It is certain that the moneys of South America have had great influence in banishing industry from Spain, and sinking it in real wealth and importance. Great power, commerce and riches, or, in other words, great national prosperity, may, in like manner, be denominated evils; for they lead to insolence, an inordinate ambition, a vicious luxury, licentiousness of morals, and all those vices which corrupt a government, enslave the state, and precipitate the ruin of a nation. But no wise statesman will reject the good, from an apprehension of the ill. The truth is, in human affairs there is no good, pure and unmixed. Every advantage has two sides; and wisdom consists in availing ourselves of the good, and guarding, as much as possible, against the bad.

“‘The tendency of a national bank is to increase public and private credit. The former gives power to the state, for the protection of its rights and interests, and the latter facilitates and extends the operations of commerce among individuals.

“‘Industry is increased, commodities are multiplied, agriculture and manufactures flourish, and herein consists the true wealth and prosperity of a state.

“‘Most commercial nations have found it necessary to institute banks; and they have proved to be the happiest engines that ever were invented for advancing trade. Venice, Genoa, Hamburgh, Holland, and England, are examples of their utility. They owe their riches, commerce, and the figure they have made at different periods, in a great degree, to this source. Great Britain is indebted for the immense efforts she has been able to make in so many illustrious and successful wars, essentially to that vast fabric of credit, raised on this foundation. ’Tis by this alone she now menaces our independence. She has indeed abused the advantage, and now stands on a precipice. Her example should both persuade and warn

us. 'Tis in republics, where banks are most easily established and supported, and where they are least liable to abuse. Our situation will not expose us to frequent wars, and the public will have no temptation to overstrain its credit.

"In my opinion, we ought not to hesitate, because we have no other resource. The long and expensive wars of king William had drained England of its specie; its commerce began to droop for want of a proper medium; its taxes were unproductive, and its revenues declined. The administration wisely had recourse to the institution of a bank, and it retrieved the national difficulties. We are in the same, and still greater want, of a sufficient medium. We have little specie; the paper we have is of small value, and rapidly declining to less. We are immersed in a war for our existence as a nation, for our liberty and happiness as a people. We have no revenues, nor no credit. A bank, if practicable, is the only thing that can give us either the one or the other. Besides these great and cardinal motives to such an institution, and the advantages we should enjoy from it in common with other nations, our situation, relatively to Europe and to the West Indies, would give us some peculiar advantages.

"Nothing is more common than for men to pass from the abuse of a good thing to the disuse of it. Some persons, disgusted by the depreciation of the money, are chimerical enough to imagine it would be beneficial to abolish all paper, and annihilate the whole of what is now in circulation, and depend altogether upon specie, both for commerce and finance. The scheme is altogether visionary, and in the attempt would be fatal. We have not a competent stock of specie in this country, either to answer the purpose of circulation in trade, or to serve as a basis for revenue. The whole amount of what we have, I am persuaded, does not exceed six millions of dollars, one-fifth of the circulating medium before the war. To suppose this would be sufficient for the operations of commerce, would be to suppose that our domestic and foreign commerce were both reduced four-fifths; a supposition that carries absurdity on the face of it. It follows, that if our paper money were destroyed, a great part of the transactions of traffic must be carried on by barter; a mode inconvenient, partial, confined; destructive both of commerce and industry. With the addition of the paper we now have, this evil exists in too great a degree.'

"Having shown that if all the specie could be drawn into the treasury annually, the consequence of such a measure, which never was effected in any country, would be a complete stagnation of business; and that a recourse to taxes in kind would prove wholly inefficacious, he proceeds to observe:

"The error of those who would explode paper money altogether, originates in not making proper distinctions. Our paper was, in its nature, liable to depreciation, because it had no funds for its support, and was not upheld by private credit. The emissions under the resolution of March, 1780, have partly the former advantage, but are destitute of the latter, which is equally essential. No paper credit can be substantial or durable, which has not funds, and which does not unite immediately the interest and influence of the moneyed men, in its establishment and preservation. A credit begun on this basis will, in process of time, greatly exceed its funds; but this requires time, and a well settled opinion in its favour. *'Tis in a national bank alone that we can find the ingredients to constitute a wholesome, solid, and beneficial paper credit.'*

"The length to which these extracts have extended does not warrant the publication more at large of this elaborate document. A mere outline of the plan, consisting of twenty articles, is all that will now be given.

"The capital of the bank was to consist of a stock of three millions

of dollars, divided into thirty thousand shares, to be exempted from all taxes and impositions.

"The subscription, according to the respective amounts, to be in proportionate quantities of specie, personal and landed securities; the object being to secure the largest possible amount of specie. The bank to have all legal corporate immunities, and the stock to be protected from attachment, making each member of the incorporation liable, by suit, to the extent of his stock.

"The privilege of subscribing for one half of the capital stock, to be reserved to the United States, to the particular states, or to foreigners, and the United States to become conjointly responsible with the private proprietors, for all the transactions of the bank, which was to be authorized to issue notes, with and without interest, a part only payable in America, the residue in Europe. The aggregate of the notes not to exceed the amount of the bank stock; with a power to lend at an interest not to exceed eight per cent, and to borrow to the amount of one half of its stock,—to purchase estates, by principal or by annuities,—to have the privilege of coining, to the amount of one half of its stock, (the quantity of alloy, &c. to be determined by congress,) and to have, also, the power of discounting foreign bills of exchange,—to receive deposits of plate or money, which deposits were to be exempt from taxation,—to have the right of contracting with the French government for the supply of its fleets and armies in America, and to contract with congress for the supply of their armies,—with a condition to lend the United States, on a certain unalienable fund of one hundred and ten thousand four hundred pounds per annum, the sum of twelve hundred thousand pounds, at an interest of eight per cent, payable in twenty years, or sooner, at the option of congress, and a similar rate to govern all future loans; for which fund the United States, and the individual states, to be severally pledged.

"The bank to become responsible for the redemption of all the paper; the old, at forty for one, in parts of one third, at the end of every ten years, with interest at five per cent; the new, as specie, in six years, so as to fulfil the previous engagements of congress; for which responsibility, adequate funds, payable to the bank, equal to the discharge of the whole paper currency in thirty years, bearing an interest of two per cent, were to be established.

"The bank notes to be received in payment of all public customs and taxes, at an equivalent with gold and silver, with power to dissolve itself at pleasure, having made effectual provision for the payment of its debts. Its stock to be transferable. To be chartered for thirty years, and no other bank, public or private, to be permitted during that period. Three offices to be established, one in each of the states of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, to facilitate the circulation and payment of the bank notes; the whole to be managed by twelve general directors, eight to be chosen by the private proprietors, and four by congress; the minister of finance having the privilege of inspecting all their proceedings.

We shall not comment upon this splendid plan, nor exhibit the arguments adduced to show its practicability, even in the forlorn state of the public credit of the day.

On the 26th of May, 1781, Morris informed Hamilton that he would speedily see the plan of a bank which had already received the sanction of congress. He admits that its capital was too small to accomplish all the desired ends, but expresses the opinion that, beginning upon a limited plan, it would, if successful, command a future increase of capital.

The votes on the question of establishing this bank are interesting, as exhibiting the state of public opinion at that time, both in respect to the expediency and the constitutionality of a bank. They are still more important, considered in relation to the latter question, for the powers of congress under the confederation had by that time been construed to be far less than the present federal government possesses by express grant. Upon this vote, New York and Delaware were not represented; the minority was composed of *Pennsylvania* and *Massachusetts*; while *Virginia*, with all the other southern states, voted in the affirmative. Of the individual members, Madison was the only one from Virginia who was opposed to the plan.

The inquiries of Hamilton were not confined to the means of relieving a distress merely pecuniary, but were extended to the whole organization of the federal government. In notes appended to his anonymous communication to Morris, he points out the evils growing out of the mode in which the public affairs were conducted, and proposes a remedy. This was found on its adoption to be efficient, and constitutes the very system which has been followed up to the present day. In the letter to Mr. Duane, the same plan is more fully developed, and further imperfections, with their appropriate cures, are noted. We consider this letter to be too important in its influence on the subsequent condition of the United States, to be passed over with a mere notice.

“*Liberty Pole*, 1780.

“DEAR SIR,—Agreeable to your request, and my promise, I sit down to give you my ideas of the defects of our present system, and the changes necessary to save us from ruin. They may, perhaps, be the reveries of a projector, rather than the sober views of a politician. You will judge of them, and make what use you please of them.

“The fundamental defect is a want of power in congress. It is hardly worth while to show in what this consists, as it seems to be universally acknowledged; or to point out how it has happened, as the only question is how to remedy it. It may, however, be said, that it has originated from three causes,—an excess of the spirit of liberty, which has made the particular states show a jealousy of all power not in their own hands; and this jealousy has led them to exercise a right of judging, in the last resort, of the measures recommended by congress, and of acting according to their own opinions of their propriety or necessity;—a diffidence in congress of their own powers, by which they have been timid and indecisive in their resolutions; constantly making concessions to the states, till they have scarcely left themselves the shadow of power;—a want of sufficient means at their disposal to answer the public exigencies, and of vigour to draw forth those means, which have occasioned them to depend on the states, individually, to fulfil their engagements with the army; the consequence of which has been to ruin their influence and credit with the army, to establish its dependence on each state, separately, rather than on them; that is, than on the whole collectively.

“It may be pleaded that congress had never any definitive powers granted them, and of course could exercise none,—could do nothing more than recommend. The manner in which congress was appointed would

warrant, and the public good required, that they should have considered themselves as vested with full power to *preserve the republic from harm*.

"They have done many of the highest acts of sovereignty, which were always cheerfully submitted to; the declaration of independence, the declaration of war, the levying an army, creating a navy, emitting money, making alliances with foreign powers, appointing a dictator, &c. &c.; all these were implications of a complete sovereignty, were never disputed, and ought to have been a standard for the whole conduct of administration. Undefined powers are discretionary powers, limited only by the object for which they were given; in the present case, the independence and freedom of America. The confederation made no difference; for as it has not been generally adopted, it had no operation.

"But, from what I recollect of it, congress have even descended from the authority which the spirit of that act gives them; while the particular states have no farther attended to it, than as it suited their pretensions and convenience. It would take too much time to enter into particular instances; each of which, separately, might appear inconsiderable, but united are of serious import. I only mean to remark, not to censure.

"But the confederation itself is defective, and requires to be altered; it is neither fit for war, nor peace. The idea of an uncontrollable sovereignty in each state, over its internal police, will defeat the other powers given to congress, and make our union feeble and precarious. There are instances, without number, where acts necessary for the general good, and which rise out of the powers given to congress, must interfere with the internal police of the states; and there are as many instances in which the particular states, by arrangements of internal police, can effectually, though indirectly, counteract the arrangements of congress. You have already had examples of this, for which I refer you to your own memory.

"The confederation gives the states, individually, too much influence in the affairs of the army; they should have nothing to do with it.

"The entire formation and disposal of our military forces ought to belong to congress. It is an essential cement of the union; and it ought to be the policy of congress to destroy all ideas of state attachments in the army, and make it look up wholly to them. For this purpose, all appointments, promotions, and provisions whatsoever, ought to be made by them. It may be apprehended, that this may be dangerous to liberty. But nothing appears more evident to me, than that we run much greater risk of having a weak and disunited federal government, than one which will be able to usurp upon the rights of the people.

"Already some of the lines of the army would obey their states in opposition to congress, notwithstanding the pains we have taken to preserve the unity of the army. If any thing would hinder this, it would be the personal influence of the General—a melancholy and mortifying consideration. The forms of our state constitutions must always give them great weight in our affairs, and will make it too difficult to blind them in the pursuit of a common interest, too easy to oppose whatever they do not like, and to form partial combinations, subversive of the general one. There is a wide difference between our situation and that of an empire under one simple form of government, distributed into counties, provinces or districts, which have no legislatures, but merely magistratical bodies to execute the laws of a common sovereign. Here the danger is, that the sovereign will have too much power, and oppress the parts of which it is composed. In our case, that of an empire composed of confederative states, each with a government completely organized within itself, having all the means to draw its subjects to a close dependence on itself, the danger is directly the reverse. It is, that the common sovereign will not have power sufficient to unite the different members together, and direct the common forces to the interest and happiness of the whole.

"The leagues among the old Grecian republics are a proof of this. They were continually at war with each other, and for want of union fell a prey to their neighbours. They frequently held general councils, but their resolutions were no farther observed, than as they suited the interests and inclinations of all the parties, and, at length, they sunk entirely into contempt.

"The Swiss cantons are another proof of the doctrine. They have had wars with each other, which would have been fatal to them, had not the different powers in their neighbourhood been too jealous of one another, and too equally matched to suffer either to take advantage of their quarrels. That they have remained so long united at all, is to be attributed to their weakness, to their poverty, and to the cause just mentioned. These ties will not exist in America. A little time hence, some of the states will be powerful empires; and we are so remote from other nations, that we shall have all the leisure and opportunity we can wish to cut each other's throats.

"The Germanic corps might also be cited as an example in favour of the position.

"The United Provinces may be thought to be one against it. But the family of the Stadtholders, whose authority is interwoven with the whole government, has been a strong link of union between them. Their physical necessities, and the habits founded upon them, have contributed to it. Each province is too inconsiderable by itself to undertake any thing. An analysis of their present constitution would show, that they have many ties which would not exist in ours; and that they are by no means a proper model for us.

"Our own experience should satisfy us. We have felt the difficulty of drawing out the resources of the country, and inducing the states to combine in equal exertions for the common cause. The ill success of our last attempt is striking. Some have done a great deal; others little, or scarcely any thing. The disputes about boundaries, &c. testify how flattering a prospect we have of future tranquillity, if we do not frame in time a confederacy capable of deciding the differences, and compelling the obedience of the respective members.

"The confederation, too, gives the power of the purse too entirely to the state legislatures. It should provide perpetual funds in the disposal of congress, by a land tax, poll tax, or the like. All imposts upon commerce ought to be laid by congress, and appropriated to their use; for without certain revenues, a government can have no power; that power which holds the purse-strings absolutely, must rule. This seems to be a medium, which, without making congress altogether independent, will tend to give reality to its authority.

"Another defect in our system is, want of method and energy in the administration. This has partly resulted from the other defect; but in a great degree from prejudice and the want of a proper executive. Congress have kept the power too much in their own hands, and have meddled too much with details of every sort. Congress is properly a deliberative corps, and it forgets itself when it attempts to play the executive. It is impossible that a body, numerous as it is, constantly fluctuating, can ever act with sufficient decision, or with system. Two-thirds of the members, one half the time, cannot know what has gone before them, or what connexion the subject in hand has to what has been transacted on former occasions. The members who have been more permanent, will only give information that promotes the side they espouse, in the present case, and will as often mislead as enlighten. The variety of business must distract, and the proneness of every assembly to debate, must at all times delay.

"Lately, congress, convinced of these inconveniencies, have gone into the measure of appointing boards. But this is, in my opinion, a bad plan. A single man, in each department of the administration, would be greatly preferable. It would give us a chance of more knowledge, more activity, more responsibility, and, of course, more zeal and attention. Boards partake of a part of the inconveniences of larger assemblies;—their decisions are slower, their energy less, their responsibility more diffused. They will not have the same abilities and knowledge as an administration by single men. Men of the first pretensions will not so readily engage in them, because they will be less conspicuous, of less importance, have less opportunity of distinguishing themselves. The members of boards will take less pains to inform themselves and arrive at eminence, because they have fewer motives to do it. All these reasons conspire to give a preference to the plan of vesting the great executive departments of the state in the hands of individuals. As these men will be, of course, at all times under the direction of congress, we shall blend the advantages of a monarchy and republic in one constitution.

"A question has been made, whether single men could be found to undertake these offices. I think they could; because there would be then every thing to excite the ambition of candidates. But in order to this, congress, by their manner of appointing them, and the line of duty marked out, must show that they are in earnest in making these offices, offices of real trust and importance.

"I fear a little vanity has stood in the way of these arrangements, as though they would lessen the importance of congress, and leave them nothing to do. But they would have precisely the same rights and powers as heretofore, happily disencumbered of the detail. They would have to inspect the conduct of their ministers, deliberate upon their plans, originate others for the public good,—only observing this rule, that they ought to consult their ministers, and get all the information and advice they could from them, before they entered into any new measures, or make changes in the old."

He points out, as the third defect of the existing system, the imperfect organization of the army, and then proceeds as follows:

"I shall now propose the remedies which appear to me applicable to our circumstances, and necessary to extricate our affairs from their present deplorable condition.

"The first step must be to give congress powers competent to the public exigencies. This may happen in two ways: one by resuming and exercising the discretionary powers I suppose to have been originally vested in them for the safety of the states, and resting their conduct on the candour of their countrymen and the necessity of the conjuncture; the other, by calling immediately a convention of all the states, with full authority to conclude finally upon a general confederation, stating to them beforehand explicitly the evils arising from a want of power in congress, and the impossibility of supporting the contest on its present footing, that the delegates may come possessed of proper sentiments, as well as proper authority, to give efficacy to the meeting. Their commission should include a right of vesting congress with the whole or a proportion of the unoccupied lands, to be employed for the purpose of raising a revenue, reserving the jurisdiction to the states by whom they are granted.

"The first plan, I expect, will be thought too bold an expedient by the generality of congress; and, indeed, their practice hitherto has so rivetted the opinion of their want of power, that the success of this experiment may very well be doubted.

"I see no objection to the other mode that has any weight in competition

with the reasons for it. The convention should assemble the first of November next; the sooner the better; our disorders are too violent to admit of a common or lingering remedy. The reasons for which I require them to be vested with plenipotentiary authority are, that the business may suffer no delay in the execution, and may in reality come to effect. A convention may agree upon a confederation; the states, individually, hardly ever will. We must have one, at all events, and a vigorous one, if we mean to succeed in the contest and be happy hereafter. As I said before, to engage the states to comply with this mode, congress ought to confess to them, plainly and unanimously, the impracticability of supporting our affairs on the present footing, and without a solid coercive union. I ask that the convention should have a power of vesting the whole or a part of the unoccupied lands in congress, because it is necessary that body should have some property, as a fund for the arrangements of finance; and I know of no other kind that can be given them.

"The confederation, in my opinion, should give congress a complete sovereignty; except as to that part of internal police which relates to the rights of property and life among individuals, and to raising money by internal taxes. It is necessary that every thing belonging to this should be regulated by the state legislatures. Congress should have complete sovereignty in all that relates to war, peace, trade, finance; and to the management of foreign affairs; the right of declaring war, of raising armies, officering, paying them, directing their motions in every respect; of equipping fleets, and doing the same with them; of building fortifications, arsenals, magazines, &c. &c.; of making peace on such conditions as they think proper; of regulating trade, determining with what countries it shall be carried on; granting indulgences; laying prohibitions on all the articles of export or import; imposing duties, granting bounties and premiums for raising, exporting, or importing; and applying to their own use the product of these duties, only giving credit to the states on whom they are raised in the general account of revenues and expense; instituting admiralty courts, &c.; of coining money, establishing banks on such terms, and with such privileges, as they think proper; appropriating funds, and doing whatever else relates to the operations of finance; transacting every thing with foreign nations; making alliances, offensive and defensive, treaties of commerce, &c. &c.

"The confederation should provide certain perpetual revenues, productive and easy of collection; a land tax, poll tax, or the like, which, together with the duties on trade, and the unlocated lands, would give congress a substantial existence, and a stable foundation for their schemes of finance. What more supplies were necessary, should be occasionally demanded of the states, in the present mode of quotas.

"The second step I would recommend is, that congress should instantly appoint the following great officers of state: A Secretary for Foreign Affairs; a President of War; a President of Marine; a Financier; a President of Trade; instead of this last, a Board of Trade may be preferable, as the regulations of trade are slow and guarded, and require prudence and experience, (more than other qualities,) for which boards are very well adapted.

"Congress should choose for these offices, men of the first abilities, property, and character, in the continent; and such as have had the best opportunities of being acquainted with the several branches. General Schuyler, whom you mentioned, would make an excellent President of War; General M'Dougal a very good President of Marine; Mr. Robert Morris would have many things in his favour for the department of finance. He could, by his own personal influence, give great weight to the measures

he should adopt. I dare say, men equally capable may be found for the other departments.

"I know not if it would not be a good plan to let the Financier be President of the Board of Trade; but he should only have a casting voice in determining questions there. There is a connexion between trade and finance, which ought to make the director of one acquainted with the other; but the financier should not direct the affairs of trade, because, for the sake of acquiring reputation by increasing the revenues, he might adopt measures that would depress trade. In what relates to finance he should be alone.

"These officers should have nearly the same powers and functions as those in France analogous to them, and each should be chief in his department, with subordinate boards, composed of assistants, clerks, &c., to execute his orders.

"In my opinion, a plan of this kind would be of inconceivable utility to our affairs; its benefits would be very speedily felt. It would give new life and energy to the operations of government. Business would be conducted with despatch, method, and system. A million of abuses now existing would be corrected, and judicious plans would be formed and executed for the public good."

It is hardly possible at the present day to appreciate the entire merit of the plans of Hamilton. His views are to many so familiar, and his positions so completely established in all their points, as to assume an air almost common place. But we have to recollect that these letters preceded the close of the revolutionary war, and were, in consequence, years in advance of the opinions even of the most enlightened statesmen.

The beautiful course of inductive reasoning from the misfortunes and experience of other nations, by which he attained his results, cannot fail to strike all who read it. It is now the fashion to neglect the lessons of experience, and despise the examples, whether of encouragement or of warning, which the fate and destinies of other governments afford. We reason in respect to government, national economy and political actions upon abstract principles, such as have never been found sure guides to point out in advance the results of contemplated measures, however well they may seem to explain a course of events that has already occurred. After all, the passions, the fears, and the prejudices of mankind are far more important elements in national prosperity than is admitted by the school of Adam Smith. It is not merely necessary that a nation should have ample resources, in order to enjoy good credit. It must besides possess an unblemished reputation for faith, and such reputation is even more delicate than that of the merchant; for if his resources be sufficient, the law is generally adequate to make him fulfil his engagements. But nations lie beyond the reach of civil process; and a rash act, or even an ill considered phrase on the part of an administration, may impair the best founded fabric of credit. This will not affect merely its government, but will be felt in the foreign traffic of its individual citizens.

If the greatest caution be necessary to retain unimpeached the credit of European nations, it is even more essential in our own. Many of them are in possession of capital exceeding in amount all the means of profitable investment. Thus even when their governments are loaded with debt, they rarely find it difficult to obtain new loans, and all private enterprises which promise safety in the investment, and reasonable profits, find a sure supply of funds.

With us the case is widely different. Our commercial capital is far beneath the amount which is needed, even in our own domestic trade. Our merchants anticipate the proceeds of their shipments to Europe by bills upon the consignees; our importers buy in foreign countries upon a long credit, and thus, in fact, the whole of our foreign trade may be said to be conducted by the funds of other countries. So also is a great part of our inland trade. The length of the foreign credit enables the importers to trust their customers, and it is only in the intervals which elapse between the receipt and the sale of goods that American capital becomes necessary. We know indeed that a gradual increase of wealth is rendering this system less common; purchases are occasionally made with cash in Europe, and a profit is thus realized, not only in interest but in the large allowance the manufacturers can afford to make as an equivalent for the risk of bad debts. But that our trade is chiefly built upon foreign capital, is still true in the main.

Not only is our mercantile capital insufficient for our trade, but the vested capital of the nation is comparatively small, and every addition from an extrinsic source, if judiciously applied, is attended with an increase in the value of property wholly unexampled. If the products of our own labour suffice to form the thousands of miles of new roads which the continual extension of our inhabited country annually demands; to clear and enclose our new fields; to erect our farm buildings, and furnish the few and simple implements our agriculturists have yet learned to employ; the same is not the case with our great public works. The canals of New York and Ohio, the great combined system of public improvements in Pennsylvania, have all been effected by foreign capital, and have added so much to the wealth of their neighbourhoods, that were the works themselves merely to pay the cost of their own repairs, taxes competent to the payment of interest and the redemption of the loans might be imposed without injustice.

The free and unimpeded occupation of foreign capital will be an essential element of our national prosperity, not only until our merchants be capable of filling with their own wealth all the channels both of inland and foreign trade, but until our population become as dense as that of European countries,

when no land shall remain uncultivated, no new improvements shall yield adequate remuneration, and no valuable line of internal communication shall remain unaccomplished. To sum up in one word, the United States ought to encourage and facilitate the investment of foreign wealth, until American capital can be procured at a rate of interest as low as foreign. Such principles appear to us too evident to need proof; they are in fact axioms in political science, and yet the present course of policy, not only of the general government, but of individual states, is in direct contradiction to them. Our federal executive denounces a national bank, because a part of its stock is owned in other countries; the state of N. York, while its country banks contrive to lend money at thirteen per cent per annum, taxes the mortgages of non-residents who lend at seven per cent; the state of Pennsylvania threatens to confiscate the mining property of all companies not holding a charter from her own legislature, and forces them to sell their lands; while the states which possess gold mines look to the operations of companies formed in other parts of the country, as almost robberies of their buried and useless wealth.

To return to our more immediate subject: Hamilton, not content with urging his views upon the consideration of members of congress, undertook, in 1781, to draw the public attention towards them. For this purpose he published a series of papers under the title of the *Continentalist*. Some of these have been lost; those which are still to be procured place the principles he had before urged upon Duane and Morris in a more familiar and popular light. They had, doubtless, no unimportant influence upon the public mind, and served to prepare the way for the deliberations of that illustrious assembly which formed our present constitution. From one of these we shall make a single extract.

“‘The great danger’ has been shown to be, ‘that it will not have power enough to defend itself, and preserve the union; not that it will ever become formidable to the general liberty. A mere regard to the interests of the confederacy will never be a principle sufficiently active to curb the ambition and intrigues of different members. Force cannot effect it.

“‘A contest of arms will seldom be between the common sovereign and a single refractory member, but between distinct combinations of the several parts against each other; a sympathy of situations will be apt to produce associates to the disobedient. The application of force is always disagreeable; the issue uncertain. It will be wiser to obviate the necessity of it, by interesting such a number of individuals in each state in support of the federal government, as will be a counterpoise to the ambition of others, and will make it difficult for them to unite the people in opposition to the just and necessary measures of the union. There is something noble and magnificent in the perspective of a great *federative republic*, closely linked in the pursuit of a common interest, tranquil and prosperous at home, respectable abroad; there is something proportionably diminutive and con-

temptible, in the prospect of a number of petty states, with the appearance only of union,—jarring, jealous, and perverse,—without any determined direction,—fluctuating and unhappy at home, weak and insignificant by their dissensions in the eyes of other nations. Happy America, if those to whom thou hast entrusted the guardianship of thy infancy, know how to provide for thy future repose, but miserable and undone, if their negligence or ignorance permits the spirit of discord to erect her banners on the ruins of thy tranquillity!"

On leaving the staff of Washington, Hamilton sought to be reinstated in the line of the army. To this there were many obstacles. The jealousy always entertained by officers of the line, in relation to those who attain their rank in staff employments, is proverbial, and Hamilton found it existing in his case. No objection seems to have been made to his return to the corps of artillery, with a rank equal to that he held as aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief. But, in this event, he would have been the youngest lieutenant-colonel; while, had he retained his active command, he must by that time have been the oldest. He finally succeeded, after much negotiation, in obtaining the command of a battalion of light infantry. At the head of this he made the campaign of 1781, and led the forlorn hope at the storm of the redoubts at Yorktown.

After the capture of Cornwallis, his command returned to the regiments whence they had been detached, and his military occupations ceased. Unwilling to lose the opportunity of being useful, he retained his commission; but, with praiseworthy independence, refused to receive the emoluments to which it entitled him.

This act of disinterestedness is the more to be admired, inasmuch as he had exhausted the small remnant of his maternal estate in the equipment of his company at the commencement of the war; and might, in equity, have looked to be repaid his advances. He had also entered into new ties, and had claims upon him that would, in most minds, have justified his taking every advantage of the emoluments which his long services had earned.

Shortly after his leaving the staff of Washington, and before the expedition against Cornwallis, he had been united in marriage to a daughter of General Schuyler, and the act of declining to receive his pay was about contemporaneous with the birth of his first child.

In order to provide for the support of his family, he determined to prepare himself for the profession of the law. In this study he made such proficiency, that he was enabled in the course of a few months to present himself for examination, and obtain a licence to practice. While occupied in his legal studies, he received an offer from R. Morris, of the situation of receiver of taxes for the state of New York. This he at first declined,

from the fear of its interfering with his professional pursuits. Morris was, however, too sensible of the value of which his services would be to the country to permit him to refuse, and at his strong instances he undertook the duties. The time has passed when his agency in this business possesses any further interest than as developing more fully his own abilities; we shall, therefore, refer to the work itself for a detail of the exertions made by Hamilton to produce the harmonious co-operation of the general and state governments.

His attendance upon the legislature in this capacity, pointed him out to its members as worthy to represent the state of New York in the congress of the United States, and he was accordingly elected a delegate.

Such are the more important events of the early part of Hamilton's life, as recorded in the volume before us. We have only to say, in addition, that we look upon it as a most valuable contribution, not only to our history, but to our literature. We have ourselves perused it repeatedly, and at each perusal have felt increased pleasure. We must say that we dreaded the oft told tale of the revolutionary struggle, and were rather urged to undertake the reading of this part of the volume by our duty as critics, than with any hope of finding novelty or interest. Let no such fears deter our readers; we can assure them that they will find what will amply repay them; and after the work is once opened, it will not easily be laid aside. Considered as the first production of its author, even the more mechanical parts, the structure of the sentences, and the rounding of the periods, are highly creditable, while the deep feeling of filial piety which the volume breathes throughout; the great and often profound views of men and political measures which it embodies, mark him as no unworthy descendant of the father he venerates.

---

ART. XII.—*Euphemio of Messina*, a Tragedy; translated from the Italian of Silvio Pellico. 8vo. pp. 62. Monson Bancroft. New York, 1834.

THERE is scarcely a single department of literature concerning which more has been written, more various opinions expressed, or a greater multiplicity of rules offered for its regulation, than that of dramatic composition. From the days of Aristotle to our own, precept upon precept has been laid down, and precept upon precept transgressed, in attempting to furnish an unerring

guide to the tragic or comic writer. It is, indeed, less difficult, in the course assigned to the former, to provide the general rules which seem to be so universally desired: the walk of comedy lying chiefly among the lower classes of mankind, and being designed to exhibit their follies rather than their passions, its character must and will vary with the manners of different ages and nations. But the case is different in tragedy. Having for its object the delineation of high and daring deeds, its subjects being found among kings and heroes, and its peculiar department in the range of the passions, it admits, of course, less variety, and changes not with succeeding generations. Ambition, anger, hatred, and love, exist and produce their effects alike in all ages; the hero of the Grecian poet, burning with fury and desire for revenge, may be the same who is brought to view on a modern stage; and provided the drapery with which ancient manners had invested him be skilfully modified, our feelings are shocked by no want of national truth in his aspect. Hence the tragedies of antiquity and those of more modern times, are, to a certain degree, uniform; they bear a resemblance, more or less close, to each other. As the poet says,

"Facies non omnibus una,  
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum."

It seemed to be an object with the early tragic poets of Italy and France, to pursue the imitation of the writers of Greece and Rome, into a resemblance still more close. Down to the fifteenth century, no Italian author had ventured to write a tragedy in his own language: those written in Latin were modelled after the rules and the examples of Seneca. Even after the birth of Italian tragedy, the same spirit continued to be manifested. In emulous servility, they imposed upon themselves chains which, though afterwards found to be grievous, they were unable to break. These clogged and restrained every movement, impeded their advance toward perfection, and have produced a dangerous, if not a fatal effect, upon the genius of dramatic literature in Italy. Other nations, pursuing a separate and independent course, have far outstripped her in the attainment of that power which, founded in nature, can command nature; which speaks directly to the heart, and has reaped its reward in the willing homage which never fails to answer such an appeal. England's Shakspeare was indebted to no scholastic precepts for his universal sway over the minds of men. He dipped his pencil in his own heart; and the glowing creations which came breathing and animated from his touch, are immediately recognised as beings of our own mould and likeness, and as such, receive our warmest sympathy. His successors, in imitating him, imitated nature herself; and were proportionately successful, as the pro-

ductions of our earlier dramatists testify, previous to the present lamentable decline of that department of poetry. One reproach may be cast upon most of them, which, beyond all others, a Christian nation should blush to own: while they excel the writers of antiquity in striking delineations of nature, interest, and variety of incident, they are far inferior to them in morality of design and purity of style. This is a stigma which belongs, not to the system, but to its followers;—to the architects, not to the structure itself. At the same time, it is one which has palsied every effort for the improvement of man which might have been made by these means; and rendered useless that mighty engine, which, in the hands of the virtuous and good, could have been employed with such stupendous effect. As it is, the lofty and benevolent purposes of this noble art have been thrust aside, that its votaries might minister to the depraved tastes of a corrupt multitude. That art, which should have elevated and purified our race, which should have dispensed instruction and warning in the most impressive and effectual manner, is so far degraded as to have nearly lost all claim to its original pretensions. Unnatural, baneful perversion! Yet let us hope that this state of things will not long continue; that tragedy, formed to stand an inspired priestess at the shrine of truth, and interpret its oracles, may once more assume her high office, and come forth in her primitive majesty, divested of the meretricious garb which has so long obscured her charms. Let us hope that this department of the stage may yet become, as it was certainly designed to be, an organ of moral instruction; where the perfections of men, or their passions and crimes, may be exhibited in colours most attractive or most appalling,—where we may be warned to shun their vices and incited to emulate their virtues, and may depart better and purer for such a lesson.

But to return to Italy. In a land possessing so many natural advantages, whose rich and splendid scenery constantly offers to the choice of the poet a variety of beautiful and magnificent images, where the passions of the people are strong and easily excited, and where the national history affords so inexhaustible a catalogue of crimes, of dangers, and of romantic incidents, it would naturally be supposed that the tragic drama would be developed in its fullest perfection. How then does it happen, that in the productions of all the first, and most of the modern writers, “declamation roars and passion sleeps”? How does it chance, that in a nation proverbially warm and volatile, its drama should be marked by a coldness and formality which chill every reader? The cause, we are aware, has been pronounced by some writers, to exist in the subjects chosen by most of the Italian tragedians, among the remote ages of anti-

quity. But it does not appear to us that there is essentially any thing in Greek or Roman subjects, which should thus fetter the imagination, and neutralize the efforts of creative genius to endow the forms it has moulded with life. Shakspeare has proved otherwise. Besides, several of the Italian poets have chosen subjects connected with their own history; but the portraits they have exhibited, far from standing, to our view, in the warm colouring of life, and seizing irresistibly upon the fancy, fade into still more frigid lifelessness; and we turn from the cold abstraction in renewed disappointment.

“So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start—for *soul* is wanting there.”

The genius of Alfieri could, indeed, confer an illusive splendour even upon their system; poverty of incident and plot was but a foil against which he might triumphantly display the surpassing powers of his own mind. The charm ceased not altogether with him; some of his successors were so fortunate as to imitate his excellencies, and sublimity or splendour of language, and powerful exhibitions of passion came in some degree to compensate for the disadvantages under which all former authors had laboured. Still their example does not remove the radical objection; nor did they do more than imitate the ancients more successfully than others, thus rivetting, more firmly than ever, the chains which denoted their bondage. It is not our intention to discuss at length the causes of the general barrenness of the Italian drama, although we think it will appear, from a review of its history, that a close and mistaken imitation of classical writers has contributed to produce the effect. We shall endeavour to give a brief sketch of its progress in Italy, from the earliest commencement to the present period.

The first regular Italian tragedy, unless we reckon as one the *Favola di Orfeo* of Politiano, which, though divided into five acts, is little more than a pastoral eclogue,—was the *Sophonisba* of Giovanni Giorgio Trissino, who was born at Vicenza in 1478. It is constructed upon the principles of the Grecian drama, to which he has most scrupulously adhered throughout; even in the structure of his metre, and the arrangement of his situations. Although wanting the dignity and genius which distinguish the works of the Athenian poets, and which have rendered their productions the admiration of the world, several pathetic and interesting scenes are to be found in this piece. The author has failed to invest his characters with sustained interest, but the poetry is entitled to respect; and composed, as it was, without a model except those of other countries, the whole should be regarded with attention and indulgence. It was the endeavour of Giovanni Rucellai, the friend of Trissino, to revive more

fully and vigorously the pure imitation of the ancients. Two tragedies of his remain,—*Rosmonda* and *Orestes*. The former is founded upon the history of the Lombards, soon after the invasion of Italy by Alboin. It is, however, not much more than an outline sketch; we will, therefore, examine the remaining specimen of his skill at some length. This tragedy is avowedly an imitation of the *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Euripides, although Rucellai has differed, in some respects, in the conduct of the plot from his great master. He has commenced by introducing *Orestes* and *Pilades* into the temple, where the former recounts to his friend at length the object of his undertaking, with the causes which have led to it. According to the declaration of the oracle of *Apollo*, *Orestes* is to be freed from the furies which continually haunt him for the slaughter of his mother, when he shall transport into Greece the image of *Diana*, then placed in the temple at *Tauris*. It was certainly necessary that the spectator should be informed of the motives which induced *Orestes* to venture into a hostile country, and into the power of his enemies; but this is accomplished in an elaborate detail, at the expense of nature and probability. It cannot be supposed that the two friends, intruders into the temple, and in imminent danger of discovery and punishment, should spend so large a portion of their time in informing each other of their reasons for thus venturing, when ample time had been afforded for such disclosures in the security and solitude of their ships. Instead, in the manner of Euripides, of rapidly glancing at previous events, Rucellai causes his hero to commence his recital with the ruin of *Troy*, of which none of the audience assuredly could be supposed to be ignorant. This disposition to tediousness of detail is fully developed in the succeeding acts of the piece. Thus, where in Euripides *Orestes* simply announces to *Iphigenia* that *Agamemnon* fell by the hand of his wife, Rucellai's hero adds a minute relation of the manner in which the murder had been accomplished. The generous strife between *Orestes* and *Pilades*, where each claims to die for the other, which presented a situation for impassioned and affecting language, is managed in such a manner as to appear absolutely puerile. In bringing about the mutual recognition of *Orestes* and his sister, the Italian poet has again differed from his illustrious model, and in proportion to the departure, has lost sight of energy and tragic effect. The letter of the priestess is too long; the explanations are spun out to insupportable tediousness; and the provoking incredulity of *Iphigenia*, who compels *Orestes* to enter into a minute description of the palace of *Agamemnon* before she will believe in his identity, is scarcely more annoying to her brother, impatient to embrace her, than to the spectators. And the conclusion, *Thoas* suffering himself to be duped by the

stratagem of Iphigenia, with his anger at the discovery of her flight with the Greeks, and his raillery at female perfidy, if it does not border upon the ridiculous, is certainly wanting in tragic dignity. Notwithstanding all the defects we have noticed, this piece, although deficient in probability and action, is by no means destitute of noble and affecting passages. There is much feeling in the following speech of Iphigenia, on first meeting the Greeks in the temple.—*Act II.*

“Alas! what strange, unwonted voice is this,  
Which through mine ear thus strikes upon my heart?  
What do I hear? Ah me! it is the language  
Of my loved country, of my native land!  
I know it well!—I know it well!—I know  
Those gentle accents—those familiar tones!  
How many weary years have passed away  
Since I have heard such sounds!”

The *Antigone* of Luigi Alamanni is an exact imitation of the piece of Sophocles, of the same name. The conception of Antigone alone venturing to violate the royal decree, by covering with earth and lamenting over the corpse of her unfortunate brother, is a fine one, and peculiarly calculated for tragedy. Alamanni deserves credit for having so faithfully transferred the incidents and spirit of the Greek drama to his own, resisting the temptation to distort and expand the plot. His tragedy can be regarded only as a translation; but it is far superior to its contemporaries, and contains many interesting passages. The scene in which Antigone is brought before the king, is noble and majestic, and her lamentations, when she is led to death, assume a tone of pathos, without losing any portion of dignity. The high moral tendency of the play, and the impressive lesson it conveys, are also not undeserving of remark. The repeated cruelties of Creon produce the catastrophe; and just vengeance thus speedily overtakes the tyrant, who finds himself, after having slighted the warnings of the prophet Tiresias, left childless and desolate, to bewail his criminal severity when it is forever too late. The chorus is composed of Theban citizens, who uniformly take the part of the king. The piece is not divided into acts or scenes.

In the *Tullia* of Ludovico Martelli, written at the age of twenty-eight, the author has deviated widely from the true history, in order that he might assimilate the events to a Greek tragedy, the *Electra* of Sophocles, which he took for his model. He has attempted to transform the unnatural and blood-thirsty Tullia into a being possessing a nature entirely different from the odious picture presented in history, that she might become another *Electra*. Lucius Tarquinius is an Orestes, animated, like the hero of Grecian lore, with just resentment for

the murder of his father, whom the poet has supposed to have been slain by Lucius Tullius and Tarquinia, his queen. Martelli has closely followed the ancient model. Lucius arrives at Rome after an exile of twenty-one years, accompanied by his friend Demaratus, and presents himself to the despairing Tullia an urn, which he states to contain his ashes. As she is about to commit suicide, he reveals himself to her, and shortly after to Servius, whom he slays and throws without the palace. The shade of the slain monarch is then introduced, who solemnly, but in vain, warns Tarquinia from that place of danger. She is seized and dragged to death at the command of Lucius, unpitied by her daughter, who invokes the vengeance of heaven upon her crimes. While the Roman people crowd in arms about the palace, threatening vengeance for the death of their king, Lucius supplicates Jupiter for assistance;—suddenly a supernatural splendour illuminates the scene, and Romulus descends, the messenger of the gods, to remonstrate with the infuriated multitude, and declare the will of Jove that Lucius should possess the kingdom. This piece is not devoid of beauties, although the exposition of the first part is laboured and embarrassed. In the urn scene particularly, the recognition of Lucius Tarquinius and Tullia is too long retarded, and the interest greatly weakened, by the tedious and circumstantial account he is made to give of his own death. But whatsoever we may find to censure in this scene, we are compensated by the spirit and vigour of the following one, where Lucius and Demaratus discover themselves to Servius. The words of Demaratus, which convey the appalling truth to the ears of the king, are few and brief, but full of fearful meaning; and the terrified exclamations of their destined victim, who sees himself betrayed into the hands of his enemies without hope of deliverance, together with the encouraging cries of Tullia, urging the avengers to their work, strike the mind of the reader with the vividness of reality. From thence the tragedy advances toward its conclusion with renewed vigour: we have no time to pause upon the rapidly succeeding events; and though the introduction of the ghost is an idea belonging to Martelli, it is managed in such a way as to add to the effect of the whole.—It may be proper here to mention that Pietro Jacopo Martelli, not Ludovico, was the writer who first employed that species of verse in imitation of the French, since called *Martelliano*, which was imitated by so many subsequent authors.

Sperone Speroni d'Alvarotti has been much censured for having adopted in his tragedy of *Canace*, a new measure, accompanied frequently with rhyme, which was deemed more suitable to opera than to tragedy; but criticism becomes a debtor to him, when it is known that Tasso and Guarini have,

in the *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido*, avowedly imitated the metre of the *Canace*. There is little progressive action in this play, it consisting principally of conversations upon the events which are the subject of the narrative, which excite little interest in the mind of the reader.

We pass to the *Orbecche* of Giovanibattista Giraldi Cintio, which is the most interesting of the early Italian tragedies. It was represented in 1541, at the house of the author. He has endeavoured to imitate Seneca rather than the Greeks. The action does not properly commence until the second act, the stage being occupied during the first by Nemesis and the Furies, and by the shade of Lelina, the slaughtered queen, who denounces vengeance against Sulmone and Orbecche. In the last act, the interest becomes intense. The princess Orbecche is summoned into the presence of her father, who, to assure her of his affection, presents her with a token of his parental regard contained in a basket, which he commands her to uncover. Orbecche tremblingly obeys, and the awful spectacle of the mangled limbs and heads of her husband and children is presented. She starts back in horror, and goaded to phrenzy, springs upon the unguarded king and plants a dagger in his breast. The chorus rush to his assistance, but he is already dead, and the triumphant murderess, after invoking the departed spirits of her husband and sons, stabs herself also—and the piece concludes with the lamentations of the nurse and her women. Although the dialogues are often tedious, and the place of eloquent and impassioned speech frequently usurped by declamation, the language of this play is on the whole free, natural, and even affecting, unembarrassed by any of those quaint conceits and pedantic similes which so often take the place of true feeling in the works of the early tragedians. Many other names of less note may be found in the list of the early Italian tragedians, but the names are all that live in remembrance. In reading their works no emotion is excited, unless it be that of surprise at the incredible patience exhibited by the spectators who listened to such masses of fatiguing dulness and insufferable pedantry. Incapable of emulating the harmonious dignity and poetic beauty of the ancient drama, they have laboured most indefatigably to copy its defects. The place of action and incident is constantly occupied by dry and uninteresting detail, or ostentatious displays of learning; and if occasionally a good thought or a happy turn of expression is to be found, the labour of extracting it from the mass of useless dross by which it is surrounded, is far more than sufficient to counterbalance the pleasure of the discovery. It is therefore no matter of wonder that the Italians of that period withdrew their attention from the tragic drama, and began to regard as a defect in the nature of the art what was due alone

to want of skill in the artists. They needed to be convinced, by the production of a piece which should interest and please them, while at the same time it transgressed none of the rules of tragic composition, that it was in the power of tragedy, even among them, to fulfil the high design of its creation; and that there was nothing in the genius of Italian literature which essentially forbade the exercise of that species of art. This work was performed by Scipio Maffei, who produced his tragedy of *Merope* in 1713; and the enthusiasm with which it was received throughout all Italy, was a proof that his countrymen were ready and willing to appreciate and reward his undertaking. *Merope* reached its sixtieth edition, and procured for its author a reputation far above any of his predecessors. The fable is constructed on the account transmitted of a lost drama of Euripides; and in the development of his plot and his characters, Maffei has preserved in perfect keeping the simplicity of classic times: while his language possesses still greater simplicity, owing to his abhorrence of the inflated style of French tragic verse, and his resolution to proceed as far toward the opposite extreme as possible. There is a vein of pastoral sweetness pervading the less passionate parts of the play, which is novel and pleasing. This is particularly remarkable in the soliloquy of Egisthus, in the fourth act. There is a peculiar appropriateness in this speech, as it was natural that the youthful adventurer, fresh from the solitude of woods and rivers, should, in the hour of danger, recal the scenes of his shepherd life with affection and regret. The exclamation of Polydore in the palace of the Grecian king, when he discovers that Eurisus, who conducted him, was the son of a friend of his youth, contains a natural and graceful turn of thought.

Thou art then the same,  
That graceful boy whom Sylvia used to lead  
With pride and pleasure to the admiring court.  
It seems but yesterday!—ah, ready youth!  
How prompt are ye to assume the state of men,  
And in your vigor to admonish us,  
That we give place to you!

*Merope* is the principal character, and she is portrayed with spirit and truth, unless we condemn as overstrained the scene in which she is about to become the executioner of her own son. As it is our intention to present brief specimens of the style of some of the great tragic poets of Italy, our readers will excuse us for placing before them a portion of this scene, which will serve more completely than any other selection to give an idea of Maffei's manner of treating the subject.

*Eurisus.* I wait for thy commands.

*Merope.* Secure him—quickly!

*Eurissus.* I have secured him ;—he escapes no more,  
Unless I grant him freedom.

*Egisthus.* What means this ?  
Why should I seek to fly ? Will not thy look,  
Oh Queen ! thy single look—suffice to hold me ?  
Command me—speak thy will ! What must I do ?  
Dost thou forbid resistance ?—None I offer !  
Shall I submit ?—Behold I bow the knee !  
Or must I offer to thy cruel will  
This bosom all defenceless ?—Look—'tis bare !

*Ismene.* Who would believe that 'neath such aspect meek,  
Such daring villainy lay hid ?

*Merope.* Bring forth,  
Your cords—and to this marble bind the traitor,  
That he may have no power to fly.

*Egisthus.* Oh Heaven !  
What madness !

*Eurissus.* Haste then—and on thy peril  
Oppose me not, nor dare to look resistance.

*Egisthus.* Believest thou then that here *thy* strength confines me ?  
Or that thou couldst have power to bid me shrink,  
And drag me to this doom.—Not if there stood  
Three, like thyself, around me !—I have dared  
Alone within the forest's depths to meet  
The fury of wild beasts.

*Eurissus.* Boast as thou wilt—  
So I may bind thee here.

*Egisthus.* 'Tis she who binds me !  
Her anger drives all vigour from my limbs !  
I fear and venerate her royal will :—  
And save that she restrains me, I had grasped  
In scorn thy frame ere now, and with these arms  
Had dashed thee to the earth !

*Merope.* Silence—rash youth !  
Wilt thou urge on thy doom ?

*Egisthus.* I yield me, queen !  
I do obey thee—bend my will to thine !  
A few brief moments since, thy mercy drew me  
From hateful chains. Lo ! thus I render back  
Thy gift of freedom ! Come thyself, and bind me  
E'en as thou wilt : thou didst set free these limbs—  
Now fetter them again !

*Merope.* Bring me the lance !

*Egisthus.* A lance ! Oh fate ! am I become thy sport ?  
What new crime now is mine ? Tell me—why here  
Am I thus bound and threatened ?

*Act III. Sc. 4.*

The incidents in this piece are not disposed with much art and attention to probability ; they succeed each other, as it were, accidentally, and without previous preparation ; yet the interest is well sustained throughout, and many parts are noble and affecting. Considering the circumstances under which it was written, in the total absence of any model worth imitating, and in the comparative infancy of the dramatic art, it must be regarded as a truly wonderful performance. Lacking much of

the spirit and fire which afterwards distinguished the works of Alfieri, there is displayed a more thorough conception of the principles of dramatic action. It is much to be regretted that Maffei did not pursue his system further; his future productions would have undoubtedly been marked by progressive improvement; and a truer idea of the capabilities of tragedy would have been gradually unfolded. But he ceased from his labours after having presented his countrymen with what he conceived a model of tragedy as it should be; leaving it to his successors to develope and improve upon his plan. His successors were numerous, but none among them attained to any degree of eminence, and the Italian tragic drama seemed again sinking into that fatal languor from which it had been temporarily aroused, when a new and higher impulse was given to its progress, by the appearance of Alfieri.

Victor Alfieri was born A. D. 1749, but was considerably advanced in years before he relinquished the pursuit of pleasure, to devote himself to that of poetry. He may indeed be said to have created a drama for himself, so great a change did he effect in his character. It did not, however, belong to him to shake off the yoke imposed by Trissino and Rucellai; on the contrary, by a more rigid conformity to the rules of the ancients; by the skill and success with which he has transferred their beauties to his own pages; and by the energy and dignity which have marked his productions, he only fixed more firmly upon his countrymen the badge of submission. With all his ardent aspirations after political freedom, and his scorn of dependence, he made no effort to rescue his native drama from the enthrallment in which it was held. Disdaining to owe any portion of his success to the indulgence awarded to departure from critical precepts, he resolved to adhere to these even more closely than his predecessors had done. He may have been further induced to this resolution by his contempt of the course pursued by Metastasio and Apostolo Zeno. *They* sought aid from the decorations of art, and increased the effect of poetry by the brilliant auxiliaries of scenic magnificence and richness of colouring. Alfieri rejected all assistance from such sources, and by stripping the localities of his plays of all external ornament, gave to his scenes an aspect of barrenness and loneliness which sometimes rendered them gloomy and repulsive. *They* had recourse to the softer passions to awaken interest; he therefore intentionally excluded such from any share in his pictures. Love was the presiding deity of the poets of the opera: Alfieri's creations acknowledged no divinity, save the dark genius which had called them into being. The gloom, severity, and even acrimony, which belonged to his character, entered into the composition of all his tragedies. As with Byron,

a portion of his own severe and misanthropic spirit was infused into each of his works; and the mirror of such feelings is discoverable on every page. But his characters do not all bear the same stamp; he has chosen at one time to delineate one passion; a different one in another piece; all are distinguished by the same bold and masterly touches, but do not resemble each other in expression. Not satisfied with a strict adherence to the unities of time and space, he determined to proceed still further; and to preserve unity of action, he has cautiously avoided the introduction of any thing that might distract the interest which it was his object to concentrate upon a single point. The hero of his piece is the sole object of attention throughout. The portraiture of a single character exhibited under the influence of a single passion, seems to be the object of all Alfieri's plays; he has removed from the action every emotion and character which does not bear directly upon the catastrophe. Such a course must unavoidably be productive of monotony in the number of plays he has written. This defect he himself acknowledges when speaking of the conduct of his pieces; and it is one which materially detracts from their interest. We become weary of listening to the eternal imprecations of a madman, or denunciations of vengeance against a tyrant, even though expressed in the most sublime eloquence.

Had Alfieri, to his sublimity and depth of sentiment, and power of depicting the passions, united the truth to nature, and the harmonious variety of interest which distinguish the best productions of the romantic school, he might have attained to an eminence which would have commanded the homage of the world. We can scarcely imagine a tragedy approaching more nearly the standard of perfection, than one thus combining such separate excellencies. It seems to us that the great mistake into which Alfieri has fallen, has been that of too close an observance of what he conceived to be the rules of unity. His idea of perfect dramatic unity appears to have been that it signifies the delineation of a single passion, confined to the effect of a single or a very limited number of incidents, which exert a direct influence upon it. He was, perhaps, right to a certain degree, in excluding every thing foreign to the plot; but the extent to which he has carried this principle, has deprived his plays of any portion of interest arising from complexity of design and harmony of incidents; which variety is so frequent a source of admiration in the romantic dramas. The pleasure of being conducted smoothly through a complicated plot, in which we feel the necessity of the poet's guidance—to find each event giving an impulse to the others, and harmonizing at the close, constitutes no inconsiderable portion of the delight inspired by dramatic performances. We behold with wonder the art of the poet, who has created

beings of seemingly varied interests, and brought together incidents apparently remote, and made them all subservient to one end, the parts of one great whole. Our attention irresistibly captivated, we feel no longer a spectator, but enter with enthusiasm into the scene before us; our interest growing deeper and more breathless as the plot advances, until the catastrophe puts an end to our suspense, and fills us with admiration of the work which has thus grown up as if by enchantment, before our eyes.

We should read a novel with little interest which detailed but a single action, and the result of which could be anticipated from a perusal of the first few pages; and the same skill and management, though more concentrated, is required in the dramatist as in the novelist. It is the business of both to awaken curiosity and attention, and to unchain them, as if by magic, throughout the work. It is true, the faults or omissions of the dramatist with respect to his plot may be in some measure redeemed by eloquence or poetic beauty; while few would read a novel for the charm of its language, which possessed no other merit to entitle it to notice. The dramatist may call in the aid of magnificent description and glowing imagery, but they should be admitted with caution, as upon the stage the appeal to the judgment is made through the medium of the passions; and we universally find that the passages of elaborate grace over which we linger in the closet, are generally heard with coldness and indifference at the theatre. Johnson's tragedy of *Irene*, which for splendour of diction is scarcely surpassed in our language, passed heavily through the first nights of its representation, notwithstanding his great name, and has never since been revived. No one will deny that the greater portion of the pleasure we receive from Shakspeare's dramas arises from the skilful disposition of the plot, and the inimitable truth to nature displayed in his characters, rather than from the poetic charm of the language. But *Hamlet*, which embraces so vast and varied an exhibition of incidents, would have been managed very differently in the hands of Alfieri. The Italian poet would, perhaps, have gifted the avenger with more of concentrated energy and fire; but the wonderful conflicts of feeling, and the startling succession of events which thrill and astonish us, he would have passed over, or left to the imagination to supply.

Yet, notwithstanding this prime error in the principles adopted by Alfieri, his genius was sufficient to throw around them a splendour which dazzled all eyes, and rendered Italy, even for years after his death, a willing captive in the bonds against which she had previously struggled. He has succeeded by the sole force of energy and passion, sustained throughout his pieces, in awakening frequently the keenest emotion, and keeping up the excitement of his readers. Such a speech, for instance, as

that of Clytemnestra, in the fifth act of Agamemnon, where she is tortured by the conflict between remorse and horror at the crime she is about to commit, and the influence of a guilty passion for Egisthus, strengthened by the fearful oath to which she had bound herself to accomplish the murder of her husband, is full of tragic interest.

*Clytemnestra.* It is the hour! In peaceful slumber wrapped,  
The victim lies. Shall he no more uncloset  
Those lids to day's sweet light! Shall this right hand,  
Once the fond pledge of love and changeless faith,  
Become the minister of his destruction?  
Thus, thus I've sworn!—Ah yes! and it becomes me  
To shrink not from the deed! Away!—I tremble  
In step—in heart—in hand. What have I promised?  
What fearful task assumed?—Alas—alas!  
My courage falters in Egisthus' absence!  
I see alone the deep atrocity  
Of my unheard-of crime:—I see alone  
Atrides' bloody shade!—O sight of terror!  
Wrongly I deemed thee guilty! No—thou lovest not  
Cassandra—me alone thou lov'st—me only—  
More than I merit!—Thou canst own no crime,  
Save that of being my consort!—O Atrides!  
Thou from the arms of slumber most secure  
To death's cold arms must pass—and by my hand!  
Where shall I hide me then? O treachery!—Peace—  
Can I e'er hope it more? How dread a life  
Remains of mourning—of remorse—of madness!  
Egisthus, too—how may Egisthus dare  
Beside a murderous, impious bride, to press  
The ensanguined bed—nor tremble for himself?—  
Thou horrid instrument of all my woe,  
Of all my shame—accursed steel—away!  
I lose a lover—lose with him a life—  
But by my hand a hero and a king  
Shall never perish thus!—Honor of Greece!  
Terror of Asia! live for glory—live  
For sons beloved—and for a better consort.

*Act V. Sc. 1.*

From the "Confessions" of Alfieri we learn that his youth was devoted to far different pursuits from those of poetry or learning. Indeed, after the commencement of his career as an author, he was totally ignorant either of the ancient drama or of the French school of tragedy; his only ideas of tragedy being derived from indifferent ones performed in his own country, which he deemed to embrace the only rules of dramatic art. Accustomed to look upon such models, with no facilities for judging himself of the excellencies of the Greek masters, he even at first accomplished wonders. Under the influence of matured knowledge, he has freed his native drama from that languor and insipidity which had previously degraded it, and has restored to it a purity and dignity which emulated the

Athenian school. He banished from the stage those eternal confidants which had been introduced in imitation of the French—and the use of which defied equally nature and truth; and by reducing the principles of tragic poetry to their greatest possible simplicity, prepared the way for a new and more just estimation of them. For the first tragedy written by him the world is indebted to accident—the first scenes being composed merely for amusement, and without any reference to the stage or to publication. In *Filippo*, and a few others published at the same time, the stoical severity and rigidness of his style are still more conspicuous than in the remaining ones. He seemed determined to spurn the aid of poetry and all her sister graces, and to study how he might invest his glowing creations in a garb the most repulsive. The brilliant success of his first play stimulated him to new exertions, and he resolved thenceforward to devote himself to the acquirement of literary fame. Nor did the success of his subsequent works fall in any degree short of the anticipations reasonably formed from that of the first. *Saul*, in particular, was performed in Florence, and received with great enthusiasm. In this tragedy, the author has transferred the spirit of the scriptural times, so congenial in simplicity to his own, most happily to his pages. There is a majesty and sacred sublimity about the piece peculiarly adapted to the lofty nature of the subject. The episode, if we may so call it, of the high priest's interview with the monarch, and his condemnation and death, is full of passages of great eloquence and noble poetry. The character of the devoted king, grovelling in the gloom of continual remorse, and occasionally wrought into madness by the violence of his own passions, cursing himself and railing at his God, may be regarded as an original picture, for no parallel is to be found for it within the range of the classic drama. Shakspeare had indeed portrayed such a character; but to Alfieri belongs justly the praise of having first introduced it into Italian tragedy. There is a pathos, too, about this piece, in which Alfieri did not often indulge; we are moved to pity for the utter wretchedness of the unfortunate Saul, in the wildest ravings of his fury and despair. Thus in his interview with his children, Act 3, Scene 4th, the wanderings of his insanity assume a deeply pathetic character.

*Saul.* Who—who are ye? whom do I hear  
Talk of pure air? This! 'tis a hateful mist!  
The gloom—the shade of death! Look—it advances!  
The sun is circled with a wreath of blood,  
Dark—horrid! Hear'st thou not the shriek of birds  
Of evil omen? In the fatal air  
A sadness broods, which heavy on my heart  
Sinks, and compels my tears.—But why weep you?

*Jonathan.* Great God of Israel! hast thou quite withdrawn  
Thy face from Saul, thy people's king?

This gloomy picture is enlivened by a single gleam of light, his love for his children, which is strong enough to overpower the suggestions of self-love, and even of despair; while Michal, a beautiful creation, commands our interest, softening the sterner touches bestowed on the character of her sire. Loneliness here becomes grandeur; and the want of varied action is more than sufficiently atoned for by the deep interest attached to the characters and the sacred loftiness of the subject. But the want of local colouring, which is so congenial to the patriarchal simplicity of those ages, and the manners of a pastoral nation, uncorrupted as yet by eastern luxury and splendour, becomes a fault in subjects laid at a later date. It is even in keeping with the shadowy uncertainty of Grecian fables, and our knowledge of those remote ages; but when he comes to paint a Mary Stuart, or depict the factions and conspiracies of the middle ages, we look for something that shall give as it were a scene to the drama. But in *Mary Stuart*, we seek in vain for any thing to remind us of the Scottish court, or the chivalric manners of the period; or that shall in any degree resemble the picture which every fancy draws of the lovely and unfortunate queen. His Mary might as well have been a Grecian heroine,—a Clytemnestra, or a Merope; and in either case the picture would scarce have required a shade of alteration. We have only to change the names of the characters, and we might imagine ourselves to be reading a drama whose scene is laid at Athens or Sparta. For such reasons, his *Mary Stuart*, *Rosmunda*, *Conspiracy of the Pazzi*, &c. which one would suppose to afford the materials best adapted to the tragic poet, and best capable of commanding success, are the least pleasing of all his works. He seems to lose his energy and spirit as he approaches a modern subject, precisely in proportion as its capabilities increase. Another defect to be noticed in several of Alfieri's tragedies, and one consequent upon his system of unity, is that the final result is too readily anticipated. After the first elucidation of the plot, nothing new or startling seems to awaken our attention; we perceive at once the impending catastrophe, and conscious that the fate of the hero is sealed, we listen to the dialogues and declamations that prepare the way for the fatal event, quite at leisure and with comparative coolness. His observance of the unities of time and place precludes the possibility of exhibiting the fiercer struggles of passion and the gradual development of circumstances which should conduct the spectator by degrees to the consummation of the plot; he was therefore compelled to supply the place of such scenes by the introduction of narratives, and as his

severity admitted the presence of no inferior personages, the explanations take place by means of soliloquies of the principal characters. That soliloquies are frequently introduced with effect, we do not pretend to deny; the poet can thus exhibit the inmost workings of the heart, and can display to our view its secret intentions, more readily than by the most skilfully managed dialogue. But soliloquy cannot properly be made the vehicle for narration; since it is scarcely natural to suppose that a hero would pause to relate to himself what he must have known very well before: and the slightest outrage upon nature will break the charm, and restore the spectator to the condition of a critic. It is undoubtedly much better to cause scenes and events to pass before our eyes, than to trust to the relation of them, especially if the development of the story depend in any way upon them.

Notwithstanding these deficiencies, which belong to the school rather than to the individual, the productions of Alfieri still fetter the attention, and possess a spell almost to disarm criticism. He is justly esteemed the first tragic poet of Italy; and until another shall arise, who in the power of new and juster principles, and armed with equal genius, shall wrest the sceptre from his hand, he must continue to hold the highest place in the admiration and veneration of his countrymen. Yet although the strength of his genius was sufficient to uphold the principles he had advocated, and to compensate richly for their innate barrenness, their weakness and sterility were soon made obvious when the illustrious champion of the system was no more. He was succeeded by a host of followers, few of whom attained to any nearer resemblance to their great model, than to copy his defects without arriving at his excellencies. Some, however, succeeded in showing that the spirit of Alfieri had not wholly departed from the drama of Italy. Of these the most illustrious is Vincenzo Monti of Ferrara, who has so happily accomplished what he aimed at, that it is only to be regretted that he did not live in later years, when more philosophical opinions had begun to exert their sway. His three tragedies of *Aristodemo*, *Caio Gracco*, and *Galeotti Manfredi*, are upon the classic plan, and abound in beauties, especially the first, which bore the palm in Italy, and continues to be admired among the standard works. The remorse and suffering of the old king are not, however, strictly dramatic, inasmuch as they are produced by no cause nor incident occurring during the play; but by the remembrance of a crime committed fifteen years before. Had the piece opened with an event which, by recalling forcibly to the memory of the king the circumstances of his guilt, should plunge him into the agonies of remorse, the plan would have been more perfect; but as it

is, his sufferings are the same which he has endured ever since the commission of the deed, nor is the catastrophe brought about, directly or indirectly, by the influence of any character or event connected with the tragedy. The picture of the unfortunate victim of self-reproach, his anguish, his frenzy, and the desperation which drives him to self-destruction, form the principal subject of the piece; while the history of the other personages who constitute the *corps dramatique* is merely an episode, totally unconnected with, and without any bearing upon the main action. The political discussions which take place between the Grecian king and the ambassador of Sparta, in particular, have no business in the drama; but we do not quarrel with their introduction, since they serve to exhibit the character of the hero in a different light, and to relieve the gloom and terror of the other parts of the picture. Aristodemo himself bears a strong resemblance to some creations of Alfieri; and the scene of his frenzy, where he flies from the imaginary phantom of his murdered child, and supplicates her to have pity on him, was evidently composed after reading one of the same kind in *Saul*. On the whole, this tragedy is deeply affecting; the interviews of the bereaved old man with Cesira, his unknown daughter, are full of a pathos which cannot fail to appeal to the heart of every reader, and which is alone sufficient to confer on the piece the reputation it enjoys. We shall offer to our readers a portion of one of these scenes; premising, however, that due allowance is to be made for the disadvantage under which the extract is presented, in our rude and literal translation.

*Aristodemo.* The throne!

First in the fatal rank of human woes  
It stands.—Oh! if the peasant from the dust  
Might question on his throne the crowned slave!  
Then wouldst thou know that Heaven in wrath alone  
Gives crown and sceptre!

*Cesira.* Yet the regal crown  
Is oft the prize of virtue,—and most surely  
'Twas such which gilds thy brow.

*Aristodemo.* \* \* \* \* Thou know'st me not,  
It is enough!—I, even I became  
Possessor of a kingdom!—yet most happy  
If I had ne'er obtained the gift! Oh! blest  
A thousandfold is he, whose sole ambition  
Is round his own domestic hearth to reign!  
Who boasts no throne—save in his children's hearts!  
Nature's own royal seat.—Oh! different far  
From mine, of all whose pomp, thou seest, this marble,  
Chill, desolate, remains, that may become me!

Leave—leave me now! here let me sit alone,  
And weep.—Go, and be happy!

*Cesira.* Must I leave thee  
Thus, in thy wretchedness? Thus?

*Aristodemo.* I deserve it!  
'Tis time that we should part—and part forever:—  
We may not meet again!—Thou weep'st, Cesira!  
My gentle child, thou weep'st! May piteous Heaven  
Reward thy tears!

*Cesira.* Alas! I feel a pang  
Bitter as death's!

*Aristodemo.* Adieu!—for me salute  
Thy father—happy sire!—and when he asks  
The story of thy wanderings, and thou seest  
The old man lift his faint head from his couch,  
And hang upon thy words intent and breathless,  
Tell him of all my tender care—and say  
What mutual interchange of sweet affection  
Our mingled hearts have felt. Then tell him, too,  
The cruel history of my wretchedness,  
And pause amid thy fearful tale, to give  
A sigh—a tear for me.

*Act III. Sc. 3.*

To the remonstrances and arguments of Gonippo against suicide, in the same act, the king replies:

*Aristodemo.* Thou speakest, friend,  
With heart uncharged and tranquil, and know'st not  
The brimming agony of mine. Thou ne'er  
Hast in a daughter's veins impelled the steel!  
Thou hast not bought with blood thus foully drawn,  
A kingdom:—thou hast never felt the weight  
Of crowns that crime has won! In slumber's arms  
Thou sleep'st securely—and no voice of horror  
Awakes thee,—nor forever in thy sight,  
Before thee doth a furious spectre stand,  
Which still pursues and graps thee.

In another part of the same scene, the wretched monarch describes to his friend the fancied apparition of his daughter Dirce.

*Aristodemo.* As now thou seest me, thus mine eyes behold  
Full oft, the phantom of my murdered child.  
Alas! how terrible!—When all things sleep  
Around, in calm, and here I watch alone  
By the pale gleaming of the midnight lamp,  
Sudden, its lustre wanes; and when I dare  
To raise mine eyes in terror, lo! before me  
The spectre stands, shadowing the archway wide  
With vast and threatening form. It seems enwrap  
In robe sepulchral,—in that self same robe  
By Dirce worn, the day she was consigned  
To the dim tomb.—Knotted with blood and dust,  
Its hair descends like an ensanguined shower  
O'er the pale face, more ghastly made and dread,  
By such concealment. Horror struck I stand,  
And with faint moanings turn my face away;  
Yet still behold the phantom at my side,  
With look still fixed on me—yet motionless,  
And silent.—Then dividing from its face

Slowly the matted locks, and shaking from them  
A shower of gore, the shrouding vest it opens,  
And points me to the torn and mangled breast!

\* \* \* \* \*

That fearful touch erects my stiffening locks;  
I strive to fly—but closer, closer still  
The shade enfolds me—drags me to the foot  
Of yon cold tomb—exclaiming—“*Here I wait thee!*”  
Then vanishes—

*Act III. Sc. 7.*

*Caio Graccho*, as a heroic play, is, we think, deserving of even more reputation than *Aristodemo*. It abounds in passages of great eloquence and beauty; the address of Gracchus to the people in the forum is without a parallel in modern dramatic poetry. The hero is, of course, a faultless being; but not one with whose perfections the spirit of the age is at variance, since the vaunted Roman virtue of the days of the Republic, is in the mouths of all the world, though truth would present us with few illustrations of it. The character of Cornelia is most happily sketched; in this Monti has not departed from historical accuracy, and we instantly recognise the Roman matron, “of high and dauntless mien.” She urges her son to die nobly in defence of his fame; but in her soliloquies we perceive the bitter struggles of a proud heart, unsubdued by grief, yet feeling it most acutely.

*Cornelia.* Where beats beneath  
The gloomy heavens a heart more sad than mine?  
Daughter to the illustrious Africanus,  
And mother to the Gracchi—once renowned  
For both these proud distinctions,—sought in vain  
For royal nuptials,—nought I now possess,  
Of all my boasted honours, save the stern  
Splendour of wretchedness! Two sons to Rome  
I bore,—two noble sons;—ungrateful Rome,  
Weary of liberty, has slain them both!  
Alas! ’tis criminal to give the world  
Souls of such temper;—praise alone belongs  
To those who bring forth traitors.—Let such praise  
The mothers of Opimii win! For me,  
Let me behold my children bleeding—dead—  
But never infamous!

*Act IV. Sc. 5.*

The principal point of interest is the inflexible virtue of Caius, unmoved by any reverse of fortune, ready to meet any fate with courage, and refusing to preserve life and honour by violation of what he conceives the strict principles of justice.

It is said that Monti was accustomed to preserve a vocabulary of literary gems, borrowed from different authors, to which he frequently had recourse to supply the deficiencies of composition. In this treasure-house he has drawn copiously from

Shakspeare, if we may judge by the extent to which he is indebted to him both in this and in another of his dramas. There is a striking resemblance in the *manner* of several scenes in *Caio Gracco* and *Galeotto Manfredi*, to scenes in Shakspeare's dramas; and one passage in the former of Monti's plays is a literal translation from a passage in the second part of King Henry VI. Galeotto Manfredi is inferior to either of the others, and possesses no considerable interest. The disadvantages of the classic system are glaringly obvious in this piece, which, to do the subject justice, should present a true picture of Italian manners in those ages. Possessing not this recommendation, with little originality of conception, it is spiritless; and with the exception of occasional passages, fails to awaken and secure the attention. It is, however, in common with Monti's other tragedies, distinguished for the beauty of diction, in which he frequently excelled Alfieri, and which cannot fail to please the ear, though it may not excite strong emotion. With much less of creative genius and fire than his great predecessor, the author of the *Bassvilliana* is, on the whole, a dramatic poet of no common rank; and had he devoted more time to the study and pursuit of his art, he would doubtless have given to the world a piece far superior to either of the three we have mentioned; or at least uniting their excellencies, while it avoided their faults.

Among the most faithful and successful disciples of the school of Alfieri, the most eminent are Pepoli, Hugo Foscolo, the author of *Ajax* and *Ricciarda*, Delle Valle, and Niccolini. The last excited much attention and expectation upon the appearance of his *Polyxena*, a prize tragedy, which was performed in 1810, and secured for its author deservedly a high place among the poets of his country. There is much loftiness and eloquence in the characters, and in the language; which frequently becomes impressive and sublime; as in the scene where Cassandra, seized with prophetic fury, denounces against Agamemnon the terrors of the destruction which awaits him. The version may convey an idea of the manner, but cannot hope to preserve the beauty of expression:

*Cassandra.* The Gods—

I do predict it, to thy cruel mercy  
Equal return shall give!

*Agamemnon.* And what?

*Cassandra.* A son.

Too like thyself—who still shall dare, and shrink—  
Impious in pity's cause—whom none may call  
Guilty, nor innocent—who vindicates  
Nature, and wrongs her too! Why, mighty Phæbus,  
Hast thou bestowed on me this useless gift?  
Hath not Troy fallen? Alas! where am I—where?

What do I see! My country! hold thy tears!  
 Behold! upon the shores of distant Greece,  
 The avenging flames! Greece, loaded with the spoils  
 Wrung, fated land, from thee! A fearful night  
 Broods on the sea! Fierce lightning rends the gloom!  
 Who guides the bolt? O Goddess! thou who know'st  
 Our foemen well, too slowly dost thou grasp  
 Thy Sire's avenging thunders! Lo! I stand  
 In Argos! darkness, thick as that which wrapt  
 These Trojan walls, frowns on the stately palace  
 Of Pelops: all its royal courts resound  
 With echoed moans, while an unwarlike hand  
 Avenges Asia.

There is pathos in the bitter reproaches of Hecuba against the cruelty of Ulysses, who proposed to her to become the executioner of her child:

*Hecuba.* Your Grecian sires believe all slaughters holy,  
 And parricide a pious deed. And yet,  
 E'en your gods asked not on that impious shore,  
 The blood of Iphigenia, of a mother!  
 Atrides, too, withdrew his burning gaze  
 From that cursed altar, and with royal mantle  
 Concealed his tears! Yet I, I must hurl down  
 The priestly axe upon my daughter's head!  
 And ye believe it! Heaven! not all your chains,  
 My children slain on this maternal breast—  
 Not Priam's self, smote by the altar's side  
 He had made sacred—equalled half the outrage  
 I suffer now! Wretch! and thou too hast deemed  
 That I, for empire born, so much can love  
 Life and dishonour, that when armed with steel,  
 I should not know its use!

*Act III. Sc. 5.*

In this tragedy, and in *Antonio Foscarini*, love is the predominant passion; but the *Ædipus* has a darker and more fearful interest. The very commencement is calculated to impress the spectator with horror; the scene being laid near the temple of the Eumenides, in an obscure wood, where no sounds are heard, save stifled shrieks and groans, or the votive hymns chanted by the priests to those "Sisters of Hell." Notwithstanding the gloomy grandeur with which the scene is invested, and the high poetic merit of several passages, the subject is one of too painful a nature to enlist our sympathies in the same degree to which they are commanded by *Antonio Foscarini*. Niccolini has succeeded in bestowing upon his dramas, in a degree beyond any of his predecessors, the spirit of the age and country in which the scene is laid. His Greeks are Greeks; not as in the French theatre, wearing the costume of a modern court, nor as in Alfieri, abstract beings who may be said to have no country, but genuine breathing creatures, possessing the

same passions, the same thoughts and belief, with those whom they are intended to represent. He adhered with ambitious closeness to the restrictions and rules by which former works had been judged; and his classic plays bear the impress of a mind completely imbued with the rich treasures of Grecian lore, and fresh from the perusal of the ancient writers.

A new era now commenced in Italy with respect to dramatic literature, which was destined to produce important and lasting changes. A spirit of intellectual inquiry was abroad; which, stimulated to enlightened enterprise by brilliant examples of success in other nations, would no longer submit tamely to the restrictions of ancient and arbitrary rules. The universal diffusion of foreign literature throughout Italy, contributed to give a more extended and philosophical view of the principles of its different departments. Among these, dramatic poetry claimed a prominent attention as an art high and important in itself, as well as possessing claims to regard founded on the number and genius of its votaries. It was time that a writer possessing powers to keep the ground he should assume, should at once break the fetters which had so long obstructed the progress of Italian tragedy towards perfection, and should set the example of devotion to literary freedom; and such a writer soon appeared. The leader in the new system was Manzoni, who, having fairly weighed and exposed the disadvantages of the former school, openly avowed his departure from its precepts. He contended that the so-called unities of time and place were not essentially founded in the principles of the art, nor resulting necessarily from the constitution of a dramatic poem; and he attacked with justice the argument for their preservation, founded upon the imagined necessity of preserving the *vraisemblance* in tragedy. It is absurd to speak of a spectator as if his emotions formed part of the action; of his being shocked at the departure from physical possibilities in shifting the scene or extending the time: he is merely one who contemplates the representation of events; and the apparent truth is preserved in his view, not by the relation of the action with actual probability, but by the relation which the different parts of the action bear to each other. Pursuing the principle that the end of the drama is to exhibit actions as real, and to make the delusion perfect, a difficulty would occur in the admission of soliloquies; for we could not be induced to fancy the actor alone, when our senses convince us that he is exposed to the gaze of a multitude. Manzoni justly remarks, that when we consider the spectator as distinct and removed from the actor, the arguments in favour of the unities are rendered void. He also combats the former system on the plea that it not only excludes beauties of a high order, but compels the poet into improbabilities and absurdities

far greater than those he is taught to avoid. If a political event or succession of events is represented, probability is violated by assembling the different parties in the same place to communicate or mature their several plans. We have examples of this in tragedies where enemies meet to plot the overthrow of a tyrant in his banqueting-hall, within earshot of his presence.

Manzoni illustrated his arguments by the publication of two tragedies, *Il Conte di Carmagnuola* and *Adelchi*; both framed upon the new system. They are, perhaps, superior, in point of poetical excellence, to any piece that had appeared since the days of Alfieri. We know not within the whole range of the drama, a single character sketched with more admirable skill and discrimination, than that of the intrepid and fiery *Condottiero*. The interest attached to him is rendered more strong by the contrast with the cold and intriguing senators, and by a consciousness of the dangers to which his fearlessness exposes him. Yet the action does not advance steadily and rapidly as it should do; the materials are evidently too limited for the work, and the place of action too frequently usurped by debates and declamation. Although Manzoni has claimed license with regard to the unities of time and space, he has with scrupulous severity excluded every thing which has no direct influence upon the main action. We see the count only as a soldier, for his brief interview with his wife and daughter, which occupies the closing scene of the piece, constitutes rather a tender episode than a regular part of the play. We see nothing of them in the former acts; they appear at the end to partake in the grief occasioned by a catastrophe they have no power to avert. The only incidents in the drama are those which history has furnished; insufficient in themselves to form the ground-work of a tragedy, they are not expanded nor embellished by any creations of imagination, and consequently have an appearance of meagreness and nakedness.

We conceive Manzoni's fault to be a mistaken idea of unity of action; fearful of weakening the interest by dividing the attention, he has fallen into the opposite extreme of wearying it by frequent cessation. His *Adelchi* is liable to the same exception; perhaps to still greater censure with regard to the subject, which is of a nature so purely political as to preclude the possibility of that interest which attaches to subjects more within the range of ordinary life. The fall of kingdoms and the encounter of hostile armies are, indeed, important themes for the pen of the historian; but the spirit of dramatic poetry requires objects more domestic, and which appeal more strongly to our personal feelings. It is the province of the tragic poet to unfold to us the hidden labyrinths of the heart; to trace the more intimate relations between cause and effect, and to reveal the secret motives which give an impulse

to action. He should instruct us through the medium of the imagination, by exhibiting the operations of the passions, not so frequently in their last and most terrible result, as in their latent birth, their strugglings and doubts, which gradually prepare the mind for the awful and impressive close. This most sublime and peculiar province of tragedy becomes necessarily useless in subjects which have solely a political interest; and hence it is that such pieces, whatever be their poetic merit, command little sympathy. Manzoni has admitted into his play of *Adelchi* nothing which could lessen this difficulty; we see the characters merely in their political relations; the Lombard kings are always sovereigns, Charlemagne is only the conqueror; and with the exception of the picture of Ermengarda, and the scene of her death, which is totally independent of the action of the play, not a single scene of domestic interest is introduced. The author has indeed delineated, with admirable shades of difference, the three distinct nations—Italian, French, and Lombards; but we should have lingered more fondly over his creations, had he chosen to exercise his skill in placing his hero in the different relations of a son or a brother, and in connecting him more closely to us by the ties of moral sympathy. The scene, however, between the fallen king Desiderius and his conqueror Charles, after the taking of Verona, is full of melancholy interest; and the lamentations of the king over his wounded son, *Adelchi*, in the closing scene, assume a truly pathetic tone.

*Desiderius.* Oh! heavily

Hast thou descended on mine ancient head,  
 Avenging hand of God! How comes to me  
 My son—my only glory! Here I pant,  
 And dread to meet thee! I must see thy wounds!  
 I, who in nature's right should need *thy* tears!  
 Wretch! I have wrought this ruin! Blindly fond,  
 To make thy throne more firm, I dug thy grave!  
 Alas! if 'mid the warrior's songs of triumph,  
 In victory thou hadst fallen—or wept at least  
 By faithful guards—amid thy subjects' sorrow—  
 Upon thy royal bed—those eyes had closed!  
 That had been speechless grief! But thus to die—  
 Dethroned—deserted—in thy enemy's hand—  
 Mourned by no tears save of thy wretched sire—  
 And those poured forth in presence of a tyrant  
 Who hears them with delight!

*Charles.* Old man—thy grief

Deceives thee! Pensive—not exultingly  
 I look upon a king's—a brave man's death.  
 I was *Adelchi's* foe—he too was mine—  
 And he surviving and beyond my power,  
 I ne'er had sat on this new throne in safety,  
 He now is in God's hand—no further dares  
 The enmity of one who fears His will.

*Act. V. Sc. 7.*

We come now to a tragedian whose fame, though but of recent growth, has filled all Italy, and extended even to this remote land—Silvio Pellico. Though he has not gone so far as Manzoni in adopting what was termed the romantic system, in shifting the scene from one place to another, he has displayed, in our opinion, a deeper knowledge of the true principles of dramatic effect. His *Francesca da Rimini*, the piece which first drew upon its author the eyes of his countrymen, abounds in passages of brilliant poetry, and in powerful exhibitions of passion. The interview, in particular, between Lanciotto and his brother Paolo, where the former accuses the latter of treachery and infidelity to him, is wrought up with inimitable effect. The solemn appeal of Paolo to the justice of future years, possesses a grandeur and depth of sentiment almost unsurpassed in dramatic poetry.

The second tragedy written by Pellico, *Euphemio of Messina*, which enjoys a reputation not inferior to the first, and an English translation of which is lying before us, is founded upon events which occurred in the ninth century, during an irruption of the Saracens into Sicily. The choice of a renegade for a hero is rather new in tragedy, but not unappropriate, as the conflicting feelings and resolves which must torture the bosom of one who has taken up arms against his country, would afford ample opportunity for histrionic display. In short, as we found occasion, in speaking of Manzoni's plays, to consider him as unfortunate in the choice of a subject, we must award to Pellico the praise of having selected a subject possessing capabilities almost beyond any which had ever been attempted. Love, ambition, revenge, and religious enthusiasm, are the agents employed in the development of this piece; with a ground-work of incidents peculiarly adapted for their display. That the author has not improved his materials to the extent of which they were capable, is certainly evident; but he has wrought from them some very fine scenes, and constructed a play which has much action, and in which the interest is well sustained throughout. Euphemio, formerly leader of the Sicilian army against the Moors, by his influence and exertions had raised Theodore to the sovereign power in the island, who, when he had attained to the throne, not only ungratefully refused to Euphemio the hand of his daughter Ludovica, to whom he had been betrothed, but imprisoned the youth on a charge of treason. Euphemio escapes from prison, and in disgust at his fellow citizens and his country, crosses into Africa, places himself at the head of the Saracen army, and conducts them to the walls of Messina. It is during the siege of this city that the play opens. An unsuccessful sally had just been made by the Christians; they are overpowered by the superior forces of the enemy, and headed

by Theodore, rush in tumult upon the stage, endeavouring to regain the gates of the city. They are pursued by the Saracens; Almanzor, a subordinate Moslem chief, and the friend of Euphemio, attacks and takes Theodore prisoner; he is about to slay him, when the entrance of Euphemio prevents him, and a long scene of mutual upbraiding takes place between the latter and the king. Theodore reproaches the renegade with desertion of his country, who replies by recounting the injuries he had suffered. We quote this and the following passages from the translation before us.

*Euphemio.* One crime alone was mine—  
In trusting friendship I revealed to thee  
My love for Ludovica—that alone  
My guilt, my treason! Loaded with vile chains,  
Branded with infamy—basely immured  
In dungeon walls—and doomed to expiate  
His boldness by an ignominious death,  
Is now Sicilia's hero! Where is he  
Among her citizens who then unsheathed  
A sword to battle in my cause? Not one!  
Oh! race of cowards! Then I swore against you  
Eternal hate and vengeance! I escaped  
Miraculously from prison; trusted me  
In my frail bark to ocean's boisterous waves;  
To Afric's joyless shores I fled—and there  
*Found in the lion's country human hearts,*  
A home, respect, and truth which will not change.  
There laid I down the vestments of my shame,  
And with the Moslem turban girt my head;  
Their Prophet I adored, and truly bowed  
My grateful spirit to a God whose servants  
Are generous and faithful. In those deserts  
My word went forth with superhuman power,  
Myself omnipotent, a man of Heaven!  
To desecrate Rome's altars overthrown,  
Through Europe's realms to pour the Koran's light;  
Such were my promises—thou seest there rush  
To follow where I lead, unnumbered hosts!

He learned from his captive that Ludovica had but the day before assumed the vows of the cloister; and in spite of the proud defiance of Theodore, he despatches Almanzor to demand her of the priests and the inhabitants of Messina, as the only ransom for her father's life and the safety of the beleaguered city. The account given by Almanzor on his return, of his unsuccessful mission, is a fine passage.

*Almanzor.* In vain within Messina from my lips  
Sounded Euphemio's dreaded name; in vain  
I saw their boldest warriors awed to silence.  
Many, indeed, assented, that to free  
The helpless city from the threatened slaughter,  
One woman as a ransom might be given,  
Whose fate involved such fearful risks. When lo!

Forth to harangue the multitude, arose  
 A gray-haired, mitred man, who bore in hand  
 A shepherd's rod of gold,—to whom each head  
 Bowed low in pious silence.—“Oh! reproach  
 Of mine old age!” he cried.—“Ye who refuse  
 This day to immolate before the cross,  
 Crimson with blood divine, the unhallowed blood  
 Of sinful man! Ye would have torn from us  
 An innocent maid, with solemn vows devoted  
 To heaven, that in his infamous embrace  
 A Moslem slave might drag her to perdition!  
 Heaven tempts you! yet the sacrifice proposed  
 Will ne'er preserve your coward lives!—Yon host  
 Of Saracens, regardless of their oaths,  
 Will trample you; or if their vengeance linger,  
 These seas themselves, by awful justice urged,  
 Will rise to overwhelm this guilty land!  
 There is one hope of succour; keep the path  
 Of sternest virtue—at all risks defend  
 Your country and your shrines! Then, then, perchance,  
 The Omnipotent may work his miracles  
 To save you!”—He was silent; and the crowd  
 With one voice mid the mighty tumult answered,  
 “Before the holy altar be profaned,  
 Be death our lot!”—My threatenings I repeated;  
 But all the air now shone with glancing swords,  
 Brandished, and prompt to strike! I there had fallen,  
 Had not the hoary speaker spread his robe,  
 Shield like, around me, crying—“To a herald,  
 Though faithless, keep we faith! Untainted, pure,  
 If not our fortune, honour still remains!”  
 Roused at the word, an hundred warriors straight  
 Scattered apart the furious multitude,  
 And led me to the city gates unhurt.

*Act II. Sc. 1.*

The hopes of Euphemio being foiled, he resolves on vengeance; and Theodore, the king, is dragged, bound, into his presence, to receive the punishment of his subjects' obduracy. He is compelled to kneel; a Saracen stands over him with sword unsheathed, awaiting the fatal signal; but his fate 'is averted. A white flag suddenly appears upon the walls of the city; the gate opens—and Ludovica, veiled and alone, comes forth to surrender herself, and redeem the life of her father. He receives her with curses; but in a subsequent interview, she explains to him the object of her coming. She has been wrought up to religious frenzy by the priests within the city, and comes, the victim of enthusiasm, to save her country by enacting the part of another Judith, and slaying Euphemio. She thus concludes her account of the scene in the cloister:

*Ludovica.* Meanwhile the temple echoed  
 With joyous cries, while prostrate at my feet  
 The sacred sisters fell, proclaiming me  
 “Chosen of God—the blest deliverer!”

The gray-haired bishop, too, before me knelt,—  
 Oh, honour undeserved!—and clasped my knees;  
 “No more,” he cried, “no more I call thee daughter,  
 But mother of God’s people!”

*Theodore.* (*casting himself at her feet.*) Of God’s people  
 Sacred deliverer! Thy wondering sire  
 Must worship too!

The king departs to the city; his daughter meets Euphemio, at sight of whom love revives, and produces the most fearful struggles in her breast. In the midst of her waverings, a cry of alarm is heard; the Christians rush upon the camp of the Saracens, and a battle ensues, in which the latter are completely victorious. At the close, Ludovica is seen wandering over the field of battle; by the lurid flames which consume the city, she discovers her father, pierced with a mortal wound; who, after enjoining her to avenge his death, and the destruction of Messina, forgives her and dies. Euphemio, distracted with the loss of Ludovica, execrates and abandons his Saracen companions, and at length falls by the hand of the princess, acknowledging his crimes and abjuring his errors. The best delineated character is that of Almanzor, in whom fervent devotion to the interests of his religion is blended with manly firmness and unwavering attachment to his friend. The chief fault of the piece seems to be a want of pathos of language; there is sufficient of situation, but the language is throughout that of declamation rather than of passion. The fury of Theodore is overstrained and unnatural; and the alternations of anger and relenting on the part of Euphemio, though affording opportunity for so fine a display of art, are equally removed from truth and reality. There is much nature, however, in the passage where he attempts to reason both himself and Ludovica into a disbelief of Christianity.

Behold the witnesses  
 Of a true God; yon high and smiling heaven,  
 And nature, universal mother. These,  
 These tell not of a stern divinity,  
 Who to his faithful children would forbid  
 The pure delights of love; who, ever wrathful,  
 Receives with joy man’s penance, and the sighs  
 Heaved from inhospitable prisons!

The principal merits are smoothness of versification and beauty of imagery. There is little originality of conception, and little power of depicting the darker shades of character; yet the action is skilfully conducted; and it is on this account that this tragedy is entitled to attention. It is the first in which much regard has been paid to scenic effect. We may hail its appearance as the commencement of a new order of things in Italian dramatic literature. The nation has at length become sensible to the

powers and capabilities of the tragic drama; the fetters, worn so long, are at length broken forever; and if some degree of stiffness and constraint consequent upon her tedious bondage be still evident, we may hope that it will soon be cast aside; and that nothing may impede the free grace of her future movements. We trust that we may ere long expect from some writer who has profited by the innovations of Manzoni and Pellico, a work which shall exceed theirs in approaching more nearly to the standard of nature and life; and that hereafter the poets of the two nations, Italian and English, may emulate the several excellencies belonging to each other, with no differences save those which are inseparable from the national character and language, and unfettered by the influence of conventional restraint.

---

ART. XIII.—*Quakerism not Christianity: or, reasons for renouncing the doctrine of Friends.* In three parts. By SAMUEL HANSON COX, D. D., Pastor of the Laight Street Presbyterian Church; and for twenty years, a member of the Society of Friends. New York, 1833. Pp. 686.

WE disclaim the narrowness of sectarian feeling. As journalists, we are neither Presbyterians, Quakers, Catholics, nor Unitarians. But although our province lies not in contending for the excellence of one sect, nor in traducing the tenets of other sects, we profess to be deeply concerned for the general cause of religion, as contradistinguished from laxity on the one hand, and polemical bigotry on the other. We profess, too, some regard for the cause of propriety and *morals*, and when a book is presented to us adverse to the honorable spirit which ought to prevail between individuals and societies, both lay and ecclesiastical, it is our duty to deal justly with the offender. Such, we think, is the book now arraigned at our bar.

When a performance appears like that which we have placed at the head of this article, the mind naturally adverts to the distinguishing attributes of the party assailed. It pictures to itself the plain garb and quiet demeanor of a simple and unostentatious people, watchfully attentive to the every-day duties of life. It dwells upon the unresisting harmlessness of their lives, and the apparent meekness of their characters. How can it be that a sect, exercising so much forbearance towards others, and manifesting such aversion to controversy, should be the object of invective? Can it be, the mind natu-

rally inquires, that Quakerism, which exhibits itself in the fruits of moderation and industry, virtue and patriotism, intelligence and seeming piety, should *not* be Christianity?

But the author of the book assures his readers, that the Quakers, in not conforming to certain received notions of orthodoxy, are miserably deluded, and of course are rapidly descending into the bottomless pit. Now, whatever may be the fate of these misled disciples of Moloch—for so he esteems them—we must beg leave to ask Dr. Cox, whether he thinks they will not rather be hardened in sin than benefited by his writings, so long as these are vehement and acrimonious? Is instruction acceptable when it is accompanied by angry expressions, ironical sarcasm, and pointed personality? Will not people believe, who read a book, foaming with passion, that the Doctor happened, when he wrote it, not to be in a very Christian spirit? Will they not have reason to believe, even supposing they should admit that Quakerism is *not* Christianity—if “righteous judgment” be the maxim of the one, and moderation and lenity the characteristics of the other—that he is neither a *Christian* nor a *Quaker*? When people open the ponderous volume—a little less than 700 pages of quarto—and read his dark and involved disquisitions respecting external rites, &c. in one page, and rancorous animadversions in the succeeding, will they not picture to themselves a theologian and a zealot intent upon the size and asperity of his production, rather than an enlightened disciple of the gospel, anxious to diffuse the lively essence of religion in all the native purity, dignity and peace of that gospel itself? How, oh ye persevering and good-natured few, who have struggled through the mire of this performance, does he represent himself to your amiable fancies? Does his page shadow forth the qualities of a charitable and benignant spirit; does it reflect the image of a countenance open and cloudless, serene and healthful? Does it portray, in its fine lineaments and just proportions, the form of intelligent and elastic youth, indulging only the theological vagaries of an unchained imagination, or the stern middle age, prematurely decrepit from the combined effects of ascetic habits and long nurtured bitterness and aversion? Before we have done with the clerical gentleman, we may adduce some reasons to show that his angry book is only the regular effect of concurrent causes—that it is nothing more than a mere ebullition of sectarian spleen, a natural discharge of morbid humours.

This huge volume, which it must have increased the author's dyspepsia and ailments to write, is not favourable to digestion to read. From its size, acerbity, and want of method, it may well be styled a rudis *indigestaque* moles. After wading over

the eyes through its pages, alike turbid and frightful, and observing the unhappy dispositions of the author, we were forcibly reminded of that agreeable essay of Addison, in which he insists upon the necessity of active exercise for the promotion of bodily health and mental cheerfulness. He moralizes upon an ancient diversion, called *σκιομαχία*, (we like here to speak in Greek,) or *the fighting with one's own shadows*. It is a play which consists in brandishing two sticks which are loaded at either end with lead, and is said to impart all the pleasure of boxing without the blows. The well-wisher of his kind thus commends it to use: "I could wish," says Addison, "that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the *spleen*, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves." With a slight alteration—perhaps in the word *learned*—we think the passage not inapplicable to this cumbrous performance and its *diseased* author. If he had adopted the amusement, thus countenanced by an elegant classic, he might have armed himself against the insidious influences of ascetic vigils and a sedentary life. In unrestrained and fearless freedom he might have brandished his weapon in the air, and dashed it with sudden haste at his own shadow, thereby dissipating the gloom produced by inaction, and driving away the chimeras which hypochondriasm and vapour had cruelly called into existence. But his spleen having conjured up the phantom of Quakerism, he made upon it a lusty onset, and his belligerent propensity, "increased by what it fed on," has induced him to prosecute the fight, as if the object with which he was engaged was indeed a sober reality. Alas, what has been the result? We may soberly say, as we sincerely think, that the epitaph of Pope on *Friend* may throughout future time be quoted as exactly true of this literary abortion:

One half will never be believed,  
The other never read.—

But notwithstanding the potent influence of vapour and indigestion in the production of the book before us, some unhappy accident gave to the Doctor's spleen an object and direction. We must imagine, as Major Downing would say, that his "dander was up" and it was necessary "to let off the steam;" but what was the nature of the *provocation*? May he by possibility have been involved in a personal quarrel with one or more of "the straight-coated gentry?" Are we to suppose that a clerical gentleman, a man who has assumed the most sacred and responsible of all offices, could so far forget his station and cha-

rafter, the necessity of *example*, and the Christian principle of forgiving injuries, as, under the pretence of an outraged sensibility for the truths of the gospel, to make his pen subservient to his personal resentments? "*Tantaene animis, &c.?*"

But the cause? The cause! What can we presume capable of bringing forth a book upon which so much labour has been expended, so much time employed, so much health and study lavished? Whatever it be, no doubt can exist that it was something of more than ordinary magnitude. But before we discuss this, let us dip into the contents for the double purpose of scanning the book and shedding light upon the inquiry.

When a writer declares in one part of his performance that he had an object in the preparation of it, which he as distinctly, though indirectly, denies in another, we are bound either to believe that he has deceived himself or has been guilty of misrepresentation. The Doctor in numerous places announces, with becoming earnestness and solemn adjurations, that his object is "*the love of their* (Quaker) *souls.*" Now does this quadrate with sentiments and feelings elsewhere emphatically expressed? We shall not pause to analyse the properties of an emotion so generally known and understood; nor shall we attempt to exhibit its natural and legitimate effects. We presume that Peter, the hermit, when he led Europe against Asia for the purpose of exterminating the infidels who defiled Jerusalem, however he might profess a love of the Christian religion, would hardly have pretended a very engrossing passion for the objects of his vengeance. And here, with some probability, lies the difference between the professions of the Doctor, and the true sentiments of his heart. He may feel himself deeply smitten—not certainly with the Quakers, towards whom he exercises no 'tender mercies,' nor perhaps with the Christian religion in the abstract—but with that peculiar modification of it called *Presbyterian*, as contradistinguished from other sects. He may feel a devout and holy zeal to sustain the honour of the Christian cause so far as the tenets of *the Church* are concerned. *Piety*, in the Doctor's vocabulary, may not imply godliness, in the comprehensive and catholic sense, so much as a sturdy devotion to Presbyterian interests in their full length and breadth. It may signify the circulation of sectarian tracts, the stoppage of the Sunday mail, the extension of missionary effort, if it contribute to the enlargement and luxuriance of the Presbyterian domain. *Piety*, manifested in any other form, betrayed by accident into other enterprises of good will or benevolence, may not be *piety*, but the result of a spirit at variance with the fundamental principles of Christianity. But he certainly assures us, and with no ordinary solemnity, that religious solicitude, and not resentment, is the cause of his raising his ad-

monitory voice. "So far," says he, "am I from any personal exasperation, that *it is love for their souls*—God is witness—that induces me both to abhor their errors and to give 'voice and utterance' to that abhorrence." Now we think he is under a delusion. We think that he is so devoutly in love with Presbyterianism, that he has no room for other objects, except so far as the great cause he has espoused may be promoted by them. But it is perfectly in harmony with the constitution of human nature, that in proportion to our affection for one subject, will be our loathing of another which may be thought to interfere with its interests or oppose a barrier to its welfare. The puritanical leaven has so fermented the Doctor's love, that we cannot help thinking that the spirit which dictated the sentiments of the volume, would, in a previous age, have been displayed in the form of personal outrage and direct persecution. This temper is discoverable not merely in an aversion to the heresy and infidelity of Quakerism, but in a want of cordiality for other sects. We could refer to many passages in confirmation of our views, but the pages 240, 299, *et seq.* will more than partially establish our position. But if it be doubted whether Christian charity and Christian kindness presided at the manufacture of this performance, we shall at once render that question indubitable. From the passages which we shall cite it will be evident enough that some cause of offence existed which had left a poignant impression—that a wound had been received which smarted and rankled beyond the reach of the physical and spiritual nostrums applied by the physician. In page 280 he tells us that one hope of benefit from his book was derived from a desire to get it into the hands of other societies besides Friends, for the purpose of acting as a beacon to guard them from the tremendous iceberg of Quakerism, on which, he avers, "so many barks have foundered, and so many men—I fear—perished forever!" In page 315, after imputing to Friends the design of impairing the authority of the Bible, while they make professions in its favour, he goes on: "So dies the Bible with the kisses of Friends. In this country they are at this day mainly—I fear—a community of infidels—only they would have us think that they love Christianity." How compassionate his *fears*! how reluctant and Christian his judgments!

The following passage shows how predominant is his *love of Quaker souls*, with the blood of thousands resting upon their precious and amiable heads. (Page 330—1.)

"Oh ye immortal souls, to whom Friends preach, they preach not the *gospel* to you! They recommend you to the pagan darkness of the inward light, and turn you away from the marvellous light of the glorious gospel of the blessed God! Let those of you who have no souls, or what is worse, no consciences—practically none, continue the blind followers of the

blind. Those whose eyes are open see 'the ditch' into which ye will all soon fall together. And O ye 'forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value. Oh that ye would altogether hold your peace; and it should be your wisdom.' The blood of souls will be found in your skirts, and that by thousands. You are not aware exactly of your heavy responsibility to God." &c. &c.

The following may be quoted as a specimen of the moon-struck sense and general temper of the volume: (Page 354.)

"I believe that this was the precise inspiration of that lustrous son of moonshine, George Fox. Whether he had piety or not beside, is *another question*; and I leave it to him who knows. Thus I do of all friends, wishing their salvation. I attack their tenets, not them. To be sure, *they* are very much identified with their tenets; but this is not my fault; I wish they were more than the moon's distance apart!"

Barclay says, some where in his Apology, that "*justification* was more frequently taken in Scripture in its proper signification, for making one just and not reputing one merely such, and is all one with *sanctification*," which furnishes to the Doctor a text for a long and vehement disquisition. After voluminously discussing the subject of justification as distinguishable from sanctification, and all that, he breaks out in the following strain: (Page 420.)

"What then are we to think of a whole system that is destitute of the true doctrine; that wretchedly sophisticates it; that supersedes, and virtually denies it; and that in its whole compagination of principles and its wordy ambages of explanatory labour, does nothing but annihilate its character and its glory? Let any enlightened Christian ask Quakerism, where is my hope, where my indemnity, where my Redeemer? But blindness is contented—for it sees not what it loses: ignorance has no conception of what is to be known; and where the soul is removed from the knowledge of the true gospel, and is habituated (for the devil's greater pastime), to be amused with another, it is awfully probable that the siren will continue to sing, and the song will cease to enchant, and the enchantment will prevail till 'outer darkness' ends the career. 'O my soul! come not thou into their secrets: unto their assembly, mine honour, be thou not united!' *I bless God that I am no more one of them.*"

In page 438 the following passage occurs:

"I here claim again to speak as a witness; and shall mention some opinions that occur indeed in their books, but which I have more *felt* in their public ministrations, and which now I know to be nothing but stupefactions of the truth—as they inspire and enunciate them. O what a spectacle for angels to weep at, is a large Quaker meeting of deluded souls, believing in things that have no existence! and disbelieving, as priest-craft, the demonstrable realities of God! and trepanned, *the whole of them*, with the conceit of immediate inspiration, as the infallible light of their miserable dreams and devout hallucinations! Will George Fox defend them in the day of judgment?"

The following bitter denunciation was induced by what seems not to be very remarkable language of George Fox—that he had been sent to preach the gospel. (Page 441, 442.)

"Is this the kind and degree of inspiration that must be excused and compassionated for mistakes, blunders, lying and sorcery! for vending 'damnable heresies' in the name of God? for deluding thousands of silly and credulous persons, the unstable and the ignorant, and sometimes the educated and the respectable? Is it no sin to poison the waters of the sanctuary? None—but I forbear! I write for sober and unprejudiced readers; and am willing to rest the appeal with them, whether one can have too much zeal in the exposure and extirpation of such a system? It is not 'an iniquity to be punished by the judges;' but it is an iniquity of aspects and relations infinitely terrible. To expose their *inspiration*, as the centre of their system, is one chief design of this publication. I view it as a spiritual falsehood, sorcery and delusion, almost without an equal in the world. Modern cheats and inventions are quite inferior. Mormonism is more gross and revolting. St. Simonism, with its 'family,' is palpably ridiculous and false. But Quakerism is more specious, more seraphic, more impalpable every way, more refined, a better counterfeit, more imposing: but in some respects more criminal, more destructive and subverting than either!"

After thus attempting to carry what he denominates the Quaker doctrine of "inward light" beyond what we believe the standard and authoritative writers of the sect contend for or admit, he turns it into ridicule by quoting the lines:

"Strange, too, that men of inward light  
Dont draw bonds and mortgages by't."

And then subjoins:

"If this is ridiculous, I cannot help it; it is the folly of Quakerism, a monstrous spiritual hoax," &c.

We shall conclude our quotations by citing the following passage, which most readers will acknowledge is sufficiently condemnatory: (Page 472.)

"Here a Christian may well stand for his life. I cannot conceive what heresy is cardinal and infinitely pestiferous, if Quakerism is not such! and only wonder that Christendom has cared so little for it! or endured so courteously a satanic delusion of the sort for scores of years! The more I examine it the worse it shows. It is a system of sinuous sophistry; a philter of deception, a chalice of sweetened poison. I should be unwilling to die till I had stood up as a witness against it, and written my solemn protest and warning for the preservation of others from its murderous snares! If there happens to be a state eternal, a thorough and consistent mere Quaker may well wish that he had never been born! In that world 'Moses and the prophets' are more respected. There his arguing can no longer deceive others or himself. His profane sophistry will be eternally overruled; and his refined sorcery reduced to common sense conviction. He may there too late discover that Jesus Christ meant something by 'hell-fire, where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched!'"

Having now sufficiently entertained the reader as to the kind of *love* by which the Doctor is animated towards the Friends, let us seek out the cause of an estrangement, which is at once so obvious and bitter. In several places he tells us that he was once a Quaker, but that he abjured the society. *En passant*, if he apostatized from the body, is his testimony as a witness,

entitled to all reliance? He assures us himself (page 241) that apostacy is neither disinterested nor *dispassionate*. But if it be the fact that he *abjured* Quakerism—that is, voluntarily abandoned the sect for another, in his estimation, professing better principles, perhaps a more scrupulous regard for his language would have been quite as consistent with his former connexion with them and his present function. Though he was no longer a member himself, did he forget the father whose virtues he celebrates, the mother whose worth he affectionately records, and the brother and sisters whom he mentions with fraternal feelings? Did he not recollect that they either died in fellowship with Friends, or are now attached to a portion of the society who claim the appellation? Admit what the Doctor writes to be true, and the father and the brother who have descended into the grave—embalmed as they seem to be in his memory and heart—are united to the large multitude of heretical Quakers, who have sunk into bottomless perdition! Can he escape the sequence, that if Quakerism ruins the soul, his relatives in general—even those so feelingly commemorated for their Christian virtues—who lived and died in the persuasion and practice of Quaker principles, are doomed to the common fate of infidelity and error?

Though he places his case upon the footing of *apostacy*, that is, resignation of membership—we *fear*—to use the Doctor's favorite expression—that it will not sufficiently account for the sentiments of aversion which he displays towards the fraternity. In his Introduction—only 259 pages!—which treats of every thing and something beside,—he has related conversations which occurred between a committee of a monthly meeting and himself, upon the subject of a certain offensive epistle, of which he was the author. It appears that he did not retract the position assumed in this famous letter, but advanced something still more heterodoxical, which, according to his version, shocked the prejudices of the committee. We all know, that in the Quaker organization, as in other religious societies, there are laws of order and propriety, which avenge their violation by visiting penalties upon the offender. Here, whatever was the particular transgression, it appears, the penalty was expulsion. When therefore the Doctor talks of *abjuration* and *apostacy*, we are to understand, not that he quietly divested himself of Quakerism by resignation, but that he was actually *disowned*, *expelled*, *turned out* of the society.

We have here a solution of the difficulty—an adequate reason for the Doctor's great *love*, or rather delectable hate, of the Quakers. He seems not to be able, with all his spiritual sublimity, to forget these Mordecais at the king's gate—to forgive his former brethren for *testifying* against him according to the

good order of Friends. Although upwards of twenty years have elapsed since his *disownment*, his indignation seems to exist in its pristine freshness. Time, so far from extinguishing his resentment and animosity, appears to add to them new life and vigor. He seems to have buried these sentiments deep in the recesses of his bosom,—to have nursed and cherished them,—to have stimulated them by seeking new motives for their increase,—till at last, incapable of further augmentation, they have burst out with all their accumulated rancour upon the head of their devoted victim. But overflowing as are the vials of his wrath in relation to Friends, his exacerbation seems to be so mixed up and blended with feelings of a different nature—with a heartfelt devotion to his own sect, and a sovereign contempt for the abstract doctrines and peculiar ceremonies of other sects—that it is perhaps impossible to ascertain or define with any precision their relative intensity or respective limits. Hail, Presbyters, to have so valiant a champion! Unhappy Catholics, Quakers, Unitarians and others, to have so zealous and hardy an enemy!

But conceding that the sense of his wrongs was keen, does this furnish any extenuation? However indignant he may have felt at being served with the ejecting writ, *ab ingressu ecclesiæ*, he should remember that some ecclesiastical fulmination was to be expected. A calm retrospect in his moments of reflection, will no doubt convince him that he was an unworthy and unruly member; that being disaffected towards the society, he was constantly violating its canons; and that seeking alliances with others, would naturally estrange him from his former protectors. During the thoughtlessness of boyhood, it is not unpardonable that he should forget his early and steady benefactors, or that the vagaries of a teeming and roving fancy should render him temporarily ungrateful. But how shall we excuse the exhibition of angry feelings at the present day? Can we suppose, when he vilifies so bitterly all the charities of the Quaker scheme, that he has forgotten the *charities* that followed *him* from the cradle to his twentieth year; that first ministered to his necessities in childhood; that then procured his free education at Westtown; that afterwards paid his debts contracted in a course of heedless speculation; and pursuing him even to the purlieus of the stage, snatched him from that threatened career? Though the Doctor may have extinguished in his breast every spark of gratitude for accumulated benefactions, there is still in the code of savage man, in the maxims of untutored honour—passing by the dictates of religion and the received principles of ethics—something that forbids towards early friendships the meditation of injuries. To all this, we are aware, it may be replied, that he acts under the

controlling authority of a sense of duty. But the question may be seriously put to him, in no unchristian spirit, whether he has not erred in supposing it to be a duty? Whether he is free to act, where action implies ingratitude? Whether, though it be impossible to recompense the attentions of affectionate kindness and personal care, he should not, at least, have discharged, as an honest man, his *pecuniary debts* to the society and its members, before publishing a book filled with contumelious charges and furious anathemas? Let a list be made of the reproachful appellations which he has cast upon these protectors of his youth, and we hesitate not to say, they will be found as numerous as the pages of his volume.

But what are the particulars of the event which led to the Doctor's expulsion? As he is here studiously reserved, and inquiry would now be useless, we are left to presume from his youth and the headstrong impetuosity by which it was marked, that he committed some act, or a series of acts, at which it was found impossible to connive. We can judge somewhat of the fiery, enthusiastic and eccentric being, if indeed he be not *moon-struck*, by the following extracts from the Introduction, which form parts of the history of his conversion. We must be excused for the length of the passages quoted, since an abridgement would neither do justice to our position nor the Doctor's eccentricities.

His spiritual eyes, it appears, had been opened by a Mrs. Douglass, of New Jersey, and he had witnessed the administration of the Lord's supper and a Christian baptism. He thus proceeds:

"I became uneasy and troubled in spirit. I knew not the cause, nor even the nature of my unhappiness.

"Sinners under the special influence of the spirit of God, a revival of religion, I had never seen. I knew not that any creature had ever felt as I felt, or that there was any excellence of nature or promise in such agitation. So pungent was the misery, so undefined and unappreciated the influence, that I was not even aware of its connexion with religion. Consequently I tried every means in my power to dissipate it. I went into company, frequented parties, invented sports, commenced the study of the French language with an accomplished French gentleman, whose manners and society pleased me, but whose principles of fatalism, and habits of profligacy, shocked me; for to these things I had not been habituated. Finding, at last, that every effort was vain, and every resource insipid, I resolved to study more diligently, to try to excel in my profession, and to pursue this, to the exclusion of every thing else, as my *supreme good*, being then occupied in the office of a respectable counsellor, as a student of law. Hence I studied laboriously, and with a kind of phrensied determination. I separated from associates, and endeavoured to wear the visor of misanthropy, that I might keep all intruders at a distance. Here a new misery disturbed me. *I could not keep my mind, as formerly, on the topics and paragraphs of the law!* not even the style of Blackstone, of which I had always been enamoured, could retain my strangely discussive thoughts.

I felt a kind of romantic curiosity to study the Scriptures, and made it a virtue to deny myself the pleasure. It appeared a random, unprofitable longing of the mind, that required, as it received, a resolute coercion. *I will study*, was my half angry motto: and so I did, laboriously, and to no purpose. I went over a page, perhaps ten times, and could not retain one line or thought of it. The book appeared like 'vanity,' and the study like 'vexation of spirit.' Still I persevered; grew daily more wretched; and felt that I had no friend in the world to whom I could unbosom my sorrows and disburden my soul. Alas! that friend 'that sticketh closer than a brother,' that 'laid down his life for his friends,' and who invites us all 'to come unto him,' especially when 'weary and heavy laden,' and promises that we 'shall find rest to our souls;' who invites us to 'cast all our care upon him, knowing that he careth for us;' that unequalled friend I little knew, and had never proved. One day, while vacantly meditating over a law book, not on its contents, but on the atheism of Diderot, and other authors, officiously loaned me by my French instructor, and which I had perused and returned weeks before, it was strangely impressed on my mind that I had better turn atheist, if I could, for the sake of consistency; for he is consistent, thought I, with himself, who, never worshipping God, also denies his existence; but for me there is no such honour. I acknowledge his being, and live as if I had ascertained the contrary. I was much agitated, but broke the somnium with my motto, *I will study*. Thus passed away my days for many weeks, when once, particularly chagrined at the lubricity of the law in its contact with my efforts of mind to retain it, my attention was suddenly fixed and charmed with the volume. I felt a relief and a recreation of mind, such as had long been unknown. My two diverse objects were unexpectedly blended; the desire to investigate scripture, and the resolve to *study*, seemed to meet at once, and be strangely reconciled. This unexpected pleasure was produced by the occurrence of a scriptural quotation from Matthew v. 25: 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him,' It was in the third volume of Blackstone. His remarks appeared excellent and applicable to those who have a controversy to settle with God. These considerations at last prevailed, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost; my knees bowed—my soul bowed with them, for the first time in my life; I worshipped, prayed, and solemnly devoted myself to the author of my being, and the hope of my soul, *to be his forever*, to follow Jesus Christ through 'good report and evil report;' and by his 'strength made perfect in weakness,' to glorify him in the ways of truth, through time and through eternity. As soon as I had made this surrendry, conscious as I was of its unspeakable solemnity and perfect irretrievableness, I was assaulted with a fierce temptation, with a succession of 'fiery darts of the wicked one,' all mainly in this form: You have made a vow which you never will keep; you have perjured your soul for ever; you are lost! *You* be religious! You are a hypocrite, a fool, a fiend! You will apostatize in less than three weeks, and, at last, make your bed in hell—a hateful, ruined wretch! Alas, thought I, it is certainly true. I am wicked, and never felt worse than now that I wish to be good. Here my sins began to disgorge themselves to my view. 'Sin revived and I died; and the commandment which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death. For sin, taking occasion by the commandment, deceived me, and by it slew me. Wherefore the law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good.' And thus it was that sin 'became exceeding sinful' in my renewed conceptions. For several weeks my situation was wretched, indescribably wretched. I had plighted my being to serve my Maker; but this implied that I should become qualified for the service that was spiritual, and filial, and august. Instead of this, it was gloom, sin, and fearful anticipation. I had no peace, and hope seemed a phantom

of indefinite characteristics that continually eluded my grasp. I was much alone; with other views of men and manners now, and others of a life to come.

'Forsaking, and forsaken of all friends,  
I now perceived where earthly pleasure ends;  
Hard task for one who lately knew no care,  
And harder still, as learnt beneath despair.  
God's holy word, once trivial in my view,  
Now, by the voice of my experience true,  
Seemed, as it is, the fountain whence alone  
Must spring that hope I long to make my own.'—*Cowper*.

"One thing which marked this dark hour, or rather month, in my memory, was a peculiar conviction of sin; not only of its superlatively evil nature, that deserves all that God denounces against it in his word, and that I was such a sinner as his truth describes; but that I had sinned unutterably much against his gospel, in slighting it, and specially against his holy word, in *daring* to reason against it. The insolence and the insufferable abomination of such neglect of 'the oracles of God' appeared to me, as seen in the light of the goodness and the greatness of their adorable Author, astonishingly evil. And I wondered why I was not in hell; it seemed to me that I ought to go there, and that if I had any virtue I should approve of the righteousness and excellency of such a measure, as what ought to be. It seemed impossible I should ever be saved—translated to those halcyon seats of God, and admitted to his holy presence for ever. The degree of these exercises, depending, in part, as I now suppose, upon the singular ardency of my native temperament, I do not attempt to describe; and would scarcely rehearse to my nearest friend the forms of excessive perturbation that harrowed up my soul till the fearful conflict was over. This occurred one night by my bed-side, as I was on my knees. The service of prayer had before seemed at once impossible to be, by me, either omitted or performed; then it was easy, it was delightful. How long I continued praising rather than praying in this posture, I know not: but this I know, that my soul seemed absorbed in the glory of God—the chamber luminous with his presence—the universe glorious for his sake, while alleluias kept me delightfully awake until morning. The luminous appearance of the chamber and of the bed where I lay, continued from the sight of distant objects, which the darkness of a cloudy November night (1812) would have rendered invisible had there been no intervening drapery to deepen it." &c. &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My hope left me after a few weeks, my joys all dried away, and the deepest melancholy of darkness that could be felt embowered me. I felt that I had been deluded, hypocritical, wild, in my rejoicings; not that I doubted religion; I doubted only myself. Thus extremes and opposites succeeded, till 'tribulation wrought patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and thus the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus,' is wont to accomplish his people; establish, strengthen, settle them; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

In permitting thus the Doctor to speak for himself, we have been influenced by the twofold motive of exhibiting the man and the book. The one, a wild and eccentric being, possessing an ardent disposition, with little natural and no acquired stability of mind; fickle and wayward; obedient to the impulses of a mercurial temperament, and contemning the dictates of

sober judgment as an unnecessary restraint. The other, ranting, censorious, and condemnatory—employing the weapons of ridicule and satire against honest sentiments and harmless practices—calling hard names, and manifesting in its whole tenor all the petulance of anger, and all the coarseness of malignity. We are aware that the Doctor could vouch the example of Luther and Calvin, and other polemical luminaries of a by-gone day, for the employment of contumelious epithets in the fervour of debate. Milton, too, in the savageness of his controversial temper, essayed to justify “a *spiritualized bitterness* against the enemies of truth.” But the age in which the argument of fire and faggot was so successfully urged, has passed away, and the era of calm discussion and sober reasoning has succeeded. Men are, now-a-days, too obdurate to be brow-beaten into truth, even by a regular ecclesiastic. They are too obstinate not to be confirmed in error by invective, and too perverse not to retaliate insult and injury. The Doctor, no doubt, feels himself secure from retort in this case, from the influence of those very non-resisting doctrines which he so much reviles and condemns. But what renders him supremely ridiculous is, that, while he reproves persecution, as opposed to the gospel, and disclaims personality as unnecessary in the discussion of principles, he is guilty of both in the production of a book replete with condemnation and opprobrium.

But having set out *to review* this publication, it is necessary to give the reader a more precise notion of its contents. And, first, of the title page, which, being interpreted, reads, that *Samuel Hanson Cox, who is a D. D., and who was for twenty years a member of the Society of Friends, proves that Quakerism is not Christianity.* This title page was, doubtless, intended to induce the belief that, having been in membership with the society for so long a period, he is entitled to the respect and authority of a personal witness; that having made trial of the system, he could speak from experience of its “damnable heresies.” Now, is the impression conveyed by this title page strictly that which is consonant with the truth? Why has he neglected to inform us that the period specified comprised only the first twenty years of his life? Was it for the purpose of heightening his testimony, and misleading the public, that he included the whole period of his infancy, childhood, and youth, whose precious fruits, as he himself observes, were vanity and vexation of spirit? Are we to take this as a specimen of the candour, honesty, and uncompromising rectitude to which he lays claim? A *ruse* in the title page, amounting to little less than deception, is not in good keeping with the sublimated doctrines and transcendent revulsion at human error

to be found in the volume. However the trick may be justified by tortuous chicane or artificial casuistry, we are sure that the man who could resort to it, might well distrust the sensibility of his conscience, or the high-minded character of his honour. But waiving this, as membership, according to the Quaker economy, did fall to the lot of his inheritance, by birth-right, what superior opportunities of knowledge did he enjoy? Have we reason to believe that at the age of twenty, when the writ of excommunication was issued, he was gifted with peculiar precocity of talents? that cool observation and extensive inquiry had contributed to form the qualities of a manly mind? We are not left to presumption or conjecture while we can point to those passages in his book, parts of which we have cited, referring to his memorable conversion. The ravings of a silly and romantic boy can never be mistaken for the cool reasonings of discretion, or the sober convictions of maturity; while *the luminous appearance in his chamber*, however he may now account for it by the assistance of others, or his own riper suggestions, is some ground for *suspecting* that he was labouring under a mental hallucination. We may point, too, not merely to certain incidents in his early career, but to his whole history up to the age of manhood, for evidence of a temper totally at variance with the particular merit to which he makes pretension. He *hints*, it is true, at his great unworthiness and depravity prior to the period of his conversion, but leaves us in the dark as to those traits of conduct by which character is distinguished. Why not inform us of his ever-changing pursuits before he entered upon the study of the law? of the various occupations which a capricious taste or the love of novelty induced him to embrace? Why not display the waywardness which prompted him to embark upon the dangerous stream of uncertain commerce; of the whim which led him to abandon this for the charms of sober retirement in the country; and of that wild spirit of adventure which, suggesting the relinquishment of rural retreats, even conceived the idea of making the drama a field for his exploits? This eventful career our author, for prudent, but obvious reasons, has not ventured to disclose. We raise with reluctance the veil. It is done in no unkind spirit, but from a conviction that silence would conceal facts which are now necessary to be known. What, then, is the value of the Doctor's evidence? Can we deem highly of a clergyman who, after spending his youth amidst the whirl of dissipation, and in a tempest of follies, can claim merit in after life for signal discoveries in religious creed made during that season of giddy thoughtlessness, voluntary ignorance, and headlong passion? Thus much for that portion of the title page

which assumes a personal authority upon the basis of *trial* or *experiment*.

The title page invites one other comment, and then we have done with it. It appears that the sounding title of D. D. is affixed to the cognomen of the Doctor. We have no objection to literary or ecclesiastical honours which are merited; but, if we mistake not, a certain communication appeared in a religious newspaper in the year 1825, a little after the time when this very degree was conferred. That essay announced the peculiar sentiment that a distinction of the sort could not be accepted, as both the act of conferring and the act of receiving, originated in vanity. Who will the reader imagine was the author of that article? No less a personage than the identical Samuel Hanson Cox, who, with all the inflated importance of literary pride, forgetful of his former *abjuration* of the title, and forgetful of the *humility* which, we may presume, induced him to make it, now assumes before the world the imposing title of *Samuel Hanson Cox, D. D.* For the purpose of showing that caprice and contradiction are among the besetting sins of the Doctor, we shall give one or two brief extracts from this grotesque performance. After a characteristic parade of introduction, he thus continues:

"It is with unfeigned grief that I feel myself urged to the lone conspicuity and constructive egotism of a public declinature. No one who has feelings, or who ever had them tried with the identical predicament in which I am passively and most unexpectedly placed, can fail to appreciate my perplexity. \* \* \* \* \* For my own part, I have ever and unceasingly viewed the whole system, especially in the pure light of heaven, as a fabric of theological foppery, dotage, and disparagement, that does real harm, but no imaginable good; unless it be to help pride, envy, and worldly magnificence into the places of consecrated affinity and hallowed relation. It seems 'a spot upon a vestal's robe, the worse for what it stains.' \* \* \* \* \* It is an affair that belongs to another category; it has nothing to do with *good*, but only with—*honour*! \* \* \* \* \* 'Unto their assembly mine honour be thou not united,' " &c.

Having rejected with disdain the offered laurel, he proceeds in a strain and style too admirable to be lost.

"It was not owing," says he, "to any change of sentiment as to the perfect worthlessness of the bagatelle, or to its utter and cumbrous inutility, or to the injudicious frequency and indiscriminate commonness of its modern conferment. \* \* \* \* \* My tardiness, therefore, has not arisen from any hesitation as to the proper ponderosity of D. D. Feathers are soon weighed; and some of superb hues, while they glitter in the sun, are remarkable for levity and evanescence when they come in contact with the wind: *Job* xxi. 18. But the difficulty of my predicament is the delicacy of its relations. I cannot disenthral myself without an invasion, seeming or real, of the prerogatives of the order. To be decisive in one's own case is to appear contemptuous of others. To write a declinature is easy; but to write a proper one is not easy! It is not the hand of rudeness that must

sweep the chords of sensibility, especially when the associations of sacredness hallow their refinement. Nor must the touches of softness hold dalliance with the majesty of principle. So great and multiform has the difficulty appeared, of which I knew nothing apart from the lessons of experience, that while I often recoiled from the task, and for a time thought it in a concern reputed of doubtful casuistry—peculiarly on account of its current insignificance, wiser to say nothing, &c. \* \* \* \* \* If doctorates in divinity meant any thing, they would sometimes be libellous: there are those, it is notorious, who need a *great deal more* than collegial or colloquial doctoration, to impart to them intellectual, or literary, or theological, or—I blush to write it—even moral respectability,” &c. &c.

If ever a college was convicted of bestowing an honour unworthily, the trustees of William's College, Massachusetts, were, by this composition. Dr. Cox has demonstrated that they acted injudiciously in his case, at least. When the *alma mater* of William read this effusion, what must have been her feelings towards the Doctor she had called into existence? We may imagine the consternation of her sons in meeting with “the lone conspicuity and constructive egotism of a public declinature,” “the places of consecrated affinity and hallowed relation,” “the hand of rudeness sweeping the chords of sensibility,” “the associations of sacredness hallowing their refinement,” “the touches of softness holding dalliance with the majesty of principle!” &c. Truly, “if a doctorate in divinity meant any thing, it would *sometimes* be libellous.” But in the depth of his humility, Doctor Cox not only refused the acceptance of such an honour, but a few weeks after he again appeared, in a public newspaper, apologizing for the *manner* in which he had declined the offered doctorate. His sentiments, he averred, though unchanged in regard to titular dignities, were delivered in too harsh a style, and he sought to excuse the austerity by alleging recent sickness. Now a mere *declinature*, so yeaped, would not excite our merriment or ridicule. To eschew the vanity of honorary distinction was in perfect consistency with a Quaker education. It was beautifully in keeping, too, with such a sacrifice, that he should apologize for haste or petulance. But does not the event, as it occurred, provoke at once our laughter and contempt? A bombastic flourish is made in a newspaper, under his own signature, declining the degree. At the expiration of a few weeks, as if fearful that this was forgotten, he appears again, begs pardon for his *severity*, attributes it to shattered nerves, and reiterates his former sentiments. But secretly proud of what he pretended to reject, he resumes or appropriates the title on the first occasion he can employ it, hoping that all recollection of his former folly has been kindly buried in the tomb of the Capulets! With this example of the *majesty* of the Doctor's *principles*, and the consistency of his course, we may expect to hear him one day

recant all that has been said against the Quakers, and ask again to be admitted to their communion.

But passing the title page, let us look into the volume. Here we shall find a large portion unsuitable for discussion. We shall not enter the wide field of abstract theology. As we sit in judgment upon no sect, and are only solicitous for the general cause of religion and morals, we shall not follow the Doctor in his wanderings over the barren and illimitable tracts of polemical disquisition. It is beyond the intention of this review. But we may advert to what is not the least objectionable feature of the book—that he palms tenets upon the Quakers which their leading authorities disavow. Thus, upon the topic of the Scriptures, he says:

“That Friends do, *all of them*, in London, New York, and Philadelphia, and of all ages, since their rise, unite in denying the *paramount authority of the Scripture*, is infallibly a fact. That they do this with much subtlety of argumentation, I believe; as I also believe that their argumentation is in its process pure sophistry, and in its result pure heresy.” (Page 303.)

Having assumed that Friends deny the paramount authority of the Scriptures as a rule of faith and practice, he proceeds elaborately to argue in favour of their supreme importance. For the purpose of showing as well the arrogance of the man, as the nature of the *fact*, we offer a single quotation from a Quaker writer in high estimation.

“They (the Friends) receive and believe in them (the Scriptures) as the most authentic and perfect declaration of Christian faith; the only fit, outward judge and test of soundness of doctrine; and they have ever declared their willingness that all their doctrines and principles should be tried by them, and whatsoever any who profess to be guided by the Holy Spirit, either believe or do, which is contrary to, or inconsistent with, their divine testimony, should be accounted a delusion.” (*Evans's Exposition*, p. 236.)

The correctness of these views could be abundantly established by citations from the standard writers of the sect, especially Fox, Barclay, Penn, and Whitehead.

It is curious enough that though the title itself menaces an exposure of the heretical opinions of the Quakers, in regard to *Christianity*, strictly considered, no effort is made to show their denial of the godhead of Christ. Their doctrine, in all other respects, is treated voluminously and at large, while that which seemed to be the proper purpose of the volume—the very corner-stone of the fabric—is only the subject of indirect reference or incidental discussion. We are aware that as he chose a name for his book, so he had the right of selecting the matter with which to supply it. There being little consistency between different parts of the contents, it would be surprising to

find any congruity between them and the title-page. How unfortunate that a Doctor of Divinity should be so frequently at variance with himself, and so erroneous in most of his expositions and facts! In further illustration of this, we summon to our aid another example. In pages 137—8, he says,

*"Friends do none of them believe in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. \* \* \* \* \** I venture the assertion, that a Friend who believes it, is a rarer phenomenon than an eclipse of the moon."

For the purpose of placing the error in its true light, we shall bring into as close juxtaposition with it as possible, a passage from a Quaker writer of unquestioned authority. William Penn, in his "Defence of Gospel Truths," after expressing the cardinal points of the Quaker creed to be the divinity of Christ and his power of propitiation, thus inductively proceeds: "Whoever believes in Christ as a propitiation, in order to remission of sins, and justification of sinners from the guilt of sin, can hardly disbelieve any fundamental article of the Christian religion, since every such person must necessarily believe in God, because it is with him alone man is to be justified. To be sure, he must believe in Christ, for that is the very proposition. He must also believe in the Holy Ghost, because he is the author of his conviction, repentance and belief: He must believe heaven and hell, rewards and punishment, and consequently *the resurrection of the just and unjust.*"

Not content with holding up to scorn and derision the doctrine of "inward light," and carrying it far beyond the pale of Quaker recognition, he attacks what he considers the fixed opinions of the sect in regard to war and capital punishment. Of the former, the belief of the Quakers may be briefly expressed in the language of Barclay, that "it is not lawful for Christians to resist evil, or to fight or war in any case." This doctrine has been long and universally known, and has been recently presented to the public, with many grave and cogent considerations by Dymond, in his Moral Essays. But the Doctor goes further than to contend for mere defensive war; he seems to assert it as a right incidental to or resulting from the power to take life. He argues too upon the principle, that if it once bore the impress of divine legality, it must continue so unchangeably.

"If it was ever right," says he, "to take life or to wage war, it may be right again. The principles concerned are all anchored in the nature of things, which results from the nature of God, and is therefore unchangeable." (Page 237.)

Now, whatever may be the doctrine of Scripture, or the received sentiments of the people in relation to war, it is enough

that the thoughts of the present age "are turned on peace." Either the refinements of science or the delights of concord, or perhaps both united, are creating doubts as to the consistency of deciding national disputes by the sword. It may be argued in favour of the idea, that while we assert our intellectual and moral dignity in the scale of creation, by settling peacefully, and through the agency of a common umpire, the rights of individual property, we show the remains of mere animal instinct in appealing to arms for the redress of national injuries. We descend lower in one case than we rise higher in the other. But without pursuing a topic of such grave significance and important bearings, or recommending with Vattel and Blackstone the institution of a great central court of acknowledged jurisdiction, to determine international grievances, we may well chide the minister whose only weapon should be "the sword of the spirit," for attempting by formal argument to justify the ravages and carnage which always follow in the train of war. Are nations so averse to war, that they require stimulation? Or has war between nations such charms for the Doctor's fancy, because of its similarity to religious controversy in awakening the worst passions of the human heart? Whatever it be, and whatever the true merits of the question on the score of expediency, reason or scripture, the sentiments uttered in its behalf by a Christian clergyman, ought to meet with the indignant frowns of a Christian community.

Capital punishment is placed upon the two-fold ground of lawfulness and policy. In regard to the latter, our author thinks that the terror is wholesome and preventive. He exclaims:

"The fear of capital punishment prevents *millions of murders*, that would otherwise be perpetrated! It prevents, and controls, and intimidates, to a degree incalculably great."

He argues the legality of the infliction in this wise:

"The right to take life, and consequently to redress wrongs equitably in any other way, has been solemnly and fully delegated in the word of God to the magistracy of this world; which is hence his own ordinance, obligatory alike on the actions and the consciences of his creatures universally. This could be proved from innumerable places of the New Testament; from the crucifixion scene of *three sufferers*, and the history of the *abuses of power* attending it." &c. (Page 242.)

In another place we meet the following *learned* specimen of legal logic:

"The argument is vain, which, premising that God alone is the author and arbiter of life, as he is alone its great proprietor too, declares inferentially, that *therefore* the thesis of Friends is true: for, obviously, if God is so the owner of all life, *He* may take it in any way he pleases; mediately

or immediately by his own agency. Hence, men hold the life of irrationals in *possession*; for God hath given us the responsible usufruct or *quasi* allodium in the *magna charta* of his empire: for use, not abuse, indeed; to the end of time."

But we do not understand him to confine his justification of capital inflictions to murder. He contends for their necessity in other cases. With regard to homicide, he maintains it to be a positive *duty* to take life, and leaves no discretion in the legislature. Without arguing a question which involves so many considerations, especially when an averment is made without confirmatory evidence, we may observe that the argument derived from "the crucifixion scene of three sufferers and the history of the abuses of power attending it," is not quite satisfactory or absolutely conclusive. We must take it for granted in the absence of better proof, that the power to take life cannot be found in the New Testament; and assuming this principle, the Quakers are entitled to distinguished credit for introducing a system into Pennsylvania, which not only lies at the foundation of her juridical fame, but promises to be the pride and glory of the present age. The Great Law of William Penn abolished capital punishment in all cases but murder, at a time when numerous other delinquencies were visited with death. It was to this rated and despised Quaker that mankind are indebted for proving the beneficial influences of a mitigated code, by adapting the penalty to the nature and turpitude of the offence. Whatever opinions may be entertained of Penn, as a religious polemic, it must be conceded, that by his toleration of all sects in the province of Pennsylvania, and his clemency in the punishment of crime, he has left behind him a fame, at once exalted and indestructible.

The literary blemishes of this work have not entered into our consideration. It is, indeed, on the whole, too mean for criticism. Passages occur of some elegance and vigour, but the style in general is diffuse and incorrect, and the sense often involved and *cabalistical*.

But we have a higher end in view than to vindicate the Quakers, or to criticise Dr. Cox. Of the former, however, we may say, in passing, that the singularity of *thee* and *thou*, and the adoption of a garb consisting of a drab-coloured straight-cut coat, and a broad-brimmed hat, which distinguish them from the rest of the world, are not such monstrous departures from nature and propriety as to render them justly the subjects of ridicule, invective, and sarcasm. Do they justify a publication teeming with virulence and sectarian prejudices, absolutely pernicious, and ten times more offensive? Do they excuse the pastor of a Christian church for the commission of falsehood and slander?

But, waiving these, we have an ulterior purpose in noticing the book. We think all performances of the kind are decidedly injurious to Christianity. They tend to keep alive sectarian feelings, and to engender heart-burnings, strife and controversy, altogether inconsistent with its peaceful character. If sectaries of the various religious persuasions were more anxious to discover points of resemblance than topics of disagreement; to cultivate good will than to seek for causes of alienation; to live together in fraternal amity, than to pursue each other with bitter and angry reproaches; they would furnish to its enemies fewer arguments against it, less plausible reasons for its rejection. Charles Butler, author of the *Reminiscences*, published an *Essay* which we recollect to have seen some years ago, on *The Re-union of Christians*, in which eleven articles of religious creed are particularized, as being concurred in by all denominations of Christians. If these points of concurrence were dwelt upon to the exclusion of matters which are in themselves minor or indifferent, the press would cease to groan under the heavy load now imposed upon it by fiery and enthusiastic zealots. The appetite of the public would not be vitiated by the unwholesomeness of religious disputation. Sectarian and personal animosities would subside, and the smiling deities of tranquillity and order would preside over the demons of war and chaos. The angel of peace would descend upon the broad expanse of Christendom with the beams of a bright sunshine sparkling from his wings, to irradiate and make glad alike the valley and the hill. Hate, distrust and alienation would be dried up as baneful and pestilential vapours at the approach of the sun, and the immense region would smile, without a cloud, in the genuine fruits, the luxuriant blessings of a genial Christianity.

---

ART. XIV.—*The Writings of Robert C. Sands, in Prose and Verse; with a Memoir of the Author.* In two vols. New York, 1834.

WE regard the appearance of these volumes with peculiar pleasure. In the countless republications of historical and biographical works, of poems and novels, of books of travel and philosophical speculation, originally put forth in the literary bazaars of Europe, and here meeting our sight through the puffing labels which adorn the door-posts of our enterprising biblioplists, it is grateful to be presented with some eight hundred pages of purely American literature. It is refreshing

to see in this, as in other recent instances, that some opposition has been attempted against the almost overwhelming current of foreign literature, which has threatened to sweep away every vestige of originality among ourselves, or to swallow up into its own deep bosom the gushings of our clear and untried fountains. We conceive it to be important, both in a national and personal point of view, to preserve our intellectual individuality; for, if the literature of a people be the impression of the moral and political institutions under which they live; if it be a mirror which not only reflects the perfect image and features of their thoughts and habits, but which retains them for exhibition to a future age, it must exert, reciprocally, a powerful influence in perpetuating those principles of practical truth of which it thus is the representative. Leaving out of the consideration, therefore, for a moment, the advancement of mind in general, as it must be affected by the evolution of new thought, or by new combinations of thought, we find in this circumstance a powerful inducement to cherish those attempts which may be made among ourselves, with a view to a distinct literature.

The writings of Robert C. Sands appeal loudly to our patriotism. They are among the first draughts from the well-spring of American thought. He looked upon his country with a fond pride, as possessing all the elements of a noble and vigorous literature. He saw in her short but eventful history the foundation and materials of a grand and imposing superstructure for the poet; and the experience which might guide the destinies of the state and enrich the philosophy of the historian. In the operation of our republican institutions upon domestic manners, and in their collision with the imported fripperies of older countries, he beheld abundant means for fine description and for playful satire. In the quiet forest, whose bounds almost circumscribe a world—in the snow-capped peak—in the broad and lengthened rivers, whose bosoms heave like the expanded ocean-stream; in a word, in the gorgeous magnificence of nature's works in the new world, his heart caught a noble inspiration, which burst forth in rapturous delight, and which gave a distinct character to his works. The field which filled his mental vision was new, its extent was illimitable, its resources ample, and its variety unequalled: and this, too, was "his own, his native land." Thus he seems even to have entered upon his labours with feelings elevated by an ardent contemplation of these unrivalled means of national honour and distinction.

It is a circumstance which is worthy of remark, in regard to the original writings of Mr. Sands, that, with the single exception of his earliest effort, which he himself seems to have repudiated, they are all upon subjects connected with America. He appears to have devoted the whole of his literary labour to

the exclusive object of the illustration of American history and American manners. Yamoyden, his first cherished offering at the shrine of poetry, was purely of this character. From this publication forward, his intellectual patriotism increased in intensity, and manifested itself in his various contributions to literary journals, and in those pleasing emanations which are to be found in the lighter reading of the last ten years; and he died while in the act of embodying into verse the superstitions of the aboriginal inhabitants of Greenland. Like the man in sacred story, flying from the abominations of the cities upon which the wrath of God was about to fall, he turned away from the long-trodden field upon which human intellect had so long exerted itself, to venture upon one of new capabilities and of great promise.

The path of such a one is interesting, not only to those who may have surveyed the same inviting prospect, but to all who, influenced by sound and liberal principles of criticism, will appreciate the difficulty of the attempt; and who will be gratified by any advancement towards its success. For ourselves, we confess we reap gratification from the most humble efforts of genius. We would not "fare sumptuously every day," but "take the good the gods provide for us," as it may be presented for our use. Where is the man whose heart has not been mel-  
lowed and chastened by a simple narration of scenes in the history of his country? Who that has read the poems of Kirke White, has not risen from the perusal of them with a pleasure not at all alloyed with dissatisfaction, because they do not reach the sublimity of *Paradise Lost*, the copious flow of language and imagery of *Comus*, or the harmony of the *Odes to St. Cecilia*? What American has studied the faithful biography of our own Marshall with feelings the less complacent, that the *Life of Washington* did not aspire to the deep philosophy of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Indeed, in respect of its enjoyments, the mind assimilates closely to the body. The highly seasoned and curiously concocted viand must at times give place to more simple nutriment.

Robert C. Sands was born on the eleventh day of May, 1799, in the city of New York. He evinced at an early age an aptitude in the study of the dead languages, in which, under the guidance and tuition of good masters, he made an uncommon proficiency. His acquaintance with the classics was, however, greatly extended in Columbia college, in which institution he entered in 1812, and where, under the direction of Professor Wilson, a ripe scholar and linguist, became not a mere *anceps syllabarum*, although, in the department of physiology, he was by no means deficient, but early learned to apply to the works of the ancients the rules of a liberal and comprehensive criti-

cism." This knowledge had a strong influence not only in enriching his conversation, of the interest of which we have heard numerous anecdotes, but in affording an abundance of illustration which he used with discrimination and taste in his writings.

While yet pursuing his collegiate studies, he gave evidences of great activity of mind in undertaking several literary enterprises, similar in character and aim to the magazines which have recently been put forth by the undergraduates of several of our public institutions. One of these periodicals was styled "Academic Recreations," and in some of its critical dissertations manifests considerable skill and taste. On leaving college, young Sands applied himself to the profession of the law, which then, as now, appeared to be the pathway to political distinction. In 1817 he published a poem entitled "The Bridal of Vau-mond," which received little notice from the public, and soon sunk into an oblivion from which its author never made an effort to rescue it.

About this period he became associated with several literary aspirants, who, under the name of *Literary Confederates*, united themselves into a club for the purpose of presenting, from time to time, their communications to the public; a species of intellectual copartnership which has been a striking characteristic of the *litterateurs* of New York ever since the formation of the Federal Constitution. Beginning with the publication of the great commentary upon that instrument by Hamilton, Jay, and Madison, we have, besides the *Federalist*, that once popular piece of satire, *Salmagundi*, by writers not unknown to fame; the *Neologist*, and other ephemeral productions of the confederacy just spoken of; *Yamoyden*, by Mr. Sands and the Rev. James W. Eastburn; and more recently, the volumes of the *Talisman* and *Glauber Spa*; and, in truth, of the memoir prefixed to the collection now under notice. Sands was very partial to this mode of authorship; "not the simply putting together in one whole, parts prepared separately, nor the correcting and enriching by a second hand, the rough materials of the first author, but literally writing in company." In conjunction with Mr. Eastburn, one of the confederates, who had projected a metrical paraphrase of the Psalms, he wrote several of these versions. In a letter to his friend, Sands communicates the conditions and requirements of such a poetical translation, both justly and eloquently.

"The poet," he remarks, "should undoubtedly have in his eyes the whole map of the Holy Land, geographical and political; be familiar with the Jewish history, manners, and ritual; and then, feeling as a Christian, proceed to spiritualise his theme: remembering always, that his only task is to correct the Hebrew future into the Christian present tense; and that

he is unjustifiable in omitting a single allusion, since every thing was typical. The Hebrew language was singularly adapted to the state of the people, who had themselves no present tense; who, deep in the shadow of the past, seem to have flitted on the scene as if in a pre-existent state; called up by the divine magician, like the images of the future, or the clouded mirror of the wizard; and all whose institutions were only promises of their more glorious metempsychosis."

This was the criticism of a youth of twenty. How far he was capable of rendering the spirit and meaning of a foreign writer into English poetry, may be seen in his "Isaac," from the Italian of Metastasio.

His intimacy with Eastburn gave birth to a bolder attempt in poetry, founded on the history of Philip, the last of the Pequot chieftains. The idea first suggested by Eastburn was subsequently developed into a plan by both of them in conjunction, after a perusal of Hubbard's Narrative of the New England Indian Wars. It was commenced in November, 1817, and finished before the summer of 1818, Sands residing in New York, and Eastburn in Bristol, in Rhode Island. The authors took their assigned parts, and transmitted them to each other by correspondence. Eastburn undertook to correct them, and had proceeded through the first two cantos, when he was invited to take charge of a congregation in Accomack county, in Virginia, to which place he repaired, but which he was shortly after compelled to leave on account of ill health. His labours upon the poem were, however, concluded with this partial revision. He sailed for Santa Cruz, but died on the fourth day of his passage, December 2, 1819. Sands transcribed the rest, corrected the whole, but without altering the plot, made some additions suggested by further reading, and published it, with a dedication to Dr. Jarvis, of Boston. In the preface, which is written with unaffected modesty, and a high admiration of his deceased collaborator, Sands abstained from a particular enumeration of the claims of the respective authors. In justice to both, who are now removed from this world's jealousy, it may be stated, that much the greater part of the work belongs to Sands.

Yamoyden, for such was the name fancifully given to the poem, must be considered in two aspects. As the joint production of two youths, one of the age of eighteen, the other not over twenty, upon a hastily formed plot, it must be looked upon as a phenomenon in the history of literature. We are struck at once with the maturity of judgment which it evinces, not only in the selection and arrangement of some of its parts, but in the beauty and copious imagery of much of the poetry; yet all this in a field of novel effort, on a subject untried, presenting, it is true, a rich store of recent historical incident, but offering little of legendary extravagance, is something more than we could have had reason to expect even from more practised hands,

and evinces a precocity of mind which places the writers beside those who, like Pope, have outstripped their race by the vigor of their early productions.

We regard Yamoyden, however, with another and more attractive interest. Leaving out of view its merit as measured by the peculiar situation of its authors, and the circumstances under which it was produced, it presents strong claims to our notice. The little poem of our own Lathrop, and the beautiful legend of Campbell, appeal powerfully to our partialities; but Yamoyden is the first metrical romance in which it has been attempted to embody the spirit of aboriginal thought and feeling as it manifested itself in the habits and early history of the American Indians. It is a bold emprise to reveal and employ the capabilities of this new region of mind to support the requirements of airy fiction. It is with the poet as with the adventurous navigator. It is sufficient for the bold mariner that he *discover* the land he is in quest of—that he plant his standard on the new found land, whence others may begin their peculiar labours, traversing the country, exploring its resources, and subduing them to the use of man. The Periplus of Hanno was an attempt to reach the region beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Mixed up in confusion and uncertainty as the account of it is, still it has immortalized his name. Men properly regard the earliest decisive efforts in all subjects of inquiry, in every field of intellectual labour, or of physical exertion, as the accomplishment of a great result.

“Portam itineri longissimam esse.”

Indian character is one of the most difficult abstractions for the mind to seize. It is far from uniform. We find it in some instances stern, vindictive, and barbarous, carrying martial animosity to the very extreme of savage cruelty; in others, noble, faithful, and magnanimous; borne up to our liveliest notions of honour. Their ideas were few, but they were locked up in their own bosoms. As we have already intimated, the poet must find an atmosphere for the wings of his imagination in historical incident immediately preceding and subsequent to the first settlement of the Europeans, rather than in the obscurities of legendary story. Among no people were there so few traditions, so scanty a store of mythological materials, as among the North American Indians. And in the contradictory accounts of the earlier travellers—of Charlevoix, Carver, and others, we are left in a maze of uncertainty. There were, however, other rich materials existing in the prevailing customs of the tribes. They were part and parcel of their jugglery, of their martial rites, and of their familiar ceremonials. As such, they afford the appanages of fiction, not the ground work, for which we

must turn to the real incident of their early conflicts with the whites. The adaptation of recent history to the purposes of a poetical frame work, requires a peculiar nicety and skill. A fine fancy must be aided by a critical judgment. The bard must select, arrange, and connect, while the genius of poesy hovers round ready to lend its plastic power to fill up and beautify the building. Then the use of peculiarities of manners and expression becomes necessary. We do not mean that reaching after new imagery, or the affected employment of foreign or unusual phraseology which the poetaster often makes for the sake of display, or of pointing an annotation; but the management of those local associations which make up and constitute the moral and intellectual peculiarities of men, and the introduction of those expressive symbols which alone give existence and vitality to the new creation. To commence the *execution* of this great task in its complexity is the important step.

This step was taken by the authors of *Yamoyden*. They selected one of the most stirring incidents in our early Indian history, of which the accounts that we have received, besides being full, authentic, and deeply interesting, affect the mind more vividly than those of any other that can be named. There is Philip, the uncompromising enemy of the whites, fully impressed with the conviction that his people were destined to extermination by them, goaded on by a deep sense of his own wrongs, and those of his family, taking a stand for his soil and ancestral rights. The tradition which has been handed down of his unwillingness at first to engage in hostilities with the settlers, but that when urged to the fight he devoted all his energies to the safety of the remnant of his tribe, certainly fixes upon his character that nobleness which we attach to true heroism. On the other hand, the colonists acted under the strongest impulses. They had possessed themselves of their land by the most solemn act by which property could be transferred. They had used every means to propitiate the Indians. They believed their cause founded in truth and justice. They had, moreover, sought America for religious repose. When, therefore, they found cruelty where they had expected safety, perfidy where they had looked for amity, they took up arms not only in defence of their firesides, but to protect the altars of their God. The principles of action in the antagonistic parties were thus widely diverse in their operation, yet identical in their origin: they sprung from the same pure consciousness of duty. Peculiar habits of thought and feeling arrayed the parties against each other. In several particulars we think the poets have done injustice to both, but they have succeeded in giving a highly poetical and picturesque description of this celebrated event.

There is, however, a want of pervading interest in the story; that connexion and dependence of parts which are necessary in every attempt of the kind, to awaken and retain the feelings of the reader. The introduction of long passages of description should be attempted with caution. They frequently rouse the attention to intensity; but they oftener destroy than increase the effect. Where the dramatic action is full, they serve to relieve the mind; but in *Yamoyden*, where the incidents are few, we feel that they are a burden in many cases upon the fable. An episodical digression derives its interest from the strong feelings excited previously, in favour of or against its subject. In this poem we are ushered into a long history, as in the case of *Fitzgerald*, without having formed any conception of his character.

The poem is touchingly beautiful. It was written by Mr. Sands in a vein of that feeling which so enriches the lesser poems of Milton. It commemorates the virtues and labours of his friend *Eastburn*, like *Lycidas*, fallen e'er his prime. Referring to their joint studies, he breaks forth in the following patriotic strains:

“Homeward we turned, to that fair land, but late  
Redeemed from the strong spell that bound it fast,  
Where mystery, brooding o'er the waters, sate  
And kept the key, till three millenium's past;  
When, as creation's noblest work was last,  
Latest, to man it was vouchsafed, to see  
Nature's great wonder, long by clouds o'ercast,  
And veiled in sacred awe, that it might be  
An empire and a home, most worthy for the free.

“And here forerunners strange and meet were found,  
Of that blessed freedom, only dreamed before;—  
Dark were the morning mists, that lingered round  
Their birth and story, as the hue they bore.  
'Earth was their mother;'—or they knew no more,  
Or would not that their secret should be told;  
For they were grave and silent; and such lore,  
To stranger ears, they loved not to unfold,  
The long transmitted tales their sires were taught of old.”

The following stanzas, addressed to the friend of his youth, should be preserved, not less for the purity of the sentiment, than for the beauty of the figure which they contain.

“The freshness of the past shall still  
Sacred to memory's holiest musings be;  
When through the ideal fields of song, at will,  
He roved and gathered chaplets wild with thee;  
When, reckless of the world, alone and free,  
Like two proud barks, we kept our careless way,  
That sail by moonlight o'er the tranquil sea;  
Their white apparel and their streamers gay,  
Bright gleaming o'er the main, beneath the ghostly ray;—

"And downward, far, reflected in the clear  
Blue depths, the eye their fairy tackling sees ;  
So buoyant, they do seem to float in air,  
And silently obey the noiseless breeze ;  
Till, all too soon, as the rude winds may please,  
They part for distant ports : the gales benign  
Swift wafting, bore, by Heaven's all-wise decrees,  
To its own harbour sure, where each divine  
And joyous vision, seen before in dreams, is thine."

The poem is divided into six cantos. In form, it is an imitation of the metrical romances of Scott, and of the versification of Byron—poets then deservedly much in vogue. The imitation, however, extends no further. The deep pathos of some of its parts, and the graphic descriptions of natural scenery in others ; the horrible incantations of the savages, in which we see the strength and invention of the poet ; and the uniform beauty of the imagery, are all original. They not only consulted their ease, but, perhaps, adopted a wise and prudent course, in adhering to the popular form for their poem, especially as they had attempted so much that was novel and untried.

Philip is first introduced inciting his few followers to revenge, by a recital of his and their injuries. Agamoun, a young Mohegan warrior, is invited by Philip to express his opinions, which he does at some length, and concludes with proposing an attempt to obtain peace. This proposal is received by the sachem with indignation. He levels his gun at the young chief, when Ahautou, also a Mohegan, begs Philip to spare him. The intercessor is rejected with threats of a similar fate to that which awaits Agamoun. The latter is then summarily shot. Philip, having thus evinced his determination to meet his enemies, addresses himself to Annawon, a sachem of his own tribe, advising him of a nefarious design to possess himself of the wife and child of Yamoyden, a Nipuet warrior, who having gained, Othello-like, the affections of Nora, the daughter of one of the European adventurers, married her, and had retired with her to a secluded spot on the island of Rhode Island. The object of the sachem's scheme is twofold ; first, to enlist the services of Yamoyden on the side of Philip in the approaching contest, by leading him to believe that his retreat had been discovered and despoiled by the whites ; and secondly, to make a sacrifice of the child, in pursuance of what the poet calls "a long neglected rite," which, however, never was an observed rite. In order to give success to the attempt of Philip, Yamoyden is supposed to leave his bride and offspring for the purpose of going to the assistance of the former chief, and thus an useless piece of cruelty is imposed upon Philip. A small party of his Indians accordingly appear before the hut of Yamoyden during his absence, and, separating the mother from the child, hurry both of them

away. In the mean time, Ahautou, in revenge of the death of Agamoun, his brother chieftain, after having succeeded in securing a friendly Indian as one of the party thus despatched to carry off Nora and the child, hastens to a branch of the colonial troops, and informs them of the vile project of Philip. The English band immediately start for their rescue, under the guidance of Ahautou. They arrive just as the canoe of the plunderers is about to be launched. The friendly Indian having delayed behind the rest with Nora, she is saved by the whites; but the child is carried off by the Indians in the canoe. While these scenes are enacting, the main body of the English are encamped on Rhode Island. On the morning of the second day they engage in religious services; after which, and following out the train of discourse of the sermonizer, they fall into reminiscences of the past—of ‘vanished scenes’ and ‘tender ties.’ Fitzgerald, a solitary in the camp, is pressed to tell his secret history, which he does. This gives occasion for a long episode, in which he recounts the rise of the English revolution, and its progress; how he had slain his own brother, who had enrolled under the banner of the king, in the battle of Naseby, and how he had retired, after the death of his wife, with an only daughter, to America. He tells them that Nora, his daughter, preferred the suit of Yamoyden to that of a choice English youth, and that, against his wishes, she had gone with the Nipuet from her father’s house. After he has concluded his story, the party who had gone to the rescue under the direction of Ahautou, arrived at the camp, bringing Nora. The father and daughter meet: she falls at his feet: he is stern at first, but finally, on separating from her to go in search of the infant, relents, and utters words of forgiveness—by her, however, unheard. The scene is again changed. The Indians are busied in their infernal rites. The initiates (candidates for the priesthood) sing, and the prophet delivers his prediction. The pyre prepared for the sacrifice of Yamoyden’s infant is lighted; the boys dance, and the song to the spirits of evil is shouted in full chorus. The elements now rage, the thunder roars, and in the midst of the storm the priestess springs up, seizes the child, and chants the sacrificial song. Her arm, however, is arrested by the appearance of a strange form; torrents of rain fall, and extinguishing the fire, leave all in gloom and darkness. Fitzgerald escapes with his grandchild. Meanwhile Yamoyden returns to his cottage and finds his wife and babe gone. Unaware of the artifice practised upon him, and believing the whites to have been the authors of his misfortune, he returns again to Philip, who had fixed himself, with his followers, in a swamp. He presents himself before the chief just as the latter awakes from a dream presaging his fate. Yamoyden explains his grief, and

Philip feigns to sympathise with him in his loss. He then summons his warriors, and chants his death song. The plot now hastens to its *denouement*. Nora, left to herself in the English camp, escapes from it under cover of the night, for the purpose of seeking her abode and seeing her husband, who had at this time started on his way to Philip. She meets Ahautou, the Indian who had been the means of her escaping from the hands of Philip, and he undertakes to guide her to Mount Hope and show her the retreat of the Indians among whom Yamoyden was. He accordingly conducts her to a spot where she may see all the operations, and there leaves her to join the whites. She witnesses the conflict of the combatants, hurries to her husband, sees Ahautou kill Philip, observes her father saved from an impending stroke by the interposition of another, who receives its full force and falls. The victim of generosity is Yamoyden. She throws herself upon his lifeless body and dies.

Such is a brief outline of the incidents of this poem. That it presents some strong scenes and affords an opportunity for a worthy exercise of the poet's pen in many places, cannot be denied. The situation of the persons in the fable previous to the preparation for the sacrifice, the ceremonies and incantations, and the rescue of the child, are all finely conceived, and deserve a high rank among poetical inventions. On the other hand, the union of Yamoyden and the Christian maiden seems to be a copy of the love of the Moor and Desdemona. The authors, at least Mr. Sands, has his misgivings in regard to the historical propriety of this union. He observes, 'I believe no example is on record, of a Christian woman, of any refinement, voluntarily leaving her friends, and going off with an Indian.' Had he lived but a few months longer, he would have known an instance much more remarkable than this fiction. Let it be recorded, that in the year 1833, a Christian woman, one of the fair daughters of England, left her friends and her home, and crossed the Atlantic ocean for the purpose of being wedded to an Indian, who had visited Europe a year or two before, and there caught her fancy; and that so little did she dream of the change that awaited her, that she brought a Turkey carpet and other corresponding paraphernalia to deck an Indian's cabin in our western forests. Thus does real life sometimes outstrip the most extravagant fiction. But to return. Yamoyden comes so obscurely before the mind of the reader, that he excites little sympathy, and Philip,—treacherous in his bravery, still less. The intended sacrifice of the child is a mistake into which any reader of our old chronicles would be apt to fall, some of which assert and some deny it. The better opinion is that of Hecke-welder, that there was no such thing among the Indians as religious infanticide. But however improbably such a ceremony

may be believed to have existed, we could excuse its introduction here for the highly poetical purposes to which it is put. It has given occasion, indeed, for some of the most high-wrought poetry in the language,—almost unsurpassed in terrible sublimity. The conduct of Philip towards Yamoyden is less excusable, because it not only depreciates his character, but is entirely unnecessary for the purposes of the fable.

We have already extended our notice of Yamoyden so much farther than we had intended, that we must be content with a single extract or two from its pages. The first is the conclusion of the incantation scene, when the priestess springs towards her victim. No one can read it unmoved, isolated as it is.

“She tore the sable mats away,  
And there Yamoyden’s infant lay,  
By potent opiates lulled to keep  
The silence of the dreamless sleep,  
O’er which that night should sink;  
Swathed in the sacrificial vest,  
Its bier the unconscious victim pressed.  
The hag’s long, shrivelled fingers clasp  
The babe in their infernal grasp,  
While o’er the fiery brink,  
Rapidly, giddily she hurls  
The child, as her withered form she whirls;  
And chants, with accents hoarse and strong,  
The last, the dedicating song.

“The black clouds are moving  
Athwart the dull moon,  
The hawks high are roving,  
The strife shall be soon.  
Then burst thou deep thunder!  
Pour down all ye floods!  
Ye flames rive in sunder  
The pride of the woods!  
But O thou! who guidest  
The flood and the fire,  
In lightning who ridest,  
Directing its ire;—  
If darker to-morrow  
The wrath of the strife,  
Be the white man’s the sorrow,  
And thine be his life!  
The elk-skin about him,  
The crow-skin above,  
To thee we devote him,  
The pledge of mixed love.  
For ever and ever  
The slaves of thy will,  
Let ours be thy favour,  
O Spirit of Ill!”

“She had not ceased when on the blast  
A warning shriek of horror pass’d;

Emerging from the woodland gloom,  
 They saw a form unearthly come.  
 White were its locks, its robes of white,  
 And gleaming through their lurid light,  
 Swift it advanced. The Pow-wahs stood,  
 Palsied amid their rites of blood;  
 E'en the stern *Prophet* feared to trace  
 The awful features of that face,  
 And shrunk, as if towards their flame,  
 YONHEWAH's angry presence came.

"He grasped the witch by her skinny arm,  
 Her powerless frame confessed the charm;  
 Before his bright, indignant glance  
 Her eyes were fixed in terror's trance.  
 'Away,' the stranger cried, 'away!  
 Votaries of Moloch! yield your prey!  
 Have ye not heard the wrath on high  
 Speak o'er your foul iniquity?  
 Know ye not, for such worship fell,  
 Deep yawns the eternal gulf of hell?'  
 Then, bursting from his dream of fear,  
 To front the intruder rushed the *seer*,—  
 When straight, o'er all the vaulted heavens,  
 Kindled and streamed the glittering levin;  
 Pale and discoloured shone below  
 The embers in that general glow,  
 As blind amid the blaze they reel,  
 Rattled and crashed the deafening peal;  
 And with its voice so long and loud,  
 Fell the burst torrent from the cloud;  
 It dashed impetuous o'er the pile;  
 The hissing waters rave and boil;  
 The smothered fires a moment soar,  
 Spread their swarth glare the forest o'er,  
 Then sink beneath their whelming pall,  
 And total darkness covers all.

"O many a shriek of horror fell,  
 Amid that darkness terrible,  
 Unlit, save by the lightning's flash,  
 And echoing with the tempest crash  
 Those stifled screams of fear;  
 They deem in every bursting peal  
 The avenging spirit's rage they feel;  
 And crouching, shuddering hear,  
 While ever and anon ascended  
 The dying *Priestess*' maddening cry,—  
 With muttering curses fearful blended  
 It rose convulsed on high.  
 And when their palsying dread was gone,  
 And a dim brand recovered shone,  
 And when they traced by that sad light  
 The scene of their unfinished rite,  
 And many a look uncertain cast,  
 The *stranger* and the *child* had passed."

The following is one of a multitude of beautiful sketches, which sparkle throughout the poem, and which are as remarkable for their adaptation to the story as for their graphic descriptiveness. The poet is relating the journey of Nora with the Mohegan to the fastness of Philip:

“His boat was nigh; its fragile side  
Boldly the venturous warrior tried;  
Along they shot o'er the murmuring bay,  
As they bore for the adverse bank away.  
I guess it was a full strange sight,  
To see in the tract of the ghostly light,  
The swarthy chief and the lady bright,  
O'er the heaving waves borne on;  
While her white wan cheek and robe of white  
The pale ray played upon;  
And above his dusky plumage shook;  
Backward was flung his feathery cloak,  
As his brawny arms were stretched to ply  
The oars that made their shallop fly:—  
I ween that he who had seen them ride,  
As they rose in turn o'er the bellying tide,  
Had deemed it a vision of olden time,  
Of Afric wizzard in faëry clime;  
In durance dread, by sorceries dark,  
Who wafted a lady in magic bark.  
And all alone, and around them, save  
Where the quivering beam was on the wave,  
Was dubious light, and shifting shade,  
By clouds and mists and waters made:  
The snowy foam on the billow lay,  
Then sunk in the black abyss away;  
The rack went scudding before the blast,  
And its gloom o'er the bay came swift and passed;  
Flittingly gleamed the silvery streak,  
On the waving hills and mountain peak;  
But the star of love looked out in the west,  
As if that lone lady's path she bless'd.”

Although Yamoyden seems to have fallen into unmerited neglect, Sands soon acquired a high reputation among his countrymen as a poet and writer of taste. Its seemingly imitative form and simplicity of plot hung as a millstone upon it; though it is not difficult to trace in certain popular publications since a familiar acquaintance with its peculiarities. Sands was shortly after, in 1820, and in his twenty-first year, invited by Doctor Mason, President of Dickinson College in Pennsylvania, to the chair of Belle Lettres in that institution. But our poet, just then admitted to the bar, was fired with hopes of forensic distinction, and felt that it was more honourable to enter into the lists in competition with the whole world than to confine himself to the limited usefulness of an university. He was, however, doomed to disappointment in his ambitious expectations of professional advancement; and he gradually retired from the

practice within a few years after his admission. "Why and how this happened" says his biographer, "is not easy to explain or even to conjecture. He had not that degree of pecuniary independence which so often proves the bane of young professional men, and he had long looked to the law for the means of support, independence and distinction. He had habits of intense industry; and though his industry was somewhat irregular, this arose mainly from the nature of his pursuits and occupations, and would have been corrected by the routine of professional labour. He had great command of language, fertility of thought, power of illustration, and a playful, original and overflowing humour, which might have been turned to great effect in extemporaneous eloquence. He had a singularly shrewd and quick observation of character; and while he was somewhat averse to metaphysical reasoning, was laborious and acute in the investigation of facts." These certainly are the elements of success at the bar. We may, though, readily enough, believe that a mind so aspiring might, with all these advantages, be unfit for the stirring and jostling activity of a junior member of an American bar; or that his sensitiveness recoiled from being considered a mere "*acutus præco actionum, cautor formularum, anceps syllabarum*." He may have erred, as every one must err, who forms his idea of a lawyer's labours and a lawyer's habits from those of Tully; or who believes that Bacon or Brougham attained their high distinctions, without numerous trials of their pride and patience. Bacon artfully flattered the weakness of his sovereign while he hypocritically undermined his competitors; Brougham has practised a life of drudgery, riding the circuit and mounting the hustings with unwearied perseverance, and has at length, a professed enemy of modern kingcraft, become the keeper of the conscience of the King of England! Future spectators will see nothing but an elevated rank which has overpowered and shallowed up the petty arts of the attorney.

The indifferent success of Sands in the practice of the law, doubtless gave occasion for that ardent devotion to literary pursuits which characterizes the latter no less than the earlier part of his life. He made himself master of the French, Italian and Spanish languages, and some years later of the Portuguese. The Italian, and especially the Spanish, opened to his active mind a new world of thought; and his efforts at translation in the former and the new subjects for the exercise of his pen, which, as connected with his own America, were derived from the latter by him, show how indefatigable he was in his labours, at the same time that they testify to his abilities as a linguist. From 1822 to 1827, he was engaged in writing for different periodicals and in editing others. In connection with his

friends of the Literary Confederacy he published a mock-magazine entitled the *St. Tammany Magazine*, a work of grotesque satire. The *Analectic Magazine* was at first placed under his charge; and subsequently, when that periodical was changed to the *New York Review*, he acted as editor.

Having become a writer by profession; one of those who may be justly styled the workingmen of society, Sands connected himself with a daily paper in the city of New York. There he laboured assiduously, but he did not confine himself to the requirements of a single journal, or to the commercial and political or even literary productions for a newspaper. He wrote for other papers occasionally, and embarked in literary enterprises of some moment. To write, with him, was not merely a regular task, but it was also a recreation. He would excite public curiosity by giving a chapter or two from a *soi-disant* forthcoming novel, satirizing the follies and vices of the day; or he would entice some one to an anonymous combat, and in the paper of a brother editor "overwhelm his antagonist with history, facts, quotations and authorities, all manufactured for the occasion;" or he would take some Latin or French quotation, and suggesting difficulties in translation, pour forth at once an infinitude of humour and learning. Of this last character are his letters signed John Brown, who, as we are informed in a note, is not his brother in the directory, and John Smith, who is the cousin of the said John Brown. They are admirable for their erudite whimsicality. He possessed in a very great degree the faculty of throwing men and things into ridiculous situations, without placing them in broad caricature; and even in these off-hand productions, which he had intended only for the amusement of the hour, we see a merit which should preserve them from the oblivion destined for the ephemeral effusions with which they are connected.

He was engaged in 1828 to write an historical notice of Cortes, Conqueror of Mexico, intended to be prefixed to an edition in the Spanish language, with the letters of that hardy adventurer. It was accordingly translated into that language, and a large edition was published and sent to South America. The English manuscript remained in possession of its author until his death, and is now for the first time printed in the volumes before us. It is a faithful narrative of the events in the busy life of Cortes; drawn up, however, with very favourable views of his character. Without denying the charge, so often brought against his memory, of severity towards the poor idolators of Mexico, he seeks to palliate its enormity by reference to the blind cruelty of Christian religionists, even at a later period, both in England and within our own borders. The torture and subsequently ignominious death of Guatemozin, receive the

more charitable supposition of Bernal Diaz, that Cortes himself has observed an entire silence as to the former, because he was ashamed of his not having been able to prevent it. Impartial history, we fear, will not look upon "this scourge of mankind" in so fair a light as this biographer has done.

This work is not a mere compilation from English historians. Sands derived his materials from the very fountain head, industriously searching into and collating the accounts of the old Spanish authorities; and this was the more necessary, inasmuch as Mexico has been not only a mine of wealth, but of the most extravagant fiction. This desire of perfect authenticity might be thought to be evinced in the manner of his writing Mexican names, preferring the original to the common and familiar English style; but it must be remembered that the present work was probably never intended for publication by the writer, but merely for the use of the Spanish reader.

His researches into Mexican history furnished him with materials for a beautiful little poem, called the "Dream of the Princess Papantzin," and founded on a story, which is recorded by the Abbé Clavigero in his History of Mexico. Papantzin, the sister of Montezuma, died, as was supposed, and was buried in a grotto in the gardens of the palace of her former husband, the Governor of Hatelolco. On the next day after her funeral, she came forth, and Montezuma, full of terror, visited her with the chief nobility. She related, that after her sense and power of motion had left her, she found herself in a vast plain, broken only by a road of many paths, and a river whose waters made a terrible noise; that, intending to leap into this river for the purpose of crossing it, a fair youth, of noble mein, and clad in long white robes, stood before her. He had two wings; and the sign of the cross was on his forehead. He took her by the hand, desiring her to stay, as it was not yet her time to cross the river; and then leading her along the shore of it, where she saw skulls, and human bones, and heard groans, and on the river, boats filled with men, white and bearded, and with standards and helmets. The youth then declared to her that it was the will of God that she should live to bear testimony of future revolutions in Mexico; that the groans proceeded from the souls of her ancestors, tormented for their sins; that the men in the boats were the future conquerors of her country; and that when the war should be finished, she should receive an ablution of her sins. He then disappeared, and she was again restored to life. This narrative filled Montezuma with heavy thoughts, and he departed, saying nothing to her, and ever after refusing to see her.

This poem, which contains between four and five hundred lines, is written in blank verse. It furnishes the best testimony

of Sands' descriptive powers, of any in the whole collection. The verse is easy and flowing, the language itself felicitous and forcible. Take the following description of the holy ambassador:—

“Serene the light  
That floated round him, as the lineaments  
It eased with its mild glory. Gravely sweet  
The impression of his features, which to scan  
Their lofty loveliness forbade: His eyes  
She felt, but saw not: only, on his brow—  
From over which, encircled by what seemed  
A ring of liquid diamond, in pure light  
Revolving ever, backward flowed his locks,  
In buoyant, waving clusters—on his brow  
She marked a Cross described; and lowly bent,  
She knew not wherefore, to the sacred sign.  
From either shoulder mantled o'er his front,  
Wings dropping feathery silver; and his robe  
Snow-white in the still air was motionless,  
As that of chiselled god, or the pale shroud  
Of some fear-conjured ghost.

“Her hand he took,  
And led her passive o'er the naked banks  
Of that black stream, still murmuring angrily.  
But, as he spoke, she heard its moans no more;  
His voice seemed sweeter than the hymnings raised  
By brave and gentle souls in Paradise,  
To celebrate the outgoing of the sun,  
On his majestic progress over heaven.  
'Stay, Princess,' thus he spoke, 'thou mayest not yet  
O'erpass these waters. Though thou knowest it not,  
Nor Him, God loves thee.' So he led her on,  
Unfainting, amid hideous sights and sounds;  
For now, o'er scattered skulls and grisly bones  
They walked; while underneath, before, behind,  
Rise dolorous wails, and groans protracted long,  
Sobs of deep anguish, screams of agony,  
And melancholy sighs, and the fierce yell  
Of hopeless and intolerable pain.”

The “Dream of Papantzin,” appeared in the *Talisman* of 1829, a publication similar in design to the literary annuals which have sprung up of late years, but differing from them, in that it was the work of three hands only, and that it was published under the *sobriquet*, Francis Herbert, Esq. His coadjutors in this work were the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck and Mr. William C. Bryant. The publication was continued for three years. “Of this publication,” says Mr. Verplanck, “about one fourth was entirely from Sands’ pen, and about as much more was his joint work, with one or other of his friends. He composed with amazing ease and rapidity, and delighting, as he always did, in the work of composition, it gave him additional pleasure to make it a social enjoyment. He had this peculi-

arity, that the presence of others, in which most authors find a restraint upon the free course of their thoughts and fancies, was to him a source of inspiration and excitement." The *Talisman* was very successful, but as the interest of its authors flagged, their original design, which was nothing more than to publish a joint volume of miscellanies, becoming lost in the similarity of the work to the common *Annals*, it was discontinued, as we have said, after the publication of the third volume. Mr. Sands thought that his contributions to it contained some of his most finished writings, and in this opinion we are disposed to concur. They are mostly in prose, and for this reason we shall leave our notice of them, as of his other prose writings, for the conclusion of this article. There are, however, several other poetical pieces of considerable merit, comprised in these volumes, especially his translation from *Metastasio*, entitled "Isaac, a Type of the Redeemer." In 1832, in connection with several other American writers, Sands published "*Tales of the Glauber Spa*." His last finished composition was a small poem, on "The Dead of 1832," one of which he himself was destined in a few days to be. On the 17th December of that year, while in the act of preparing an article for a *Monthly Magazine*, then about to be established, and when he had written with a pencil the following line,

"O think not my spirit among you abides,"

He was suddenly struck with a fit of apoplexy, and in a few hours after expired. The composition which he had in hand, was on *Esquimaux Literature*, and consisted of two fragments, intended for supposed specimens of *Greenland poetry*.

There is a melancholy interest attached to the productions of so young a pioneer in American literature,—of one so early taken from that society, of which he gave brighter evidences every day of his being an ornament and benefit. Had he lived, we might have received from his pen further, perhaps more perfect performances; for his extensive reading, his familiarity with the ancient classics, his unequalled facility in writing, and his ardent patriotism, kept his energies continually in play. He had acted upon his own principle, laid down in one of his earlier compositions, that any thing from *Greenland* to *Cape Horn*, on the continent of *America*, should be more acceptable to us than the legends of superstitious and barbarous *Europe*; and he appears to us, in the last act of his life, as having devoted himself entirely to the consummation of something glorious for his country. Our regrets, however, are in vain, except to make us linger, with more admiration, over what he has bequeathed to posterity.

The prose writings of Sands possess great merit. It is true that he has left us no great work, whose pre-eminent excellence would immortalize his name. His professional avocations prevented it. Still, in the class of productions in which he exerted his talents, he has given us admirable specimens. With all his patriotism, there is no effluence of national vanity, none of that comparison of self with others, which renders American works so offensive in the eyes of foreigners. If, indeed, he may speak of his countrymen, it is to throw out a hint for their own instruction. He is thus intensely interested in his subject as a subject. To develope and illustrate it he introduces his own observations of character, his varied learning; and, if the occasion be meet, his sportive humour. There is a freshness, a raciness, about his most trivial efforts.

He could fill up and finish better than he could design. A single conception not only receives amplification, being presented in different lights, and exhibiting different aspects, but it is invested with a full drapery of diction, and is made to impart a vivid picture to the mind. Beyond this, however, he fails. He does not arrange well the materials of his story. We admire each particular part, but are dissatisfied with the general effect. With the exception of *Boyuca*, we know not one of his tales that does not leave, after perusal, a sense of incompleteness. We are enough entertained as we read, but are displeased when we have finished. For this reason some of his best satires border on extravagance.

The first of his pieces which we shall notice is "A Simple Tale," published in the *Talisman* of 1829. A quiet and respectable couple take it into their heads to remove from the city to a pleasant village, to pass away the remnant of their days. The fixedness of the population in the place of their new sojourn, made their arrival a matter of no small occurrence; and all tongues were busy in giving vent to the wonderment and curiosity of the inhabitants. Mr. Tompkins was a man past the meridian of life, who visited the shop of the barber regularly, read the newspapers, advertisements and all, except the poetry, drank his glass of cider or wine at the public houses, took his walk towards evening, went to church, unless the weather was very bad, smoked his cigar, and played back-gammon with an old Danish gentleman of the same orderly habits. His wife was a plain matron, who knitted her own stockings, who stayed at home and attended to her own business, except when strolling with her husband in an evening walk, she visited the habitations of some poor people in the suburbs of the place. Many attempts were made by "three ladies, a widow, a widow bewitched, and a middle-aged single woman—namely, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross," to satisfy themselves

on divers points relating to their history, means, and intentions; but in this they were repulsed by the new-comers with the best nature possible.

"Had she always lived in New York?" they inquired of Mrs. Tompkins.

"No—she had travelled a great deal."

"Was it her native place?"

"No—she was born at sea."

"Had her husband been long settled in New York?"

"No—he had lived there sometime," &c. &c.

Thus they continued enveloped in mystery, and pestered by a hundred contrivances of their kind villagers. The following is a good hit:

"A fondness for getting up charitable societies had always prevailed, to a greater or less extent, in this village. But at this particular time it became a *rage*, in consequence of the organization in larger towns of associations on a grand scale; the notices of whose meetings, with the names of several official dignitaries, as published in the newspapers, inflamed the ambition of the country folks. A society for the Suppression of Pauperism was immediately formed. Under its auspices, at the same time, was organized a society for the relief of the poor and destitute; and, subsidiary to the latter, an auxiliary branch was instituted for the purpose of seeking out and examining the condition of such poor and destitute people, with a view of reporting their cases to the parent society. The executive committee of the auxiliary branch consisted of four ladies and three gentlemen, who met twice a week regularly, with the power of calling extra meetings, for the purpose of reporting and consulting.

"It was certainly most unfortunate that a system so complicated and so admirable, should be framed without any subjects being found to try it upon. It was like a fine new mill, with a double run of stones, without any grist to be ground in it. The executive committee were not inactive; but, strange to relate, unless they patronised some of the members of one or all of the three societies, thus compacted like Chinese boxes, there was never a soul in the place, upon the causes and extent of whose poverty and destitution they could report, without going to the gentiles whom I have mentioned before, who lived in the crazy and deciduous tenements in the outskirts.

"To them, however, the three gentlemen, urged partly by their zeal in the cause, and partly by some sly intimations from the four ladies, that they were afraid of receiving injury to their clothes or to their persons, were induced to repair. Their mission was fruitless enough. \* \* \*

"What was to be done? It was necessary that some report should be made, which, having been approved by the branch and the parent institution, and laid by them before the pauperism society of the village, might be transmitted to the great metropolitan branch of the general state association. The grand anniversary was approaching; and what a contemptible figure their returns would make. Under these circumstances Miss Cross called an extra meeting of the executive committee.

"I do not intend to report the proceedings of this illustrious delegation, but merely the upshot of them. They actually appointed a sub-committee, consisting of Miss Cross, who was all of six feet high, and a pot-bellied tinman, who was only four feet eleven, to wait upon Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins, and to inform them in a delicate way, that the auxiliary branch had viewed with satisfaction their efforts to maintain a decent appearance, and

had taken into very particular consideration the causes of their poverty, and the mode of applying suitable relief. It was well known, the committee were instructed to say, that they were destitute people, because nobody wrote to them; and it was a universal subject of wonder how they lived. They were growing paler and thinner under the influence of hope deferred, or more probably of no hope at all; and if they would quit Mrs. Wilkins, whose charge for board was too high, they might yet have bright and pleasant days before them, under the patronage of the society. They might lodge with the aunt of Miss Cross, who had a nice room in the garret, and took as boarders, half a dozen of the cabinet-maker's apprentices. Mrs. Tompkins could improve her time by washing and ironing; and something might be done for her husband, in the way of getting him accounts to cast up for grocers, running about to collect them, dunning, &c.

"So Miss Cross and the tinman went the next afternoon, and, I believe, that with all the importance they assumed or felt, as members of the auxiliary branch, there was a little hesitation in their entrance into the demesne of Mrs. Wilkins. Mr. Tompkins was playing back-gammon with his Danish friend, when his wife opened the door suddenly, with her face flushed, and said—'My dear, here are a lady and gentleman, who wish to inquire into the cause of our poverty, and the means of relieving it. She laughed as she spoke, but as she turned away and went up stairs, cried hysterically.

"Mr. Tompkins, who had a man taken up, as the phrase is, and had just thrown doublets of the very point in which he could not enter, rose and issued forth to talk to the sub-committee. I believe, most devoutly, that he was an amiable man; and as to the vulgar practice of profane swearing, I do not think he had ever indulged in it before in his life. But when he discharged this sub-committee, I am credibly informed, that he availed himself of as round and overwhelming a volley of blasphemy as ever was heard on board of a man-of-war. I hope it has been pardoned him among his other transgressions."

Let no man imagine that the heart of the writer of the above extract was deadened to the feelings of charity and brotherly kindness. He would greatly err, should he so think. His warmth of affection was strong towards those whose station and fortune were inferior to his own; and to those whose unfortunate conduct had excluded them from common charity, who had been "marked by shame for her own," his counsel and money were ever freely given. His satire in the present instance is not, therefore, the ebullition of a morose and misanthropic disposition; on the contrary, its keenness is the more enhanced by the fact that it is given, not only in singleness of purpose, but by one who was peculiarly alive to the just wants of his fellow-creatures.

"Mr. De Viellecour and his Neighbours," is a piece of extravagant ridicule and of broad satire, throwing some of our domestic manners and social personages in striking, though amusing lights. Plutarch Peck has many a representative in these days of universal suffrage. Aunt Abishag and Miss Hugins, Epaphroditus and Terence Mountjoy are not such caricatures, but that their originals may be found in every village in our country. Terence is indeed a familiar portrait. He is a

cousin-german to Baron Von Hoffman *et id omne genus*,—a “nondescript Canada-Gallicised Irishman,” who wears a military frock coat, a dirty ruffle, and buckskin breeches. He is of course a nobleman incog. who had possessed large estates, which had been confiscated by the troubles in Europe. He had taken private passage to Canada, and was daily in expectation of receiving remittances. He had taught, while in Canada, the ‘French and other polite languages of Europe,’ and had ‘got certificates from the most distangay and scientifique personages’ there. The genus is thus described:

“He belongs to a genus of which every one knows more or less, who has seen or heard anything of the phenomena, which, for the edification of monster-hunters and monster-gazers, have arisen, calumniated, and set, or more often ‘shot madly from their spheres,’ in the horizon of New York society, for the last twenty years. Of this genus there are several species, though the nature of lack kind soon passeth away, and goeth out of fashion, and of remembrance. Yet, in their brief career, they have charmed female hearts, and turned wise brokers’ heads. Such is the power of foreign tongues and foreign titles, foreign jewels and foreign jokes, foreign fashions and foreign fiddling. There is your heroic humbug, as your Waterloo general; your scientific humbug, such as you may meet at the suppers of the Literary and Philosophical Society, or the soirées of some Mæcenæ; your patriotic humbug, who has ‘left his country for his country’s good,’ and such as you may see every where. There is your medical and your musical humbug; your ecclesiastical humbug, your pedagogical humbug, your proselyte humbug, and your new-community humbug; your phrenological humbug, your *cuisinier* humbug, your travelled humbug, and your savage humbug. Last, though not least, there is the real, pure, natural, unlicked, unlettered, unequivocal, unadorned, unadulterated, unsophisticated, unaccommodated humbug; or, as Lear says, ‘the real thing itself—a poor, bare, forked animal,’ who, without education, knowledge or manners—without tongues or travels, jewels or juggles, fashions or falsetto, grace or grammar, will make his way by the mere dint of sheer and monstrous lying—lying, which has neither the merit of invention nor consistency; and is so essentially grotesque, that it seems easier to believe it at once, than to believe that it has ever *been* believed.”

Terence belongs to the last class; and differs from the Rev. Mr. Fiddler only in that he made no higher pretensions to ecclesiastical or pedagogical lore, than those which the certificate of his friend ‘Father O’Larkin of Muntryall’ justly awarded him.

There is a fulness and ease in these humorous stories that confirm us in the opinion, that such were the most ready productions of Sands’ pen. His wit flows almost without thought. It appears to us while we read, as the stream,

“That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on;”

And, when we reach the end of the tale, there is a sense of abruptness and dissatisfaction that generates the belief, that the author has consulted the prescribed limits,—the *quantum suff.* of a tale for an annual, rather than the inclination and powers of his genius.

The *Simple Tale* and *Mr. De Viellecour*, are coarser sketches than the *Scenes at Washington*, but they are more natural. They are all drawn from the same original source, and all bear the impression of novelty; but the latter want that real interest to amuse, which so frequently leaves what was intended for broad satire, to be viewed as a ridiculous burlesque.

The most perfect of his works of prose fiction is *Boyuca*, a tale founded on the story of Ponce de Leon's search after the fountain to whose waters Indian tradition gave the power of rejuvenescence. In style, it is elevated above all his other attempts, preserving a dignity of language and thought not always sustained by him. The tale itself is highly picturesque. It takes hold of the imagination and transports it over the wild and fearful fields, traversed by the superstitious adventurer, with a poetical interest. The character of the Charaibo woman is well conceived. "You may wander," said she, "and fight, and kill those who have done you no harm, and search for the yellow stone which is your god, and forget how often the trees have changed, and the flowers, and the grass, and the moon, and the sun itself. But so long as I have told you, I was alone,—alone—but the Tuyra was with me when I called him. When I burned sweet herbs, the smoke was pleasant to his nostrils, and he came. He came when the moon and the stars were bright in the sky and danced in the waters. He called me Tequina, and told me when the hurricane would come. When ye came and found me waiting, he had told me to be ready. But now, by the fountain, he came without my calling. He told me when the sun disappears I should go to my people. Then, because I have brought ye to the waters ye seek, gather up my knees, and cover me from the light and air." Cunaboa returns to her father and mother, her husband and her children.

The artless declarations of the southern Indians, in relation to the mineral wealth and natural magnificence of their country, even now excite the liveliest emotions; their effect upon the Spanish adventurers was heightened by their preconceived ideas of oriental splendour—a splendour, which they naturally supposed was connected, if not identical, with the resources of the newly discovered country; and by the precious specimens which they beheld around them, on their arrival, in the profusion of ignorant, if not barbarous negligence. Thus every thing relating to this early history, presents an air of extravagance bordering on romance. The fountain of youth,—a fable that has belonged to every superstitious age and country, and that gives evidence of the universal desire of a prolongation of life,—is one of these poetical realities; and at the same time it furnishes—we mean the real incidents connected with it—the groundwork of a stirring fiction. The luxuriance of tropical

vegetation, the wild scenery, the credulous natives, awe-struck with the sublimity of the works of nature around them, or bowing with fear before the terrific beasts of the forest, admonish us that we are on new poetical ground, where the heart may catch inspiration from the pursuit of such a theme. The following passages, taken from Boyuca, and descriptive of the death of the jaguar—the solitary of the Bahamas—are signal for their vigour and deep interest:

“As he spoke, the lugubrious *hoo! hoo!* of the savage beast, not like the voice of one crying in the desert to repent, but like that of one crying to prepare for eternal anguish, was heard from the other side of their station; and in an instant, a long red quadruped, with a swollen bristling tail of the same colour, and at least two feet in length, in rapid motion, was seen springing through the air, and immediately climbing the tall trunk of a locust. It was among its branches in another moment; and from a cleft among them, fifty feet at least above the lower ground on which the party stood, the glaring eyes again appeared. In the brief time permitted them for observation during its flying ascent, they could perceive that it doubled in size that of Berecillo, who now rushed between them and the tree on which the prodigy had fastened, foaming at the mouth, and watching the movements of his adversary's eyes, and keeping up incessantly an angry roar, as he shifted his position, leaning back on his haunches and bracing his rigidly knit limbs, as if in expectance of the stranger's leap. They also perceived that the hide of the latter was, in its groundwork, of a tawny red; quaintly streaked from the breadth of its back with black and fallow stripes, diminishing in size as they approached the lighter hue of the belly and extremities; that it had also among them spots that looked like eyes, and that he showed, in all his formation, amazing strength, ferocity and activity. Ever and anon as his eyes became fixed on Berecillo, and he seemed about to spring, he shrank back, as his glances wandered to the soldiers; glances which

‘Made no sunshine in the shady place,’

but seemed to emit through it lurid beams of yellow fire. But the Indian interpreter appeared now to have regained his self-possession, and had led one of the soldiers with him a few yards farther off, hastily and earnestly giving directions to the reluctant veteran. Bringing the butt of his weapon to his foot, the latter drew the strong cord to its tension; and adjusting to its groove a heavy bolt, adapted to a long steel arrow head, furnished with broad and deeply indented barbs, raised it slowly, and not in a military style, to his shoulder as he hesitatingly winked at the furious, and to him unintelligible savage, in his frightfully beautiful and shining coat,—who, with fixed look and contracted limbs, must have fairly given the impulse for his fatal spring upon the dog, when the Indian touched the soldier's shoulder. The tough cord twanged; and it was plain enough whither the bolt had sped; for they saw it cleaving into the yellow breast of the monster, and heard his demoniac shrieks of pain, tormenting the very marrow of their bones. The red blood crimsoned his rich and mottled skin, as, for a few seconds, he clung to or was balanced upon, the tough limbs he had chosen for a rest; and then, with fainter but not less thrilling yells, he fell, crushing all before him, and rolling over and over down the declivity to within a few yards of the party.

“As Berecillo was sweeping round him, and ever and anon, in a paroxysm of rage, preparing to rush upon the entirely new and dangerous stranger (for such he was to him), not, however, with that fearless speed, sudden, straight, and swift as that of an arrow, with which he was wont to seize

his designated victim, among however great a multitude, but with dreadful groanings and almost whinings, he was successively called off by the Indian, the bowman, and his master; and it was with an entire breach of the seemingly discipline becoming a man-at-arms of that or of any age, that he growlingly and by unequal movements, obeyed the stern command of the latter.

"Meantime, which ever way the mortally-wounded creature turned, the barbed steel, as he twisted it in his vitals, or as it was forced in by the end of the shaft coming in contact with the ground, as he rolled over or fell, tortured from him screams which no human ears could ever forget, and no human voice could faintly describe or imitate, were even the crazy shepherd Chrysostom's attempt a practicable one. But their ears could not be shut to those infernal sounds, nor their eyes, by a distressing fascination, be withheld from occasionally reverting to the exhibition of horror long to be protracted, as they followed the guide and interpreter, at their earnest entreaties to proceed; the former assuring them that the *ochi* would be dead before their return.

"'Ay,' said Perez, gloomily, 'that may very well be.'

"The beast tore up the underwood and the earth, and the sparks flashed as he ground the rock with his teeth. With convulsive leaps he at one time showed at full length his crimsoned breast and wildly-struggling limbs, with his infuriate eyes bursting out of their sockets, and so fell prostrate backwards; and then, after writhings intolerable to be beheld, he would jump from his feet and fasten claws and fangs on some huge trunk, tearing off great shreds of the thick tough bark, and splinters of the wood itself, until he fell again from the temporary exhaustion. They were soon out of sight of this scene; but still the piteous wails and yells, that shook every nerve, even of those fearless men, followed them with persecuting reiteration."

It would be easy to multiply extracts which would present Mr. Sands in a highly favourable light before our readers; not only from the volumes under notice, but from other acknowledged sources. Sufficient, however, have been adduced to show the diversified nature of his writings, and his varied powers of mind.

We honour his memory for the services which he has done for us in labouring to establish an indigenous literature. His productions are, in general, of too ephemeral a character to become the favourites of another age; or, indeed, to fix the universal attention of the present. The blossom falls to the ground unnoticed, but the fruit comes in its season to gladden the husbandman. It may be pardoned, nevertheless, to stop and admire the buds of promise, and the rich, though evanescent garniture of nature; for he who is wise, may, in some respect, calculate the harvest, if he do not receive a goodly measure of present enjoyment. If, however, we have not been mistaken in our estimate of the relative merit of Yamoyden, and Sands' other works, they will not be readily forgotten. They come to us fresh and original. Why should we turn from them to the worn-out legends and historical shreds of Europe? Why pass from them, when the humblest production of our own is calculated to awaken sentiments in the true bosom more congenial to itself than the proudest trophy of foreign intellect?

ART. XV.—*Life of Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiah, or Black Hawk; with an Account of the Cause and General History of the Late War, &c.* Dictated by himself. One vol. 12mo. Boston, 1834.

THE war (though it scarcely deserves the name) which, not long since, attracted so much interest, and excited such alarm on our western frontier; the interest and the alarm being both disproportionate to the importance of the contest; will, probably, be the last regular conflict with the unfortunate aborigines of this continent. The name of Indian was, at one period, identical with war, slaughter, devastation and blood; and the horrors of Indian warfare, and the dread of Indian irruptions, in former times, blanched many a cheek, and made the heart of the stoutest warrior to quail. But these are mementos of years that are past; the lingering records of once powerful, numerous and formidable tribes, the masters of the field, the mountains, and the floods which we now possess; who have been, not amalgamated with a Christian race by the influence of religion and refinement, but crushed beneath the iron hand of power, or withered and blighted by the influx of the vices of civilization. The struggle to which we have alluded, was the expiring throes of a fast-fading, yet, even in decay, a fearless and independent people.

Of such a chief and such a nation, the individual to whom the romantic and appropriate name of Black Hawk has been accorded, was a fitting representative. He was courageous, high-minded and independent; cool, cautious and prudent; not so savage nor bloodthirsty as most of his race, and endued with sagacity to perceive the hopelessness of any future or prolonged contest of his red brethren with the overwhelming power and numbers of their white neighbours. According to his own account of the affair, the folly of an attempt to wage war with the United States never entered his mind: he at once saw its absurdity, and the whole conflict was the result of an aggression upon the part of the whites, against which he defended himself and his people as he best could.

We all remember the tour of this bold chief through a part of the Union, and with what eager anxiety a sight of him was anticipated. It is known that he shared largely in the curiosity which attended the progress of another great chief through the country; who, about the same period, delighted so many of his fellow citizens with his splendid feats of horsemanship. The tall, thin figure, the white locks and the white horse of the one were considered as nearly equalled in interest by the red face,

the blanket and the beads, and the immovable countenance of the other; and a large portion of the American people had, at the same instant, the pleasure of beholding him, beneath whose arm so many of the sons of the forest had fallen, and whose laurels had been bathed in so much Cherokee, Chickasaw and Seminole blood; and him, also, who had upheld to the utmost of his power, the falling fortunes of his tribe. It has been whispered, that the current of popular curiosity and admiration was setting so fast in favour of the Indian warrior, that the natural anxiety of those who directed the movements of his illustrious rival, to monopolize the earnest gaze of the people, prompted a sudden separation of the routes of the travelling chiefs; the savage, therefore, was hurried to his woods in the north, while his more lucky companion pursued his journey to gladden the eyes of our eastern friends, and to place on his brows those enduring rewards of literary labour which are far above the perishable chaplets of mere military glory. The spectacle was one calculated to give rise to serious reflection in the philosophic mind. Was the admiration for purely physical accomplishments, the graceful sitting and the graceful management of a noble horse, transferred to the mental endowments of the rider? Were any of us dazzled by the outside glitter, and induced to look beyond, or to overlook mental qualifications? Are the Americans the sober, thinking, serious people they have been sometimes denominated, or are they caught, or apt to be, by a show! curious as the Athenians; eager to run after what pleases the eye, and disposed to be led away by the admiration or the excitement of the moment? If so, their liberties are in danger. The sight of wounds, suffered in fighting their battles, may make them forget the object and end of those very battles; and should this supposition of their character be well founded, some new Pisistratus will not be wanting to cheat them out of their senses, and leave them to lament their delusion when their freedom has been wrested from them for ever.

For ourselves, we plead guilty to the charge of admiration for the Indian warrior. His courage and daring in battle, his constancy in fatigue and danger, and his magnanimity under defeat, give birth to this feeling. He had the bold, calm front, so characteristic of the natives of our western wilds; and the prominent, aquiline nose, not unfrequent in that race, though the contrary has been vulgarly, yet erroneously, supposed to be a distinguishing mark of their features. We may remark here, that no part of our globe has presented specimens of savage nature which will bear a comparison in body or mind with our American Indians. No where have finer models for the statuary or the painter been presented; and in no race have some of the higher and nobler qualities of our nature been more sig-

nally developed. The vices of the American savage are those of pure barbarism; while his virtues appear to belong to a much higher degree in the scale of human society. Well may the philanthropist feel a deep interest in their welfare, and well may he be excused for even enthusiastic exertions in their cause.

The little book, of which we intend to present a brief notice, if really the production of the *unpronounceable Ma-kai-tai-me-she-kia-kia*, is a subject of considerable curiosity and interest, as being, we believe, the first published production of an American Indian. We have had orations in abundance, but no connected or continued narrative. The book itself comes to us so well authenticated, that we feel compelled to take its genuineness for granted. The copy-right was procured by Mr. J. B. Patterson, of Rock Island, Illinois, who styles himself editor and proprietor; and the publication is accompanied by the certificate of Antoine Leclair, United States interpreter for the Sacs and Foxes, dated at Rock Island, in the Indian Agency, October 16, 1833. In this certificate, Mr. Leclair states, that Black Hawk called upon him and expressed a desire to have his life written and published; that, in accordance with his request, he acted as interpreter, and was particularly cautious to understand distinctly Black Hawk's narrative throughout; that he examined the work carefully after its completion, and pronounced it strictly correct in all its particulars. It is rather meagre in incident; and, on some points, on which we should have desired fuller information, quite defective. We shall give a short sketch of the occurrences in the life of this Indian chief as he furnishes them, and remark upon one or two matters of general interest, which are brought to our notice in the narrative. As the events of the expedition under Generals Scott and Atkinson are of recent occurrence, they must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. The American account, therefore, of the causes and incidents of the war, we shall not transcribe; it being our purpose to present merely the Indian statement of the affair. It is matter of curious speculation to see in how different a light things are viewed by us and by our savage neighbours.

The old chief, in the dedication of his book to General Atkinson, gives us a very natural and creditable motive for undertaking its composition. He says—

“The changes of many summers have brought old age upon me,—and I cannot expect to survive many moons. Before I set out on my journey to the land of my fathers, I have determined to give my motives and reasons for my former hostilities to the whites, and to vindicate my character from misrepresentation.”

Black Hawk thus commences his story:

"I was born at the Sac Village, on Rock River, in the year 1767, and am now in my 67th year. My great grandfather, Na-nà-ma-kee, or Thunder, (according to the tradition given me by my father, Py-e-say,) was born in the vicinity of Montreal, where the Great Spirit first placed the Sac Nation, and inspired him with a belief that, at the end of four years, he should see a *white man*, who would be to him a father. Consequently he blacked his face, and eat but once a day, (just as the sun was going down,) for three years, and continued dreaming throughout all this time whenever he slept,—when the Great Spirit again appeared to him, and told him, that at the end of one year more, he should meet his father, and directed him to start seven days before its expiration, and take with him his two brothers *Na-mah*, or Sturgeon, and *Pau-ka-hum-ma-wa*, or Sun Fish, and travel in a direction to the left of sun-rising. After pursuing this course five days, he sent out his two brothers to listen if they could hear a noise, and if so, to fasten some grass to the end of a pole, erect it, pointing in the direction of the sound, and then return to him.

"Early next morning they returned, and reported that they had heard sounds which appeared near at hand, and that they had fulfilled his order. They all then started for the place where the pole had been erected; when, on reaching it, Na-nà-ma-kee left his party, and went, alone, to the place from whence the sounds proceeded, and found that the white man had arrived and pitched his tent. When he came in sight, his father came out to meet him. He took him by the hand, and welcomed him into his tent. He told him that he was the son of the King of France—that he had been dreaming for four years—that the Great Spirit had directed him to come here, where he should meet a nation of people who had never yet seen a white man—that they should be his children, and he should be their father—that he had communicated these things to the king, his father, who laughed at him, and called him a *Ma-she-na*—but he insisted on coming here to meet his children, where the great Spirit had directed him. The king told him that he would neither find land nor people—that this was an uninhabited region of lakes and mountains; but, finding that he would have no peace without it, fitted out a *nà-pe-quâ*, manned it, and gave it to him in charge, when he immediately loaded it, set sail, and had now landed on the very day that the Great Spirit had told him in his dreams he should meet his children. He had now met the man who should in future have charge of all the nation.

"He then presented him with a medal, which he hung round his neck. Na-nà-ma-kee informed him of *his* dreaming, and told him that his two brothers remained a little ways behind. His father gave him a shirt, blanket, and handkerchief, besides a variety of presents, and told him to go and bring his brothers. Having laid aside his buffalo robe, and dressed himself in his new dress, he started to meet his brethren. When they met he explained to them his meeting with the white man, and exhibited to their view the presents that he had made him—took off his medal and placed it upon *Nà-ma*, his elder brother, and requested them both to go with him to his father.

"They proceeded thither,—were ushered into the tent, and, after some brief ceremony, his father opened his chest and took presents therefrom for the new-comers. He discovered that Na-nà-ma-kee had given his medal to *Nà-ma*. He told him that he had done wrong—he should wear that medal himself, as he had others for his brethren: That which he had given him was a type of the rank he should hold in the nation: That his brothers could only rank as *civil* chiefs,—and their duties should consist of taking care of the village, and attending to its civil concerns—whilst his rank, from his superior knowledge, placed him over them all. If the nation gets into any difficulty with another, then his *puc-co-hà-wa-mà*, or sovereign

decree, must be obeyed. If he declared war, he must lead them on to battle: That the Great Spirit had made him a great and brave general, and had sent him here to give him that medal, and make presents to him for his people.

"His father remained four days—during which time he gave him guns, powder and lead, spears and lances, and showed him their use;—so that in war he could chastise his enemies,—and in peace they could kill buffalo, deer, and other game, necessary for the comforts and luxuries of life. He then presented the others with various kinds of cooking utensils, and learned them their uses,—and having given them a large quantity of goods, as presents, and every other thing necessary for their comfort, he set sail for France, after promising to meet them again, at the same place, after the twelfth moon.

"The three newly-made chiefs returned to their village, and explained to Muk-a-tà-quet, their father, who was the principal chief of the nation, what had been said and done. The old chief had some *dogs* killed, and made a feast, preparatory to resigning his sceptre, to which all the nation were invited. Great anxiety prevailed among them, to know what the three brothers had seen and heard,—when the old chief rose and related to them the sayings and doings of his three sons, and concluded by observing, that 'the Great Spirit had directed that these, his three children, should take the rank and power that had been his,—and that he yielded these honours and duties willingly to them,—because it was the wish of the Great Spirit, and he could never consent to make him angry!' He now presented the great medicine bag to Na-nà-ma-kee, and told him, 'that he cheerfully resigned it to him—it is the soul of our nation—it has never yet been disgraced—and I will expect you to keep it unsullied!'

"Some dissension arose among some of them, in consequence of so much power being given to Na-nà-ma-kee, he being so young a man. To quiet this, Na-nà-ma-kee, during a violent *thunder storm*, told them that he had *caused* it! and that it was an exemplification of the *name* the Great Spirit had given him. During this storm the *lightning* struck, and set fire to a tree close by; (a sight they had never witnessed before). He went to it, and brought away some of its burning branches, made a fire in the lodge, and seated his brothers thereby, opposite to each other; whilst he stood up and addressed his people as follows:

"I am yet young—but the Great Spirit has called me to the rank I now hold among you. I have never sought to be any thing more than my birth entitled me—I have not been ambitious—nor was it ever my wish, whilst my father lives, to have taken his place—nor have I now usurped his powers. The Great Spirit caused me to dream for four years,—he told me where to go and meet the white man, who would be a kind father to us all. I obeyed his order. I went, and have seen our new father. You have all heard what was said and done. The Great Spirit directed him to come and meet me, and it is his order that places me at the head of my nation,—the place which my father has willingly resigned.

"You have all witnessed the power which has been given to me by the Great Spirit, in making that fire—and all that I now ask is, that these, my two chiefs, may never let it go out: That they preserve peace among you, and administer to the wants of the needy: And, should an enemy invade our country, I will then, but not until then, assume command, and go forth with my band of brave warriors, and endeavour to chastise them!"

"At the conclusion of this speech, every voice cried out for Na-nà-ma-kee! All were satisfied, when they found that the *Great Spirit had done* what they had suspected was the work of Na-nà-ma-kee, he being a very shrewd young man.

"The next spring, according to promise, their French father returned, with

his *nà-pe-quâ* richly laden with goods, which were distributed among them. He continued for a long time to keep up a regular trade with them—they giving him, in exchange for his goods, furs and peltries."

The account given in this extract of the first appearance of the whites among the Indians, accords with similar traditions of other tribes upon this continent.

The Sacs, for such is the name of Black Hawk's tribe, were driven, by the combination of different hostile bands, considerably to the west, until, after much wandering, they finally settled on the Rock River, where they built their village; first expelling the *Kas-kas-kias* from the country. In this settlement our chief was born, being a regular descendant of *Na-nà-ma-kee*, or Thunder. Nothing transpired in his boyhood worthy of note, till about his fifteenth year, when, having wounded an enemy, he was placed among the ranks of the *braves*.

The events of his youthful career, to be found in the book, illustrate the lives of young Indian chiefs. The feats of slaughter are related with all the coolness and apparent pleasure which those who are led to consider them as commendable actions, would naturally feel.

Parties of the Sacs were in the habit of visiting St. Louis every summer, and it appears that the Spaniards were very popular with the natives; the change of masters was not agreeable to the Indians.

Our Indian author proceeds then to mention the circumstances connected with the treaty of 1804, which gave rise to all the after disputes with these unfortunate savages. By virtue of that treaty, the United States laid claim to all the country on the east side of the Mississippi river, including the village and corn fields of Black Hawk and his tribe, and enforced their claims by warlike measures. The objection to the validity of this treaty, enforced by the Indians, was, that it was not made in the presence of the assembled nation, but concluded with individuals who had not the authority of the whole tribe for what they did. The power of the Indian chiefs is such, as not to render any negotiations with them alone, a perfectly secure basis of reliance, and the young men, therefore, of the tribe should be convoked, especially in a case of such importance as the transfer of a whole soil, where their fathers had dwelt, and fought, and hunted for years. This was the particular objection which the Sacs always urged to this treaty, and it appears to us a reasonable one. The occasion may justify us in saying a word upon the subject of negotiations for their land or privileges with barbarous nations generally. Perhaps no transaction in the practice of government can furnish more precedents in its favour, than this of negotiating by way of treaty with savages for a surrender of their country; and it is familiar

to all of us, that the brightest spot in the character of one of the founders of the states composing our Union, is derived from the circumstance of his procuring, through the medium of a contract, which had all the external forms of solemnity and justice, the beautiful country now constituting the keystone of the great political arch of America; the consideration for the transfer being the baubles and the trinkets which civilized man holds in the lowest estimation. We wish, by no means, in this remark, to detract from the merit and reputation either of William Penn or of the other settlers, who substituted this peaceful mode of acquiring territory in a new continent, for the violent and arbitrary measures which had often characterized the history of colonization. Their conduct was the result, no doubt, of a sincere conviction of its justice; and in perfect good faith they offered a string of beads for acres of broad land. It is a most lamentable proof of the prior prevalence of the worst principles and the worst practices in the conduct of man, when a bare absence of positive violence and power in transactions with helpless savages, has earned for those who came and who acted in the spirit of peace, a reputation of the most enduring kind.

It would seem to be one of the inscrutable mysteries of providence, that the advent of Europeans to the shores of the new world should have been the point of time when the certain, final destruction of the aborigines was fixed. The natives of Southern America and of the Islands passed away like the dews of the morning; and though much less barbarity has been evinced towards the Northern Indians of our continent, and even strenuous efforts have been made for their civilization and preservation, they have been altogether in vain; and the wasting numbers, and the feeble remnants of these once numerous nations, attest the certainty of their doom. The avarice and the cupidity of those, who, regardless of every thing but their own selfish purposes, have endeavoured to drive the wretched few, who desire the consolation of burial near the graves of their fathers, still further amid the pathless forests of the West, would seem, unfortunately, merely to hasten that consummation which was registered when the white man first set his foot on Indian ground. Whether, then, positive violence be used, or civilization be left to infuse the deadly poisons which, unhappily, accompany its progress, the effect, though postponed in the latter case, would appear to be the same, and, in either, inevitable. Those, however, who pursue the dictates of humanity and justice, must earn the well-deserved praise to which their efforts entitle them.

But to return to the point, whence we have a little diverged. Where is the foundation in equity and common sense of a

treaty between civilized men and savages? Equality is equity. Inequality would be therefore the reverse. To render a contract fair, there should be equality (to a reasonable extent) of information and intelligence in the contracting parties, and some reasonable proportion in value between what is given by the one party and received in exchange by the other. If a sane man bargain with an idiot; if one of mature years negotiate with an individual not yet arrived at the age of discretion; if the consideration for the transfer be so palpably beneath the value of the article contracted for, as to give rise to the presumption of overreaching on the part of the receiver; the law and reason would, in all such cases, pronounce the transaction void. The parties are not upon an equal footing, and imposition would be the inevitable consequence of enforcing such engagements. Now, does not this inequality of information, intelligence and consideration exist in all the cases of the kind we are considering? Men have been known, in the delirium induced by the passion of gaming, to stake their liberty on "the hazard of the die;" but would this wager be pretended to have any binding force? The fact, that in a treaty with savages, no actual fraud was practised by the more intelligent party, or that he acted in good faith, or that the ignorant barbarian was perfectly satisfied with his bargain,

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,"

would not alter the case, as the obvious inequality of the consideration renders the whole affair inequitable. It is imposition—innocent it may be—but yet imposition. The solemnities, too, of contracts; the signing, the sealing, and the delivery; are matters not understood, or if understood, not appreciated by them. They would probably feel justified, when the bauble or the trinket had ceased to gratify their curiosity, in occupying again the grounds over which they had for years roamed in quest of their prey. To show that these things are so regarded by the Indians, and also to exhibit their sense of the particular treaty of 1804, to which we have alluded above, we shall offer the following passages from the book under review:

"Some moons after this young chief (Lieutenant Pike) descended the Mississippi, one of our people killed an American—and was confined, in the prison at St. Louis, for the offence. We held a council at our village to see what could be done for him,—which determined that Quàsh-quà-me, Pà-she-pa-ho, Oû-che-quà-ka, and Hâ-she-quar-hí-qua, should go down to St. Louis, see our American father, and do all they could to have our friend released; by paying for the person killed—thus covering the blood, and satisfying the relations of the man murdered! This being the only means with us of saving a person who had killed another—and we *then* thought it was the same way with the whites!

"The party started with the good wishes of the whole nation—hoping they would accomplish the object of their mission. The relatives of the prisoner blacked their faces, and fasted—hoping the Great Spirit would take pity on them, and return the husband and father to his wife and children.

"Quàsh-quà-me and party remained a long time absent. They at length returned, and encamped a short distance below the village—but did not come up that day—nor did any person approach their camp! They appeared to be dressed in *fine coats*, and had *medals*! From these circumstances, we were in hopes that they had brought good news. Early the next morning, the Council Lodge was crowded—Quàsh-quà-me and party came up, and gave us the following account of their mission:

"On their arrival at St. Louis, they met their American father, and explained to him their business, and urged the release of their friend. The American chief told them he wanted land—and they had agreed to give him some on the west side of the Mississippi, and some on the Illinois side, opposite the Jeffreon. When the business was all arranged, they expected to have their friend released to come home with them. But about the time they were ready to start, their friend was let out of prison, who ran a short distance, and was *shot dead*! This is all they could recollect of what was said and done. They had been drunk the greater part of the time they were in St. Louis."

"This is all myself or nation knew of the treaty of 1804. It has been explained to me since. I find, by that treaty, all our country, east of the Mississippi, and south of the Jeffreon, was ceded to the United States for *one thousand dollars* a year! I will leave it to the people of the United States to say, whether our nation was properly represented in this treaty? or whether we received a fair compensation for the extent of country ceded by those *four* individuals? I could say much about this treaty, but I will not, at this time. It has been the origin of all our difficulties."

In the war of 1812, with England, the Sacs joined the British against us, and were requested by their allies to sign the treaty of peace. Black Hawk says in relation to this:

"The great chief at St. Louis having sent word for us to go down and confirm the treaty of peace, we did not hesitate, but started immediately, that we might smoke the *peace-pipe* with him. On our arrival, we met the great chiefs in council. They explained to us the words of our Great Father at Washington, accusing us of heinous crimes and divers misdemeanors, particularly in not coming down when first invited. We knew very well that *our Great Father had deceived us*, and thereby *forced us* to join the British, and could not believe that he had put this speech into the mouths of these chiefs to deliver to us. I was not a civil chief, and consequently made no reply: but our chiefs told the commissioners that 'what they had said was a *lie*!—that our Great Father had sent no such speech, he knowing the situation in which we had been placed had been *caused by him*!' The white chiefs appeared very angry at this reply, and said they 'would break off the treaty with us, and *go to war*, as they would not be insulted.'

"Our chiefs had no intention of insulting them, and told them so—'that they merely wished to explain to them that *they had told a lie*, without making them angry; in the same manner that the whites do, when they do not believe what is told them!' The council then proceeded, and the pipe of peace was smoked.

"Here, for the first time, I touched the goose quill to the treaty—not knowing, however, that, by that act, I consented to give away my village.

Had that been explained to me, I should have opposed it, and never would have signed their treaty, as my recent conduct will clearly prove.

"What do we know of the manner of the laws and customs of the white people? They might buy our bodies for dissection, and we would touch the goose quill to confirm it, without knowing what we are doing. This was the case with myself and people in touching the goose quill the first time.

"We can only judge of what is proper and right by our standard of right and wrong, which differs widely from the whites, if I have been correctly informed. The whites *may do bad* all their lives, and then, if they are *sorry for it* when about to die, *all is well!* But with us it is different: we must continue throughout our lives to do what we conceive to be good. If we have corn and meat, and know of a family that have none, we divide with them. If we have more blankets than sufficient, and others have not enough, we must give to them that want. But I will presently explain our customs, and the manner we live."

"My reason teaches me that *land cannot be sold*. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon, and cultivate, as far as is necessary for their subsistence; and so long as they occupy and cultivate it, they have the right to the soil—but if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle upon it. Nothing can be sold, but such things as can be carried away."

The cause of these Indians joining with our enemies in that contest, was principally the bad opinion which they had formed concerning us, from what they considered our unjust encroachments on their soil. We had commenced the erection of forts on the land claimed under the above-mentioned treaty; and, as they thought, had in other respects deceived them. The old chief says:

"Soon after our return home, news reached us that a war was going to take place between the British and the Americans. Runners continued to arrive from different tribes, all confirming the report of the expected war. The British agent, Col. Dixon, was holding *talks* with, and making presents to, the different tribes. I had not made up my mind whether to join the British or remain neutral. *I had not discovered one good trait in the character of the Americans that had come to the country!* They made *fair promises*, but *never fulfilled them!* Whilst the British made but few—but we could always *rely upon their word!*

"One of our people having killed a Frenchman at Prairie du Chien, the British took him prisoner, and said they would *shoot him* the next day! His family were encamped a short distance below the mouth of the Ouisconsin. He begged for permission to go and see them that night, as he was *to die the next day!* They permitted him to go, after promising to return the next morning by sunrise. He visited his family, which consisted of a wife and six children. I cannot describe their *meeting* and *parting*, to be understood by the whites; as it appears that their feelings are acted upon by certain rules laid down by their *preachers!*—whilst ours are governed only by the monitor within us. He parted from his wife and children, hurried through the prairie to the fort, and arrived in time! The soldiers were ready, and immediately marched out *and shot him down!* I visited his family, and by hunting and fishing, provided for them until they reached their relations.

"Why did the Great Spirit ever send the whites to this island to drive us from our homes, and introduce among us *poisonous liquors, disease and death?* They should have remained on the island where the Great Spirit first placed them. But I will proceed with my story. My memory, how-

ever, is not very good since my late visit to the white people. I have still a buzzing in my ears from the noise, and may give some parts of my story out of place; but I will endeavour to be correct.

"Several of our chiefs and head men were called upon to go to Washington to see their Great Father. They started; and during their absence, I went to Peoria, on the Illinois river, to see an old friend, a trader, to get his advice. He was a man that always told us the truth, and knew every thing that was going on. When I arrived at Peoria, he was not there, but had gone to Chicago. I visited the Pottawatomie villages, and then returned to Rock river. Soon after which, our friends returned from their visit to our Great Father—and related what had been said and done. Their Great Father (they said) wished us, in the event of a war taking place with England, not to interfere on either side—but to remain neutral. He did not want our help—but wished us to hunt and support our families, and live in peace. He said that British traders would not be permitted to come on the Mississippi, to furnish us with goods—but we would be well supplied by an American trader. Our chiefs then told him that the *British traders* always gave us *credits* in the fall, for guns, powder and goods, to enable us to hunt and clothe our families. He replied that the trader at Fort Madison would have plenty of goods—that we should go there in the fall, and he would supply us *on credit*, as the *British traders* had done. The party gave a good account of what they had seen, and the kind treatment they received.

"This information pleased us all very much. We all agreed to follow our Great Father's advice, and not interfere with the war. Our women were very much pleased at this good news. Every thing went on cheerfully in our village. We resumed our pastimes of playing ball, horse racing, and dancing, which had been laid aside when this great war was first talked about.

"We had fine crops of corn, which were now ripe—and our women were engaged in gathering it, and making *cashes* to contain it. In a short time we were ready to start to Fort Madison, to get our supply of goods, that we might proceed to our hunting grounds. We passed merrily down the river—all in high spirits. I had determined to spend the winter at my old favourite hunting ground on Skunk river, and left part of my corn and mats at its mouth, to take up when I returned: others did the same. Next morning we arrived at the fort, and made our encampment. Myself and principal men paid a visit to the war chief at the fort. He received us kindly and gave us some tobacco, pipes and provision. The trader came in, and we all rose and shook hands with him—for on him all our dependence was placed, to enable us to hunt, and thereby support our families. We waited a long time, expecting the trader would tell us that he had orders from our Great Father to supply us with goods—but he said nothing on the subject. I got up, and told him, in a short speech, what we had come for—and hoped he had plenty of goods to supply us—and told him that he should be well paid in the spring—and concluded by informing him, that we had determined to follow our Great Father's advice, and not go to war.

"He said that he was happy to hear that we intended to remain at peace. That he had a large quantity of goods; and that, if we made a good hunt, we would be well supplied: but remarked, that *he had received no instructions to furnish us any thing on credit!*—nor could he give us *any without receiving the pay for them on the spot!*

"We informed him what our Great Father had told our chiefs at Washington—and contended that he could supply us if he would—believing that our *Great Father* always spoke the truth! But the war chief said that the trader could not furnish us on credit—and that *he had received no instructions from our Great Father at Washington!* We left the fort dissatisfied, and went to our camp. What was now to be done, we knew not. We

questioned the party that brought us the news from our Great Father, that we would get credit for our winter's supplies, at this place. They still told the same story, and insisted upon its truth. Few of us slept that night—all was gloom and discontent!

"In the morning a canoe was seen descending the river—it soon arrived, bearing an express who brought intelligence that La Gutrie, a *British trader*, had landed at Rock Island, with *two boats* loaded with goods, and requested us to come up immediately; because he had *good news* for us, and a *variety of presents*. The express presented us with tobacco, pipes and wampum.

"The news run through our camp like *fire in the prairie*. Our lodges were soon taken down, and all started for Rock Island. Here ended all hopes of our remaining at peace—having been *forced into war by being DECEIVED!*"

Some of the incidents of the war, as detailed by him, possess interest. We shall extract two passages, which exhibit in a favourable light his powers of description. He had command of a small party of his tribe, and was on his return home:

"In three days more, we were in the vicinity of our village, when I discovered a smoke ascending from a hollow in the bluffs. I directed my party to proceed to the village, as I wished to go alone to the place from whence the smoke proceeded, to see who was there. I approached the spot, and when I came in view of the fire, saw a mat stretched, and an old man sitting under it in sorrow. At any other time I would have turned away without disturbing him—knowing that he had come there to be *alone*, to humble himself before the Great Spirit that he might take pity on him! I approached and seated myself beside him. He gave one look at me, and then fixed his eyes on the ground. *It was my old friend!* I anxiously inquired for his son, (my adopted child,) and what had befallen our people? My old comrade seemed scarcely alive, he must have fasted a long time. I lighted my pipe, and put it in his mouth. He eagerly drew a few puffs—cast up his eyes, which met mine, and recognised me. His eyes were glassy! He would again have fallen off into forgetfulness, had I not given him some water, which revived him. I again inquired, 'what has befallen our people, and what has become of our son?'

"In a feeble voice, he said: 'Soon after your departure to join the British, I descended the river with a small party, to winter at the place I told you the white man had requested me to come to. When we arrived, I found a fort built, and the white family that had invited me to come and hunt near them, had removed to it. I then paid a visit to the fort, to tell the white people that myself and little band were friendly, and that we wished to hunt in the vicinity of their fort. The war chief who commanded it, told me, that we might hunt on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, and no person would trouble us. That the horsemen only ranged on the Missouri side, and he had directed them not to cross the river. I was pleased with this assurance of safety, and immediately crossed over and made my winter's camp. Game was plenty; we lived happy, and often talked of you. My boy regretted your absence, and the hardships you would have to undergo. We had been here about two moons, when my boy went out, as usual, to hunt. Night came on, and he did not return! I was alarmed for his safety, and passed a sleepless night. In the morning, my old woman went to the other lodges and gave the alarm—and all turned out in pursuit. There being snow on the ground, they soon came upon his track, and after pursuing it some distance, found that he was on the trail of a deer, that led towards the river. They soon came to the place where he had stood and

fired, and found a deer hanging upon the branch of a tree, which had been skinned. But here were found the *tracks of white men!* They had taken my boy prisoner. Their tracks led across the river, and then down towards the fort. My friends followed them, and soon found my boy lying dead! He had been most cruelly murdered! His face was shot to pieces—his body stabbed in several places—and his head *scalped!* His arms were tied behind him!"

"The old man paused for some time, and then told me that his wife had died on her way up the Mississippi! I took the hand of my old friend in mine, and pledged myself to avenge the death of his son! It was now dark, a terrible storm commenced raging, with heavy torrents of rain, thunder and lightning. I had taken my blanket off and wrapped it around the old man. When the storm abated, I kindled a fire, and took hold of my old friend to remove him near to it—but *he was dead!* I remained with him the balance of the night. Some of my party came early in the morning to look for me, and assisted me in burying him on the peak of the bluff. I then returned to the village with my friends. I visited the grave of my old friend the last time, as I ascended Rock river."

Having lost his adopted son, he determined to avenge his death. The following incident occurred:

"I immediately collected a party of thirty braves, and explained to them my object in making this war party—it being to avenge the death of my adopted son, who had been cruelly and wantonly murdered by the whites. I explained to them the pledge I had made his father, and told them that they were the last words that he had heard spoken! All were willing to go with me, to fulfil my word. We started in canoes, and descended the Mississippi, until we arrived near the place where fort Madison had stood. It had been abandoned by the whites and burnt; nothing remained but the chimneys. We were pleased to see that the white people had retired from our country. We proceeded down the river again. I landed, with one brave, near Capo Gray; the remainder of the party went to the mouth of the Quiver. I hurried across the trail that led from the mouth of the Quiver to a fort, and soon after heard firing at the mouth of the creek. Myself and brave concealed ourselves on the side of the road. We had not remained here long, before two men riding one horse, came in full speed from the direction of the sound of the firing. When they came sufficiently near, we fired; the horse jumped, and both men fell! We rushed towards them—one rose and ran. I followed him, and was gaining on him, when he ran over a pile of rails that had lately been made, seized a stick, and struck at me. I now had an opportunity to see his face—I knew him! He had been at Quàsh-quà-me's village to learn his people how to plough. We looked upon him as a good man. I did not wish to kill him, and pursued him no further. I returned and met my brave; he said he had killed the other man, and had his *scalp* in his hand! We had not proceeded far, before we met the man supposed to be killed, coming up the road, staggering like a drunken man, all covered with blood! This was the most terrible sight I had ever seen. I told my comrade to *kill him*, to put him out of his misery! I could not look at him. I passed on, and heard a rustling in the bushes, and distinctly saw two little boys concealing themselves! I thought of my own children, and passed on without noticing them! My comrade here joined me, and in a little while we met the balance of our party. I told them that we would be pursued, and directed them to follow me. We crossed the creek, and formed ourselves in the timber. We had not been here long, before a party of mounted men rushed at full speed upon us! I took deliberate aim, and shot the man leading the party. He fell from his horse lifeless! All my people fired, but

without effect. The enemy rushed upon us without giving us time to reload. They surrounded us, and forced us to run into a deep sink-hole, at the bottom of which there was some bushes. We loaded our guns, and awaited the approach of the enemy. They rushed to the edge of the hole and fired, killing one of our men. We returned the fire instantly, and killed one of their party! We reloaded, and commenced digging holes in the side of the bank to protect ourselves, whilst a party watched the movements of the enemy, expecting that their whole force would be upon us immediately. Some of my warriors commenced singing their *death-songs*! I heard the whites talking—and called to them, ‘to come out and fight!’ I did not like my situation, and wished the matter settled. I soon heard chopping and knocking. I could not imagine what they were doing. Soon after they run up wheels with a battery on it, and fired down without hurting any of us. I called to them again, and told them if they were ‘*brave men*, to come down and fight us.’ They gave up the siege, and returned to their fort about dusk. There were eighteen in this trap with me. We all got out safe, and found one white man dead on the edge of the sink-hole. They did not remove him, for fear of our fire. We *scalped* him, and placed our dead man upon him! We could not have left him in a better situation, than on an enemy!

“We had now effected our purpose, and started back by land—thinking it unsafe to return in our canoes. I found my wife and children, and the greater part of our people, at the mouth of the Ioway river. I now determined to remain with my family, and hunt for them; and humble myself before the Great Spirit, and return thanks to him for preserving me through the war!”

In process of time, the whites commenced the settlement of the country, and continual disputes occurred between them and the Indians. Requisitions were made repeatedly by the government upon the latter to remove to the other side of the Mississippi, which were not attended to by them for the reasons before stated. Black Hawk thus describes the situation and condition of his village:

“Our village was situate on the north side of Rock river, at the foot of its rapids, and on the point of land between Rock river and the Mississippi. In its front, a prairie extended to the bank of the Mississippi; and in our rear, a continued bluff, gently ascending from the prairie. On the side of this bluff we had our corn-fields, extending about two miles up, running parallel with the Mississippi; where we joined those of the Foxes, whose village was on the bank of the Mississippi, opposite the lower end of Rock island, and three miles distant from ours. We had about eight hundred acres in cultivation, including what we had on the islands of Rock river. The land around our village, uncultivated, was covered with blue grass, which made excellent pasture for our horses. Several fine springs broke out of the bluff, near by, from which we were supplied with good water. The rapids of Rock river furnished us with an abundance of excellent fish, and the land, being good, never failed to produce good crops of corn, beans, pumpkins, and squashes. We always had plenty—our children never cried with hunger, and our people were never in want. Here our village had stood for more than a hundred years, during all which time we were the undisputed possessors of the valley of the Mississippi, from the Ouisconsin to the Portage des Sioux, near the mouth of the Missouri, being about seven hundred miles in length.”

We can well sympathize with him in his reluctance to leave

this beautiful spot, and in the reflections which a dread of this result forced upon his mind:

"At this time we had very little intercourse with the whites, except our traders. Our village was healthy, and there was no place in the country possessing such advantages, nor no hunting grounds better than those we had in possession. If another prophet had come to our village in those days, and told us what has since taken place, none of our people would have believed him! What! to be driven from our village and hunting grounds, and not even permitted to visit the graves of our forefathers, our relations and friends?

"This hardship is not known to the whites. With us it is the custom to visit the graves of our friends, and keep them in repair for many years. The mother will go alone to weep over the grave of her child! The brave, with pleasure, visits the grave of his father, after he has been successful in war, and re-paints the post that shows where he lies! There is no place like that where the bones of our forefathers lie, to go to when in grief! Here the Great Spirit will take pity on us!

"But, how different is our situation now, from what it was in those days! Then we were as happy as the buffalo on the plains—but now, we are as miserable as the hungry, howling wolf in the prairie! But I am digressing from my story. Bitter reflection crowds upon my mind, and must find utterance."

The mode of life of these Indians was shortly this. In the fall, they started for their wintering grounds, where they dispersed in small parties to make their hunt; with the proceeds of their enterprize, as skins, &c. they resorted to their trader's establishment, where they amused themselves at different pastimes till near the close of the winter. Some then made excursions in search of beavers, while others located themselves in the sugar-camps to make sugar. They generally appointed some place of rendezvous on the Mississippi, where they might assemble in a body to return to their village in the spring. Thither at that season they repaired, where they finished their trading with the whites, who uniformly followed them to their homes. When the traffic was over, they buried all their dead who had died during the year. This was the great *medicine feast*. They then proceeded to repair their lodges, and to make their fields ready for planting corn, which was soon after done. The women performed this duty. Feasting and dancing then followed; the last being the national dance, which was acted for the benefit of the young warriors. When the corn was up, the youths would start westward to hunt buffalo and deer; part of the old men and the women going to the lead mines to work; and the remainder resorting to the river to fish and to procure mat-stuff. After about forty days' absence, they reassembled; and this constituted the most happy portion of their year. Presents were reciprocally exchanged, provisions were in abundance, and nothing was done except feasting and visiting. The Great Spirit was not forgotten; but daily offerings were made to the *Good Spirit* to return thanks for

his care of them, and to the *Bad Spirit* to keep him quiet. These feasts were renewed when the corn was ripe, and horse-racing, &c. occupied the time until the grain was secured. The traders then came amongst them again, and the price of the different articles which the Indians were to procure during the winter, being previously fixed, they supplied the savages with such articles of clothing as they stood in need of, upon credit. The old people and a part of the corn were then deposited in the houses built by the traders, to which the Indians were to resort during the winter with their skins, and the rest then started upon their winter hunt. Such was the custom for years of this primitive people. We can well conceive the importance with which their village was regarded by them.

The dissensions we have noticed recommenced whenever the Sacs returned to their village from their hunting-grounds. They found their lodges destroyed by the white settlers, their corn ploughed up, and their fences torn down. Skirmishes, in which individuals on both sides were killed, naturally followed. These quarrels endured for a long time; the whites every year becoming stronger, and the government taking more vigorous measures to enforce the execution of the treaty. The Indians were divided into two parties; one, headed by Ke-o-kuck, being willing to remove; and the other, of which Black Hawk was the leader, as determined to remain. General Gaines was finally directed by the government to repair thither with a party of soldiers, and he convened on his arrival, a council at the agency. Black Hawk thus details the interview he held with him:

"The war chief arrived, and convened a council at the agency. Ke-o-kuck and Wà-pel-lo were sent for, and came with a number of their band. The council house was opened, and they were all admitted. Myself and band were then sent for to attend the council. When we arrived at the door, singing a *war song*, and armed with lances, spears, war clubs, and bows and arrows, as if going to battle, I halted, and refused to enter—as I could see no necessity or propriety in having the room crowded with those who were already there. If the council was convened for us, why have others there in our room? The war chief having sent all out, except Ke-o-kuck, Wà-pel-lo, and a few of their chiefs and braves, we entered the council house, in this warlike appearance, being desirous to show the war chief that we were *not afraid*! He then rose and made a speech.

"He said:—'The president is very sorry to be put to the trouble and expence of sending a large body of soldiers here, to remove you from the lands you have long since ceded to the United States. Your Great Father has already warned you repeatedly, through your agent, to leave the country; and he is very sorry to find that you have disobeyed his orders. Your Great Father wishes you well: and asks nothing from you but what is reasonable and right. I hope you will consult your own interest, and leave the country you are occupying, and go to the other side of the Mississippi.'

"I replied:—'That *we* had never sold our country. *We* never received

any annuities from our American father! And *we* are determined to hold on to our village!"

"The war chief, apparently angry, rose and said:—'Who is *Black Hawk*? Who is *Black Hawk*?'"

"I resounded:—'I am a *Sac*! my forefather was a *Sac*! and all the nations call me a *SAC*!!'

"The war chief said:—'I came here, neither to *beg* nor *hire* you to leave your village. My business is to remove you, peaceably if I can, but *forcibly* if I must! I will now give you two days to remove in—and if you do not cross the Mississippi within that time, I will adopt measures to *force* you away!'

"I told him that I never could consent to leave my village, and was determined not to leave it!

"The council broke up, and the war chief retired to the fort."

A temporary arrangement was effected by the agency of General Gaines, and the Sacs left their village; they however complained, that the United States failed in complying with an agreement in regard to the corn, which was essential to them, and Black Hawk determined to repossess himself of his village in the spring. He accordingly collected his band, and consulted with the Prophet, a half Sac and half Winnebago, who is as renowned as himself in these disturbances. They determined to ascend Rock River, to procure reinforcements from the different tribes in that region; and accordingly commenced their march. General Atkinson, or "the White Beaver," as he was denominated by the savages, had now arrived, and he sent an express after Black Hawk and his band, commanding his return. The chief refused, and continued his progress. His hopes, however, of reinforcements from the Winnebagoes and Pottowatomies proved deceptive. All his consultations with them resulted in nothing favourable. General Atkinson and our troops had now overtaken him in their pursuit, and Black Hawk despatched a party with a flag of truce for the purpose of making a peaceable adjustment of their differences. The bearers of this flag, he says, were killed by our troops. A body also of the latter attacked the Indians and were defeated with great loss. This victory inspired the Indians with renewed courage, and spread much consternation and alarm through the country. The Hawk, after this battle, led his band to the head of Rock river, where he received a reinforcement, and continued for some time his marches and counter-marches along the frontier. Afterwards he encamped at the Four Lakes, where he and his men suffered much from the nature of the ground, and the great scarcity of provisions. The American army was, all this while, in pursuit of him. He proceeds thus with his narrative:

"During our encampment at the Four Lakes, we were hard put to, to obtain enough to eat to support nature. Situated in a swampy, marshy country, (which had been selected in consequence of the great difficulty required to gain access thereto,) there was but little game of any sort to be

found—and fish were equally scarce. The great distance to any settlement, and the impossibility of bringing supplies therefrom, if any could have been obtained, deterred our young men from making further attempts. We were forced to dig *roots* and *bark trees*, to obtain something to satisfy hunger and keep us alive! Several of our old people became so much reduced, as actually to *die with hunger!* And, finding that the army had commenced moving, and fearing that they might come upon and surround our encampment, I concluded to remove my women and children across the Mississippi, that they might return to the Sac nation again. Accordingly, on the next day, we commenced moving, with five Winnebagoes acting as our guides, intending to descend the Ouisconsin.

“Ne-a-pope, with a party of twenty, remained in our rear, to watch for the enemy, whilst we were proceeding to the Ouisconsin, with our women and children. We arrived, and had commenced crossing them to an island, when we discovered a large body of the enemy coming towards us. We were now compelled to fight, or sacrifice our wives and children to the fury of the whites! I met them with fifty warriors, (having left the balance to assist our women and children in crossing,) about a mile from the river, when an attack immediately commenced. I was mounted on a fine horse, and was pleased to see my warriors so brave. I addressed them in a loud voice, telling them to stand their ground, and never yield it to the enemy. At this time I was on the rise of a hill, where I wished to form my warriors, that we might have some advantage over the whites. But the enemy succeeded in gaining this point, which compelled us to fall back into a deep ravine, from which we continued firing at them and they at us, until it began to grow dark. My horse having been wounded twice during this engagement, and fearing from his loss of blood, that he would soon give out—and finding that the enemy would not come near enough to receive our fire, in the dusk of the evening—and knowing that our women and children had had sufficient time to reach the island in the Ouisconsin, I ordered my warriors to return, in different routes, and meet me at the Ouisconsin—and were astonished to find that the enemy were not disposed to pursue us.

“In this skirmish, with fifty braves, I defended and accomplished my passage over the Ouisconsin, with a loss of only six men; though opposed by a host of mounted militia. I would not have fought there, but to gain time for my women and children to cross to an island. A warrior will duly appreciate the embarrassments I laboured under—and whatever may be the sentiments of the *white people*, in relation to this battle, my nation, though fallen, will award to me the reputation of a great brave, in conducting it.

“The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained by our party; but I am of opinion that it was much greater, in proportion, than mine. We returned to the Ouisconsin, and crossed over to our people.”

Worn out with hunger and travelling, a part of his people determined here to leave him, and descended the Ouisconsin, hoping to escape to the west side of the Mississippi and return home. For himself and band, he continues:

“Having no means to descend the Ouisconsin, I started, over a rugged country, to go to the Mississippi, intending to cross it, and return to my nation. Many of our people were compelled to go on foot, for want of horses, which, in consequence of their having had nothing to eat for a long time, caused our march to be very slow. At length we arrived at the Mississippi, having lost some of our old men and little children, who perished on the way with hunger.

"We had been here but a little while, before we saw a steam-boat (the 'Warrior,') coming. I told my braves not to shoot, as I intended going on board, so that we might save our women and children. I knew the captain [THROCKMORTON,] and was determined to give myself up to him. I then sent for my *white flag*. While the messenger was gone, I took a small piece of white cotton, and put it on a pole, and called to the captain of the boat, and told him to send his little canoe ashore, and let me come on board. The people on the boat asked whether we were Sacs or Winnebagoes. I told a Winnebago to tell them that we were Sacs, and wanted to give ourselves up! A Winnebago on the boat called to us '*to run and hide, that the whites were going to shoot!*' About this time one of my braves had jumped into the river, bearing a white flag to the boat—when another sprang in after him, and brought him to shore. The firing then commenced from the boat, which was returned by my braves, and continued for some time. Very few of my people were hurt after the first fire, having succeeded in getting behind old logs and trees, which shielded them from the enemy's fire.

"The Winnebago, on the steam-boat, must either have misunderstood what was told, or did not tell it to the captain correctly; because I am confident that he would not have fired upon us, if he had known my wishes. I have always considered him a good man, and too great a brave to fire upon an enemy when suing for quarters.

"After the boat left us, I told my people to cross, if they could, and wished: that I intended going into the Chippewa country. Some commenced crossing, and such as had determined to follow them, remained—only three lodges going with me. Next morning, at daybreak, a young man overtook me, and said that all my party had determined to cross the Mississippi—that a number had already got over safe, and that he had heard the white army last night within a few miles of them. I now began to fear that the whites would come up with my people, and kill them, before they could get across. I had determined to go and join the Chippewas; but reflecting that by this I could only save myself, I concluded to return, and die with my people, if the Great Spirit would not give us another victory! During our stay in the thicket, a party of whites came close by us, but passed on without discovering us!

"Early in the morning a party of whites, being in advance of the army, came upon our people, who were attempting to cross the Mississippi. They tried to give themselves up—the whites paid no attention to their entreaties, but commenced *slaughtering* them! In a little while the whole army arrived. Our braves, but few in number, finding that the enemy paid no regard to age or sex, and seeing that they were murdering helpless women and little children, determined to *fight until they were killed!* As many women as could, commenced swimming the Mississippi, with their children on their backs. A number of them were drowned, and some shot, before they could reach the opposite shore.

"One of my braves, who gave me this information, piled up some saddles before him, (when the fight commenced,) to shield himself from the enemy's fire, and killed three white men! But seeing that the whites were coming too close to him, he crawled to the bank of the river, without being perceived, and hid himself under it until the enemy retired. He then came to me and told me what had been done. After hearing this sorrowful news, I started, with my little party, to the Winnebago village at Prairie La Cross. On my arrival there, I entered the lodge of one of the chiefs, and told him that I wished him to go with me to his father—that I intended to give myself up to the American war chief, and *die*, if the Great Spirit saw proper! He said he would go with me. I then took my *medicine bag*, and addressed the chief. I told him that it was 'the soul of the

Sac nation—that it never had been dishonoured in any battle—take it, it is my life—dearer than life—and give it to the American chief!” He said he would keep it, and take care of it, and if I was suffered to live, he would send it to me.

“During my stay at the village, the squaws made me a white dress of deer skin. I then started, with several Winnebagoes, and went to their agent, at Prairie du Chien, and gave myself up.

“On my arrival there, I found, to my sorrow, that a large body of Sioux had pursued, and killed, a number of our women and children, who had got safely across the Mississippi. The whites ought not to have permitted such conduct—and none but *cowards* would ever have been guilty of such cruelty—which has always been practised on our nation by the Sioux.

“The massacre, which terminated the war, lasted about two hours. Our loss in killed was about sixty, besides a number that were drowned. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained by my braves, exactly; but they think that they killed about *sixteen*, during the action.”

Thus ended the war, according to the old chief’s story. A treaty was made soon after with the Winnebagoes, and with the Sacs and Foxes. Their valuable lands were ceded to the United States. Black Hawk, his sons, the Prophet, and others were surrendered as hostages, to remain in the hands of the whites during the pleasure of the President. They were sent to Washington by the orders of the executive.

We have given above but a brief and hasty sketch of these events, abstracted from the Indian account, not deeming the matter of sufficient importance to justify any detailed statement.

Upon their arrival at the seat of government, they were introduced to the President. Black Hawk accosted him thus: “I am a man, and you are another:” a concise address, certainly; but probably expressing as much as was necessary on the occasion. Black Hawk says, the President was not disposed to converse with him; he seemed to be *busy*. (The removal of the deposits was then in contemplation.) He adds, “he looks as if he had seen as many winters as I have, and seems to be a *great* “‘*brave*.’” The old chief was very correct here in his use of terms. *Brave*, among the Indians, means one who had distinguished himself in battle and killed his enemies; its signification is different from *chief*: the latter is the statesman of his tribe. He continues: “His (the President’s) wigwam is well furnished with every thing good and pretty, and is very strongly built.”

The government resolved to restore these Indians to liberty, after showing them the richness and strength of the country. They were accordingly escorted through different parts of it. It would have been gratifying to be furnished in detail with the views and ideas of these savage visitors upon the manners and features of the country, so as to be enabled to compare them with those of the various orders of foreign travellers, principally British, who have favoured us with their lucubrations. Black

Hawk, however, is much more concise, on these points, than those other gentlemen; but the few remarks he has furnished are quite as sagacious as any with which the English press has teemed. We shall present the passages in the book before us upon this subject, to enable our readers to judge of the comparative abilities of these several tourists.

"Having got a new guide, a war chief, [Maj. Garland,] we started for our own country, taking a circuitous route. Our Great Father being about to pay a visit to his children in the *big towns* towards sunrise, and being desirous that we should have an opportunity of seeing them, directed our guide to take us through.

"On our arrival at Baltimore, we were much astonished to see so large a village; but the war chief told us that we would soon see a *larger one*. This surprised us more. During our stay here, we visited all the public buildings and places of amusement—saw much to admire, and were well entertained by the people, who crowded to see us. Our Great Father was there at the same time, and seemed to be much liked by his white children, who flocked around him, (as they had done us,) to shake him by the hand. He did not remain long—having left the city before us.

"We left Baltimore in a steam-boat, and travelled in this way to the big village where they make *medals* and *money*, [Philadelphia.] We again expressed surprise at finding this village so much larger than the one we had left; but the war chief again told us, that we would soon see another much larger than this. I had no idea that the white people had such large villages, and so many people. They were very kind to us—showed us all their great public works, their ships and steam-boats. We visited the place where they make money, [the mint,] and saw the men engaged at it. They presented each of us with a number of pieces of the *coin* as they fell from the mint, which are very handsome.

"I witnessed a militia training in this city, in which were performed a number of singular military feats. The chiefs and men were well dressed, and exhibited quite a warlike appearance. I think our system of military parade far better than that of the whites—but, as I am now done going to war, I will not describe it, or say any thing more about war, or the preparations necessary for it.

"We next started to New York, and on our arrival near the wharf, saw a large collection of people gathered at Castle Garden. We had seen many wonderful sights in our way—large villages, the great *national road* over the mountains, the *rail-roads*, steam-carriages, ships, steam-boats, and many other things; but we were now about to witness a sight more surprising than any of these. We were told that a man was going up into the air in a balloon! We watched with anxiety to see if it could be true; and to our utter astonishment, saw him ascend in the air until the eye could no longer perceive him. Our people were all surprised, and one of our young men asked the *prophet* if he was going up to see the Great Spirit?

"After the ascension of the balloon, we landed, and got into a carriage, to go to the house that had been provided for our reception. We had proceeded but a short distance, before the street was so crowded that it was impossible for the carriage to pass. The war chief then directed the coachman to take another street, and stop at a different house from the one he had intended. On our arrival here, we were waited upon by a number of gentlemen, who seemed much pleased to see us. We were furnished with good rooms, good provisions, and every thing necessary for our comfort.

"The chiefs of this *big village*, being desirous that all their people should have an opportunity to see us, fitted up their great *council house* for this

purpose, where we saw an immense number of people; all of whom treated us with friendship, and many with great generosity.

"The chiefs were particular in showing us every thing that they thought would be pleasing or gratifying to us. We went with them to Castle Garden to see the fireworks, which was quite an agreeable entertainment—but to the *whites* who witnessed it, less *magnificent* than the sight of one of our large *prairies* would be when on fire.

"We visited all the public buildings and places of amusement, which to us were truly astonishing, yet very gratifying.

"Every body treated us with friendship, and many with great liberality. The squaws presented us many handsome little presents, that are said to be valuable. They were very kind, very good, and very pretty—for *pale faces*!"

We cannot avoid extracting the opinion of this old Indian chief upon a subject all engrossing for the attention of the American people; we mean, the choice of a President. The qualifications, in Black Hawk's judgment, for this important situation, are such as would naturally occur to the mind of a savage; and he expresses himself decidedly upon the point. In his view, General Scott is the man. The passage in which his opinion appears, is this:

"I have a good opinion of the American war chiefs, generally, with whom I am acquainted; and my people, who had an opportunity of seeing and becoming well acquainted with the great war chief, [Gen. WINFIELD SCOTT,] who made the last treaty with them, in conjunction with the great chief of Illinois, [Governor REYNOLDS,] all tell me that he is the *greatest brave* they ever saw, and a good man—one who fulfils all his promises. Our braves speak more highly of him, than any chief that has ever been among us, or made treaties with us. Whatever he says, may be depended upon. If he had been our Great Father, we never would have been *compelled* to join the British in their last war with America—and I have thought that, as our Great Father is changed every few years, that his children would do well to put this great war chief in his place—as they cannot find a better chief for a Great Father any where.

"I would be glad if the *village criers*, [editors,] in all the villages I passed through, would let their people know my wishes and opinions about this great war chief."

Now, if a military man, or a *great brave*, as the Indians denominate such, be, in the view of a savage, the proper man to be raised to the presidentship of this great nation, is not that very circumstance calculated to make *civilized persons* hesitate in adopting the same estimate? Has a case ever occurred in the history of our country, wherein a large majority of our people were induced to adopt a barbarous standard of merit for this eminent civic post? We merely throw out the suggestion for our countrymen. The extraordinary coincidence of judgment of an Indian warrior on this point, with that of numbers of our fellow-citizens formerly, startled us a little.

We would not be understood as expressing, in the above remarks, a slight estimate of the character or civic pretensions of the distinguished officer mentioned by this Indian chief. On the

contrary, we rate both very highly. Black Hawk refers principally to his military accomplishments; though he speaks also of his scrupulous fulfilment of his promises. It is in reference to this opinion of the savage warrior that we have made the suggestions in regard to a standard of qualifications for the highest office in the gift of the American people.

The events of Black Hawk's journey are too recent to justify us in making a collection of *Black-Hawkiana*, though an amusing list might be furnished. We have devoted, probably, too much space already to the subject. We close, therefore, uniting with the old warrior himself in the wish, that, as but a few more moons and he must follow his fathers to the shades, the Great Spirit may grant him peace for the short remnant of his career.

---

ART. XVI.—*The Pleasures of Religion, and other Poems.* By CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D. Pp. 251. E. L. Carey & A. Hart. Philadelphia, 1833.

*Dentologia. A Poem on the Diseases of the Teeth, and their Proper Remedies.* By SOLYMAN BROWN, A.M.; with Notes, Practical, Historical, Illustrative and Explanatory. By ELEAZER PARMLY, Dentist. Pp. 176. Peabody & Co. New York, 1833.

*The Spirit of Life. A Poem pronounced before the Franklin Society of Brown University, September 3, 1833.* By WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. Pp. 71. Key & Biddle. Philadelphia, 1833.

*Barbadoes, and other Poems.* By M. J. CHAPMAN, Esq. Pp. 210. James Frazer. London, 1833.

*Europe. A Political Sketch, and other Poems.* By CHARLES OWEN APPERLEY. Pp. 128. Smith, Elder & Co. London, 1833.

THERE is scarcely any thing more remarkable in the character of the last five or six years, than their sterility in poetical productions. We do not refer merely to the non-appearance of poems of merit; for, of such, many a half dozen, nay, many a whole dozen of years, twice or thrice told, have been equally barren. We allude to the scanty supply which has been fur-

nished of poetry of any kind. The whole crop has been deficient. Of the good, we have had none at all; and of the bad, so little, that, had it not been for the occasional performances of a few adventurous Lakers, the lash of poetical criticism might have entirely forgotten its occupation.

The worship of the muses seems to be, in fact, almost abandoned. Every other description of intellectual pursuit has obtained a preference among men. Literature, in all its other departments, exhibits its usual activity, and sends forth its creations in undiminished abundance and comparative excellence. The utilitarian branches, in particular, never employed more talent nor enjoyed more success; and the abstruse and speculative have, at least, suffered no diminution of prosperity. The muses—the muses alone—are neglected. Every enterprise, whether whimsical or rational, useful or mischievous, in which a busy world can embark, is prosecuted with unceasing ardour, except the pursuit of poetry. Amidst the present hurry and turmoil of human affairs, the charms and attractions of song seem to be nearly forgotten.

That the most pleasing of all literary pursuits, and the one, too, which, when attended with success, confers the most enviable reputation upon its votaries, should be thus neglected in an age so full of mental enterprise and energy, is a phenomenon certainly of no easy explanation. Of all intellectual enjoyments, weaving into verse the inspirations of poetical enthusiasm, is confessed the most delightful, and has always been considered the noblest and most exalted. It has, by general consent, been called emphatically the “divine art;” and divine indeed is the reward which its successful cultivation confers—it is the reward of an immortality brilliant and precious, gaining strength from diffusion, and lustre from age. Sages, and warriors, and potentates have become renowned; but what is their renown in splendor or durability, in comparison with that of the heaven-taught bards whose works have captivated the affections of men, and have gained a lodgment in their hearts which will abide there through all generations?

The wisdom of sages passes away on the wings of time. New doctrines arise, new systems are produced, and the old disappear, or at least become of doubtful repute, while the latest invention reigns paramount as the orthodoxy of the day. The exploits of warriors lose their brilliance in distance, or are eclipsed by the dazzling of later trophies that shine closer to our view. As for potentates and rulers, the grandeur of the most magnificent of them, as time produces rivals, becomes less and less observable. They who were once conspicuously great, while history recorded few of equal elevation, become less distinct in their glory as time in its constant lapse brings into view

competitors perpetually increasing in number. The laurels of even patriotism and public virtue, have seldom bloomed in the eyes of mankind, with such beautiful and enduring lustre as the bays which are worn by those favourite poets whose works the world has determined shall never die. What ancient ruler, hero or philosopher enjoys at this day a reputation so illustrious as that of Homer or Virgil, or even Pindar or Horace? And in modern times what names are inscribed on the memories of men so likely to go down with undiminished splendour to the ages to come, as those of Shakspeare, and Milton, and Pope, and Scott? Even poets of but secondary reputation seem to equal in lustre and permanency of fame, those of their contemporaries most distinguished in any other of the paths to eminence. The fame of Chaucer vies successfully with that of Wickliffe, or even of the Black Prince. Spenser's is certainly not inferior to Burleigh's or Raleigh's; Dryden's is at least equal to Clarendon's, Monk's, Sidney's, Locke's, or any other of the distinguished in Charles' days. And who are the lights of the last century that shall continue to beam upon posterity with such steady and attractive lustre as the poets? Not to speak of Pope—himself a nation's glory—the names of Thompson, Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, and Cowper, will be admitted to carry with them a warrant of immortality, transmissible through generations that may know nothing, or care nothing, about Godolphin, Marlborough, Walpole, Bute, Pitt, or the sceptred Georges themselves. And more lately, who will not acknowledge that Burns, Byron, and Moore—Scott we place above them all—have acquired a fame as extensive, and likely to be as lasting, as that of Wellington the warrior, who conquered in a hundred battles and was defeated in none.

Since poetry can thus gloriously reward its votaries, how is its almost total abandonment, at the present era, to be explained? Are men become less actuated by the "universal passion"—the fond, anxious wish for immortality, that "last infirmity of noble minds?" No—certainly no. The desire to be memorable among men—to be in favour with long posterity—is, we believe, as prevalent as ever. We believe, also, that there are ardent minds in abundance, who can form a proper estimate of the value of poetic distinction; that there are minds powerfully poetic, who would prefer "the incense that embalms the poet's name," to every other species of worldly honour. Why, then, do they make no effort to obtain that incense? Why do they leave the feeble, the shallow, and the insipid, alone to woo the muse in awkward strains which she never will acknowledge? Why do we see the choice spirits of the age struggle as ardently as ever to obtain admission into the temple of Fame, by every other path except that which is under the charge of the muses?

To account for a neglect so inconsistent with the ordinary course of human calculation and conduct, may not be an easy task. But it is a topic on which we have entered, and as we deem it to be one of some interest, not only to the lovers of poetry, but to the investigators of human impulses and motives, we shall make the attempt.

The present condition of poetic literature we believe to have been produced by a combination of causes. We are aware of none which could have been singly adequate to the effect. We have frequently heard it asserted, that the existing generation possesses no poetic talent, and that it is deficient in poetic taste. Neither the talent nor the taste is certainly so active as they have been in times past. But that they exist in their original strength and susceptibility, we firmly believe. Were it otherwise, human nature would be changed; but it is our firm conviction, that in this, and all its other inherent faculties, it is unchangeable. The talent and taste for poetry owe their existence to no adventitious circumstances. No training can make a poet; nor can any example or instruction implant a genuine taste for the art. In the original organization of the faculties, must the foundation of both be laid, or the superstructure will be unsound, unstable, and unseemly. The power of fashion, and the influence of names, may bring a factitious taste into temporary prevalence, and confer a fleeting *eclat* upon a false and worthless poetic style. But this condition of things soon passes away. Nature re-asserts her prerogative, and the public mind, which, in reality, never loses its relish for true poetry, becomes again incapable of relishing any other.

This inherent inclination for poetry is, however, not universal, more than is an aptitude for music. There are many exceptions to the general rule, in both cases. Some have but little relish for even the finest music; and there are many who have no capacity whatever for musical performance. The conformation of the organs of hearing and of voice, regulates these matters. And yet, who will assert that the love of music and the power of musical performance are not natural to man? It is true, that musical gifts may be improved by art, but it is equally true, that these gifts must exist in some degree of natural perfection before art can make any impression on them. Where the natural faculty exists, it will in various ways derive advantage from culture, as, indeed, will almost all our natural faculties—that of locomotion itself not excepted—

“As those move easiest who have learned to dance.”

With respect to the poet, instruction will assuredly expand his mind, and store it with a stock of ideas available in his art, which the suggestions of nature alone could not supply. But it is from nature alone that he can receive the poetical faculty.

Where this has not been given, discipline will be vain, and cultivation will expend its labours fruitlessly on a barren soil.

But we are endeavouring to prove, what no one attempts to deny, that "a poet is born, not made." It is a needless task in itself, but the inference we have to draw from it—namely, that the poetical, being a natural faculty, has not, and cannot, become extinct in this or any other age, unless a change in human nature itself take place—has forced the topic upon us. That no such change in our nature has taken place, is sufficiently proved by the ability which is daily witnessed in pursuits akin to poetry, and particularly in romance writing, which certainly never occupied the industry of a greater number of able men than within the last fifteen or twenty years.

The capacity of the human mind for the conception, production, and enjoyment of good poetry, is, therefore, we should presume, as vigorous as ever. The imaginative powers are as active, and the impulses of feeling as acute as at any preceding era. Nor are the sources from which the materials of poetry are drawn, in any degree diminished. The beauties of nature and the elegancies of art are as abundant as ever, and as capable of communicating delight. They are as much as ever the objects of our admiration. The same may be said of the moral qualities that impel men to noble actions, and awaken ardour in the cause of virtue and benevolence. They all, as abundantly as ever, afford incitement to poetic inspiration, and themes that merit embalming in the richest strains of poetic eulogy; and from such strains the minds of men are as susceptible as ever of receiving delight.

To us, therefore, it seems clear that the world, as yet, labours under no deficiency of either the powers to produce, the sensations to enjoy, or the topics to inspire good poetry. It is their development only that is wanted; and to this, indeed, the circumstances of the present times are truly unfavourable. One of the most prominent and effective of these circumstances evinces rather an increased than a diminished state of mental energy among men. We allude to the multiplied paths which modern ingenuity has discovered for the exertion of its powers in the attainment of eminence. These have within the last twenty years been astonishingly increased; and have opened to the active and aspiring, a thousand channels of exertion unknown to all preceding ages. The wonderful power of steam alone has afforded an instrument for improving the condition of social life, so plastic in its nature as to be capable, in the hands of enterprise and genius, of producing results sufficiently brilliant to attract the attention and reward the industry of the most ambitious. In labouring after discoveries or improvements in pursuits even more strictly mechanical, as in the fabrication of

articles either useful or ornamental, the studious now find a scope for their talents, and an excitement for their ambition, which no former period of the world could have furnished. With the examples of Watt, and Arkwright, and Brindley, and Fulton, before them, men may now cherish the hope of rendering themselves illustrious by exercising their talents in pursuits totally unknown to their ancestors: and as these pursuits are cultivated, they have the effect of daily widening the fields of enterprise and opening new avenues to the temple of fame.

If to this variety now existing in the ways that lead to honourable distinction, be added the attraction which the entire novelty of many of them possess, and the merited eulogiums which all of them command, we shall easily perceive how they must divert an immense amount of talent from poetical enterprises, and occupy much of that attention of the world which would otherwise be bestowed on the productions of the Muse.

In corroboration of these remarks, we may advert to the well-known fact, that the primitive and simple state of society, when comparatively but few of the mechanical arts are cultivated, is the best adapted to the production of poetry. Hence Egypt, the country of antiquity, where these arts flourished first and most, has transmitted to us no name worthy of honour in the annals of poetry. The builders of the pyramids, and the constructors of the catacombs—the artificers of the hundred-gated Thebes, the architects of the palaces of the Pharaohs, and the temples of Apis, had far different objects of ambition in view than singing the beauties of nature, the charms of virtue, or the goodness of God. Neither does poetry seem to have flourished among the Tyrians or Carthaginians, the nations who excelled all others of antiquity in the manufacturing and commercial arts. It was the rural and pastoral nations of Greece, Italy, Palestine, Persia, and Arabia, that delighted in song, and produced those bards whose names all posterity shall delight to honour. It is indeed from the appearances of uncultured nature, much more than from those of artificial and elaborate life, that poetry delights to draw the images which render her peculiarly fascinating; and from the impulses which move the unsophisticated heart, rather than from those which spring from the taught modes and acquired manners of civic existence, does she form those sentiments and touching effusions which awake the feelings and secure the sympathies of the world.

But in these days, art has gained the mastery over nature. It obtrudes itself every where, and into all things. It influences the whole frame of society. It modifies all our thoughts, words and actions, so that even our poetry is obliged to yield to its sway, and to receive a hue and impression ruinous to the original power of communicating delight.

This is the age of mechanism, merchandise, political reform, and political economy. The familiar topics of conversation are not such as readily to supply poetical imagery, or impart poetical taste. Instead of shady groves, purling streams, sweet-scented pastures and flowery meadows, the thoughts and conversations of men now dwell on muslin factories, rail-roads, tariffs, and public stocks. It is the age for grasping at wealth by traffic, or at distinction by mechanical invention, or by the concoction of some political or ecclesiastical reform. It is, besides, the "piping time of peace" over nearly the whole of Christendom; but it is not the gentle pipes of Arcadian swains, tuned to the soft songs of love; it is the rude horns of stage coaches, and the rough roar of steam funnels, which now entertain the ears of men. The bold deeds of gallant warriors, could, until recently, animate the mind to a fervour and enthusiasm congenial to poetical feeling. But wars have become unfashionable, and warriors are no longer favourites with the public. They are unsuited to the utilitarian tastes and habits of the age. An improver of the steam engine or the spinning mill, or of even an agricultural implement or a cooking apparatus, would be more esteemed than the conqueror of a province. Adam Smith is now more talked of than his contemporary, the warlike Frederick of Prussia; and Earl Grey, for carrying the reform bill, wears a brighter halo of glory than the victor of Waterloo. This may be mortifying to the pugnacious and the valiant; but the peaceful man, who prefers the comforts and security of tranquil life to the pomp, and glitter, and bloodshed of war, rejoices that swords have been converted into plough-shares, and spears into pruning hooks.

It is true, the charms and blessings of peace are a congenial subject for the muse, and in other times have inspired some of her sweetest strains. But then it was such a peace as our fathers used to enjoy, before cheap muslins, and silks, and mill-spun linens filled society with belles and dandies; before locomotives rendered us dizzy with the whirling of thirty miles an hour, or the march of intellect turned our brains with the excitement of unprofitable learning—in short, before home, where the blessings of peace are always enjoyed with most satisfaction, was deprived of that endearing seclusion which the difficulty of travelling secured to it. Then it was when a man's journey was considered a serious matter if it extended ten miles from home, and his mind was seldom agitated with public affairs,—thanks to bad roads and the non-existence of stage coaches—beyond the bounds of his own parish; then it was that home was home, where peace could be enjoyed in all her charms of leisure, tranquillity, and boon companions, without interruption from the hourly arrival of packages of newspapers and magazines,

over which you can scarcely find time to glance, or of flying visitors, whom you have never seen before, and heartily wish never to see again. Peace then was peace in reality; but now it is only a cessation from war, not the enjoyment of tranquil shades, rural recreations, and uninterrupted leisure for contemplating the beauties of nature, and, if so inclined, for singing their praise.

The world is, in fact, too busy at present to be poetical; for a hurried life is totally incompatible with a poetical one. An idler, a loungeur, a gazer upon nature, with a spice of irascibility and melancholy about him, is the character, of all others, the most likely to be in favour with the muses. The mind of such a man breathes the true atmosphere of poetry, although it should be in a garret, in a hut, or in a mountain cave, afar from the hurry and confusion of the world.

But the busy state of society, although an efficient, is not the only cause of the present decay in the productions of poetry. The propagation of false doctrines and the influence of fashionable names, have lent their pernicious aid. About twenty-five or thirty years ago, a school began to appear under the protection and auspices of some men of considerable talent and much influence on fashionable life; but of very perverted judgments and erroneous tastes in respect to poetry. This school is distinguished from that of the preceding century by the name of the *imaginative*—the *diffusive* would be a better appellation, its great characteristic being its wire-drawn and prolix descriptions, statistical rather than poetical, of the scenery of nature, and its tedious moralizing on the passions and pursuits of men. At the head of this school were Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and others, who have been generally called **LAKERS**. Their works are very voluminous, for they were easily written, requiring, in conformity to their doctrine, no choice phraseology, no vivacity of thought, no forcible and eloquent appeals to the heart, no clear and pointed expressions to seize upon and hold fast to the memory. Hence they are not only unquotable but unreadable. They have no qualities to attract popularity, and never have been, and never will be, truly popular. Yet, although unread and unsold, their authors persevered until they glutted the poetic market, and corrupted the taste of nearly all the poets and critics of the day. They managed to get Pope, and Gray, and Thompson, and Young, and all the bards of the free, forcible, and flowing style of the last century, undervalued and stigmatized as artificial and laboured in their strains. They might be right in assigning to the works of these immortal authors such a character, especially when compared with their own, which certainly contain but little of either art, labour or finish to recommend them.

Their definition of poetry, namely, that it is "natural thoughts expressed in ordinary and natural language," was a very accommodating one for men who wanted to make books on a large scale at a rapid rate, since ordinary and common thoughts and language require neither much expenditure of talent nor labour in their production. The founder of this desultory and haste-onward style of poetry has been exceedingly praised, but very little read. He inflicted on the public a long diffusive work, entitled the "Excursion," to go over which, would be the most fatiguing excursion a poetic reader of unadulterated taste could undertake. The style, however, from its verbosity and facility, suited those who wished to be poets without the trouble of fine writing. Such supposed that, if public favour could be once brought to sanction the Wordsworth canons of poetry, they might acquire poetic reputation without being obliged to endow their pages with glowing thoughts or flowing language. Animation of idea, and force and picturesqueness of expression being, as we believe, essential attributes of good poetry, and, in conjunction with melodious diction, the true sources of its power of communicating pleasure, it was not so easy a matter as the advocates of the Lakers imagined, to make mankind relish the insipid and languid descriptions, and abstruse moralizing and whining of the new school. The general tediousness of its sentences, often running into incomprehensibility, was a stumbling-block—a perfect rock of offence to every reader not possessed of a superlative degree of patience and good nature.

The Lake school, however, really unpopular as it was, (we speak of it in the past time, as we consider the struggle to bring it into repute to be nearly over,) obtained, for the reasons we have already mentioned, abundance of followers among the poets, and for the reason to which we will now advert, many advocates among the critics.

Literary criticism is not in our day what it was in the days of Addison, Pope, or Johnson. It was then undertaken, *con amore*, by men of acknowledged qualifications for the task, for the purpose of directing and refining the public taste, which, in regard to the *belles-lettres*, was in a comparatively infant state. Hence the essays in the Spectator, Guardian, Rambler, and other publications of that class, in relation to authors and their works, were written with the sincerity of conviction, and exhibit throughout characteristics of candour as well as of sound judgment, which gained for them the public confidence, and consequently enabled them to effect their great intention, that of enlightening and guiding the public mind. Criticisms now, particularly in the British metropolis, are mere bookselling instruments for accomplishing the sale of new publications. At

least such is the public impression respecting them in regard to works of imagination and amusement. It is well known that the leading publishers are the proprietors of the leading reviews and magazines, and that they have in pay, or at least at their service for payment, a sufficiency of expert writers, who can and do either praise or censure a new book according to the wishes of their employers. If Murray be interested in the sale of a book, the *Quarterly* is at his devotion, and an encomium will assuredly appear in its pages, no matter how worthless the book may really be. The *New Monthly* must take the same course in regard to Colburn's publications;—and so on through the whole circle of metropolitan criticism; and it is well known that the criticism of the provinces can do little else than follow in the wake of that of the metropolis. Thus, when the cry of panegyric is raised in London, it is echoed and re-echoed with a reverberation swelling louder and louder as it increases in distance from the centre, until it reaches the extreme ends of the empire, and frequently even until foreign nations, becoming affected with the sound, yield to its influence. All this has happened over and over again, in regard to books utterly devoid of merit, and which have sunk into deserved oblivion the moment the reverberation ceased, and readers began to use their own judgment instead of borrowing that of the critics.

Thus has criticism been converted from one of the most useful and dignified employments of intellect into a mere trick of trade; and in no respect has this prostitution been more observable and observed, than in regard to poetical productions. The consequence is, that confidence in the recommendations of the journals has become almost extinct. Suspicion is attached to every panegyric on a new poem, for the same reason that it was attached to the conduct of the herd-boy, who, from wag-gery, gave false alarms of the wolf being in the fold. And it is attended with a corresponding pernicious effect. When a good poem happens to appear, a merited encomium is no more attended to than was the cry of the herd-boy when the wolf really attacked the fold.

This state of things is extremely detrimental to the interests of sound poetical literature. Men of true genius can expect their productions to meet, in the first instance, with no warmer commendations than are often lavished on the most worthless performances; nor, if they venture before the public, will the commendations they may receive, be found to avail them much, on account of the discredit under which all such commendations lie.

Thus have the efforts of the advocates of the *Lakers*, to impose on the world a bad style of poetry, and the interested

management of the publishers to make that style saleable, excluded from the market the works of true poetic genius, and discouraged from wooing the muses those who could have wooed them with effect.

Another of the causes that have conspired to render the present an unpoetical era, is the high degree of popularity into which the genius of one man, himself a poet of the first rate order, within the last twenty years, introduced a branch of literature, in its effects on the imagination akin to poetry, but which, in dignity and the power of pleasingly teaching wisdom, has always been considered inferior to the "divine art;"—we mean novel writing. The wonderful attraction and power manifested in some of the earlier of the Waverley productions, were felt and yielded to by all classes; and to such a degree did mankind devote their attention to these fascinating productions, that the best poetry became neglected,—the muses were completely driven from the field of competition for the public regard, by the irresistible invasion of the romances of the Scottish Wizard. To this day the effects of this discomfiture are felt by the drooping Nine; for although the master-hand, which so long and triumphantly wielded the wand of romance over an enchanted world, no longer exists, yet the direction which it gave to the current of human affections still operates, and is likely to continue operating, until some genius devoted to the muses, of as extraordinary faculties as he who established the reign of romance shall arise, and by the potency of his productions, displace the intruder, and reinstate poetry in its former supremacy and glory in the regions of literature.

But besides the engrossing power of romances on the attention of the reading world, there is another agent which has of late increased so prodigiously in strength and influence, that it threatens to overwhelm all competition in the field of letters. This is the power of journalism. As poetry was obliged to give way before the popularity of romance, so romance in its turn is threatened with expulsion from public attention by the extension of journalism. We do not refer exclusively to political journalism, although that has, within these few years, become so pervading and formidable in its influence as to overturn imperial dynasties and revolutionize kingdoms. To its sway over the minds of men, increasing as it hourly does, it is impossible to calculate what, in a few years, will be the limits. But when to this are added the numerous periodical works, more strictly literary, from the ponderous Encyclopedia to the Penny Magazine, with all their multifarious ramifications and diversified characteristics, penetrating to every class of society, and adapting themselves to every taste; obtruding, in fact, boldly and unsparingly, upon the provinces of poetry and romance themselves; how is it to be

expected that either of these can, as a separate branch of literature, maintain a footing against them? Who needs to resort to the avowed and regular romance for amusement that reads the Edinburgh journals; or who would ask for larger supplies of modern poetry than are to be found in the London magazines? Book-making, in fact, the true employment of regular authorship, whether in poetry or prose, is in danger of being destroyed by the power—the all-pervading power—of journalism.

Having thus animadverted on some of the leading causes that have concurred to render the character of the present times so unpoetical, we shall now take notice of the volumes which suggested the subject, and whose titles we have placed at the head of this article. We have placed them there because they appear to form a tolerably fair specimen of the poetry of the day. One of the volumes is entirely of the Lake school; and all the others, except that on "*Dentologia*," are sufficiently marked with its characteristic faults of languor and diffusiveness, to render them what all *lakish* poetry ever must be, to readers of unsophisticated taste, monotonous and wearisome.

The first of the volumes before us is the production of a pious and eloquent clergyman. If we were to consult our predilections instead of our judgment, we should award to this production the most unqualified praise; and that we can conscientiously praise it to a certain extent, affords us unfeigned pleasure. The subjects of the volume are, for the most part, of the highest dignity; such as true poets and pious men in their serious and solemn moments must feel pleasure in contemplating. "*The Pleasures of Religion*" is, in particular, a subject capable of educating the most elevated strains of the muse; and from no feelings so frequently as from the devotional, has the sublime in poetry arisen. The contemplation of the Deity and his attributes—his infinitude—his eternity—his omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence, inspire reflections immeasurably transcendent,—far superior in vastness and importance to any that can be suggested by any other subject. Poetry, indeed—to speak of it without any reference to its success in the world, but merely in the abstract, as the offspring of one of the noblest faculties of the mind—cannot be employed more legitimately and exaltedly than in celebrating the praises of the Creator. Hence the sublimest passages of the poets have all a connexion with religion—a reference to the power of the Almighty—the immensity of his creation—the awfulness of his wrath, and the unbounded consolations which spring from the contemplation of his goodness. Where is sublimity to be found equal to that which pervades the poetry of the Hebrew prophets; the magnificent descriptions in Job; the fervid adorations of David, and lofty enthusiasm of Isaiah? And among the secular poets, it is

the most religious that is the most sublime; it is the Bard of Paradise—the celebrator of the mighty events, whose concussion

“The steadfast empyrean shook throughout  
All but the throne of God itself.”

Almost all the sublime passages of Shakspeare are of a religious character; as, for instance,

“The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,” &c.

Homer is never so great and elevated as when he describes the grandeur and power of Jupiter. Thus, when speaking of him as fixing the law of destiny, he tells us that he

“Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod,  
The stamp of fate and sanction of the God.”

Religion is, indeed, the natural field for the sublime in poetry. It also admits of the beautiful, the pathetic, and the ethical, but never of the trivial, the playful, or sectarian. Milton, in perfect conformity with the dignity of his subject, could delineate the beauties of Paradise, depict the sorrows of our fallen first parents on becoming sensible of their condition, and represent angels as reasoning on the duties of created beings towards the Creator and each other; but he falls from his dignity, and his poetry loses its charms, when he becomes sarcastic, as in the speech of Satan, on the effects of his artillery; or when he reasons on points of doctrine, and advocates the dogmas of a sect, whether of an ecclesiastical or a philosophical character. His offences of the latter kind are the great blemishes of his immortal work; they are, we believe, the only obstacles to its attainment of universal favour and unqualified popularity. It is the religion of mankind, the general religion of the universe, alone that is congenial to poetry. The disputes about faith—the controversies in relation to ceremonies and rituals—are topics for the polemics, and not for the poets whose subjects and whose language should be universal in their character—intelligible to all, and pleasing to all.

We are sorry that we cannot ascribe to “The Pleasures of Religion,” by Dr. Pise, this *catholic* character. There are too many fond allusions to the church of which he is a member, to be quite interesting to the millions of mankind out of its pale. We would, however, censure this but slightly; and if we yielded to our own feelings, we would not censure it at all. The Roman Catholic is undoubtedly the most poetical of Christian sects. It is the most venerable in its history, the most splendid in its habits, the most impressive in its ceremonies, and the most imaginative in its rites. Yet it is not the religion of all men. From other modes of worshipping the deity—from

the creed of the Jews and the Greeks, of the Mahommedans and the Hindoos, of the Egyptians and the Chinese, of the Peruvians, and the sublime theism of the aboriginals of our own continent, many a grief-worn heart and despairing spirit has derived comfort and consolation. Still, we know not whether Dr. Pise may not be justified, even as a poet, in drawing his topics of consolation exclusively from his own faith, on the same principle that it was proper for Homer and Virgil to take the machinery of their epics from the mythology in the belief of which they were bred, or for Thompson to draw the imagery of his Seasons from the appearances of nature in the British Islands.

The chief fault, however, which a rigid critic would find with "The Pleasures of Religion," as a literary performance, is the too close resemblance which, in its structure, ideas and language, it bears to one or two other poems of similar characters and titles. We will not accuse Dr. Pise of having *plagiarized* from these poems, but he has certainly too servilely followed them as models. There are three English poems on the enjoyments derivable from the exercise of certain mental faculties, which have attained considerable popularity: they are "The Pleasures of Imagination," "The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Pleasures of Hope." Each of these differs from the other in its structure and general style, as well as in its subject. Few parallelisms of thought or expression can be found among them. "The Pleasures of Religion" has not, in this respect, been so guardedly written. The first paragraph of the poem betrays a tendency to imitation which makes an unfavourable impression, at the very start, upon the reader. It is a repetition, although, in other words, of the celebrated rainbow simile with which the Pleasures of Hope commences. To open his work in this manner was, to say the least of it, impolitic in Dr. Pise, since, to create favourable impressions in the mind of a reader when he commences the perusal of a new work, is the surest means of keeping him alive as he proceeds, to whatever beauties it may contain. That we have not charged our poet unjustly in this particular, we will convince our readers by laying before them the openings of both poems.

*The Pleasures of Hope.*

"At summer eve, when Heaven's aerial bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More bright than all the landscape smiling near?  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

*The Pleasures of Religion.*

"Hark, o'er yon wild, as melts the storm away,  
 The rainbow-tints their various hues display;  
 Beauteous though faint, though deeply shaded, bright,  
 They span the clearing heavens and charm the sight.  
 Yes, as I gaze, methinks I view the while,  
 Hope's radiant form and mercy's genial smile.  
 Who doth not see in that sweet bow of heaven,  
 Circling around the twilight hills of even,  
 Religion's light, which o'er the wilds of life  
 Shoots its pure rays through misery and strife;  
 Soothes the lone bosom as it pines in wo,  
 And turns to heaven this barren world below?"

The only difference in the idea of these passages is, that in the one the promise of the rainbow is applied to hope, and in the other to religion. The difference in the language is greater, and manifestly to the advantage of Campbell, whose verses are sparkling, melodious, and easy to be remembered. We wish we could say the same of the verses of Dr. Pise. We must ask our reader to remember, however, that Campbell's lines are among the happiest he ever wrote, and that there are few more beautiful in the language. The verses of Dr. Pise, therefore, may be inferior, and yet possess much that ought to be praised.

In this poem there are several other coincidences of thought and language with passages in "*The Pleasures of Hope*," which we will not stop to point out, as they cannot fail to be observed by every reader acquainted with Campbell's popular work; and with it what reader of English poetry is not acquainted? We must observe, however, that the opening of "*The Pleasures of Hope*" seems to have taken an uncommonly strong hold of the fancy of Dr. Pise, for it seems also to have suggested the opening thought of the second, as well as the first poem in his volume. The second, called "*The Tourist*," begins as follows:

"Why to the sea, when on its waveless breast  
 The parting sunbeams sink to radiant rest;  
 Or to yon clouds that skirt the flaming sky—  
 Say, why so lonely turns the lingering eye?"

You might as well read the fine lines—

"Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
 Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?"

The great fault of the larger pieces of this volume, besides the borrowings, to which we have alluded, is the general languor and feebleness of the style, which prevent the thoughts from impressing themselves on the mind, and render the perusal heavy. In a devotional state of mind, however, these characteristics might not be felt; and as the author manifestly intended his work chiefly for the gratification of the devout, we believe

that those who are really such, will be willing to overlook the blemishes of the poetry, for the sake of the piety with which it abounds.

In the composition of the smaller pieces attached to this volume, the amiable author has been generally more successful than in the larger. Some of them, indeed, are not exactly what we could wish them. "The Two Paths," and the "Address to the Isle of Helena," as it is quaintly called, are rather Lakish for our taste. But the effusions entitled "I have left my Young Harp," "The World's Delusive Figure Flies," and "Oh see ye how lovely and bright," are really beautiful. For the gratification of our readers we will transcribe the second of these. Religious pensiveness has seldom breathed itself in tones more sweet and poetical.

"The world's delusive figure flies ;  
The wing of death flits o'er me !  
And all that lately charm'd my eyes  
Is melting from before me !  
So melt the lovely evening beams,  
That revelled by in gladness ;  
And all that lately charmed, now seems  
For ever lost in sadness !

"Alas ! when youth, in smiles arrayed,  
Came tripping forth with pleasure,  
Then joyful round my heart surveyed  
The fastly waning treasure !  
And when their blooming flowers appeared,  
'Mid them my bosom slumbered ;  
Nor once the bright illusion feared,  
Nor dreamed my days were numbered !

"Too oft I heard that mortal life  
Was but a shade of even ;  
And blest repose from mortal strife  
Was only found in Heaven !  
But while the youthful smiles of bliss  
Around my heart were cleaving ;  
I told my soul that truths like this  
Were hardly worth believing !

"But now, like evening's rainbow hue  
Which joyless twilight covers,  
The scene is fading from my view,  
And death around me hovers !  
Farewell thou cheating earth below,  
Thou only bod'st to sorrow,  
Thy beams that shine so brightly now,  
Shall set in shade to-morrow !"

*Dentologia*, the title of the volume which is placed second on our list, is a production of much cleverness, though not of high poetical interest. As a poem, its defects are almost entirely in the subject; the execution evinces no ordinary share of poetic fancy

and power of versification. The attempt to elicit poetry out of such a subject as *diseased teeth*, certainly shows a bold and intrepid spirit; and the success which has attended the enterprise, proves the adventurer to be possessed of an extraordinary share of adroitness in moulding to his purpose the most unaccommodating materials. He has the art of bringing into close and harmonious connexion, images of the most apparently adverse character; and he renders the discussion of a subject which would be supposed fit only for an hospital, an agreeable recreation for the parlour centre-table, or the drawing-room lounge, by an ingenious adaptation to the most unseemly topics, of ornaments not only agreeable in themselves, but capable also of rendering the objects to which they are applied agreeable. What a task, to turn a medical treatise into poetry! And what dexterity to succeed in the attempt!

It is true, that scientific subjects have, before Mr. Brown's attempt, been converted to the use of the muses, and successfully too, as in the case of Darwin's *Botanic Garden*. But Darwin had a subject abounding with the flowers, in whose beauty and fragrance poetry delights to revel; and his "*Loves of the Plants*," afforded his muse the very essence of poetical enjoyment. Not so Solyman Brown, in singing the mysteries and glories of the dental art. What pleasing images could he derive from the contemplation of a rotten tooth, or an agonized nerve writhing the jaws to the very extremity of spasmodic contortion? Yet he has given us a pleasant poem; and what is more, a poem abounding with useful lessons and instructive warnings in relation to cleanliness, sobriety and temperance. Burns, the ineffable Burns, the pride of Scotland, and the prince of good-fellows, had the hardihood to attempt immortalizing the agony of tooth-ache; and he has immortalized it,—but how? By making us laugh at it. The muse of Solyman Brown does better. She instructs us how to avoid the unwelcome guest; and when it does come, in spite of all our care and her instructions combined, teaches us how to get rid of it and all its attendant evils. This grand secret—this infallible remedy, reader, is neither more nor less than to employ Mr. Eleazar Parmly (if you know not already where to find him, the book will tell you that he resides at No. 11, Park Place, New York), as your dentist.

It appears from some passages in the preface, that Mr. Brown himself is studying the dental art. If so, success to him.

"Oh may he in his favourite art excel,  
Nor feel the pangs which he describes so well."—*Anon.*

But we must now treat our readers to a specimen of the poem. The following brilliant inventory of the precious ma-

terials from which the Dentist constructs the beautiful grinders and wisdom teeth, with which he endows the bare gums of his fair patients, will be attractive to the reader, both from its poetry and the splendid supply of masticators which it shows to be in readiness at Mr. Parmly's rooms, for those who need them and are willing to pay for them.

"Behold the dental artist's bright array  
Of magic wonders glittering to the day;—  
The white stalactite from the mountain cave;  
The branching coral from the ocean wave;  
The crystal from the rock; the gem that shines  
With decomposed light from Indian mines;  
And alabaster; and that yellow stone  
That graces jealous beauty's virgin zone;  
The brightest gifts of every varying clime,  
Resplendent spoils of nature and of time;  
And see, obedient to his ruling will,  
Their forms transmuted by his plastic skill,  
Till, as when Cadmus, coveting to reign,  
With teeth of dragons sowed the Theban plain,  
A marshalled host sprang vigorous from the glade,  
In blazoned arms and towering plumes arrayed;  
So spring to light, while Love her flag unfurls,  
A shining panoply of orient pearls."

The following account of a lady who had been a favourite singer in the choir of a church, is both pathetic and consolatory:

"Yes, in that choir that sung the morning song,  
One vacant seat afflicts the listening throng;  
One well-known voice, admired so oft before  
For sweetest melody, is heard no more.  
Is Seraphina dead, whose melting strains  
Had won the hearts of all the neighbouring swains?  
Or does she now forsake the house of prayer  
And spurn her venerable pastor's care?  
Unjust suspicion! tarnish not her fame,  
Nor let reproach attain her spotless name;  
For while her mellow voice obeyed her will,  
She fondly lingered our musician still;  
And though by cruel fate compelled to part,  
She leaves us all the homage of her heart:  
To lonely solitude she gives her hours,  
In shady copse, or shadier garden bowers:  
In silent grief, and unconsolated she pines,  
And scarce to Heaven's high will her soul resigns.  
For, lo, the heavenly music of her lip—  
So sweet the labouring bees might stop to sip,  
Has passed away; discordant notes succeed,  
And Seraphina's bosom lives to bleed.  
Ye ask the cause:—by premature decay,  
Two of her dental pearls have passed away;  
The two essential to those perfect strains  
That charm the soul when heavenly music reigns."

But fly, ye swains, to Seraphina fly,  
And bid her fastly flowing tears be dry;  
Haste to her cottage, where in vain she seeks  
To wipe the burning deluge from her cheeks;  
And when ye find her, sooth her frantic mind,  
And bid her cast her sorrows to the wind;  
In secret whisper this kind truth impart;  
There is a remedy:—the dental art  
Can every varying tone with ease restore,  
And give the music sweeter than before!"

This poem has our approbation for several reasons. We deem it a literary curiosity; inasmuch as it has drawn from a most unpoetical subject, poetry of a more agreeable character than we are in the habit of receiving from the professed bards of these times. The diction is legitimate English; and the versification such as must ever be pleasing to the ears of all of whom English is the native tongue;—it flows in a free range, animated and perspicuous. The verse of Darwin seems to be the model on which it is formed. Darwin's style has been censured as meretricious, by certain critics who affect to be purists in taste. It undoubtedly, in many passages, betrays too much labour after ornament. But then it never, like some of our modern Della Cruscan, labours in vain. The ornament is always obtained and fitted to its place with proper precision and due taste. Would that we could say as much for the style of the next poem on our list, to which, as it has come before the world under the imposing sanction of a learned university, we must pay our respects with profound deference. This poem is entitled "The Spirit of Life," and we sincerely wish that it possessed so much of the living spirit of poetry that we could conscientiously praise it. We have indeed a most vehement desire to speak well of this work; for we know what a fearful thing it is to set ourselves in array against the poetical judgment of a whole university. But then we have a conscience, which, in matters of this kind, we are in the habit of obeying. Now, that conscience tells us plainly what we must plainly tell our readers, that this "Spirit of Life" is a spiritless production, and possesses as little poetical life as a stuffed effigy or a head on a sign-post.

But let us see—we do not wish to be severe. Is there nothing in this poem we can praise? We read it yesterday, and we did our best to derive pleasure from the perusal; but the effort was fruitless. When a poem pleases us, the pleasing passages never fail to dwell on our memory; but in vain do we at this moment endeavour to recollect a passage of "The Spirit of Life." Nay, there is but one sentiment contained in it that dwells on our memory; and that is, that *there is life in all living things*. Indeed we could scarcely forget an allegation so profound and

correct. He would be an arrant sceptic who would deny it. To us it is as plain as a hickory pole—and as for denying it, we would as soon deny that there is water in the sea, or that there are trees in a forest. To the learned members of the Franklin Society of Brown University, however, Mr. Gaylord Clark did not suppose that the matter was quite so clear, for he has taken extreme pains to convince them of it. From their recorded approbation of the work, as expressed in the thanks they have returned him, in the short but sweet correspondence printed at the beginning of the volume, we are glad to find that he succeeded in his laudable efforts; and henceforth, we presume that the doctrine that life is life, will never be doubted by any faithful scholar of the favoured university that has been thus happily enlightened. Such a passage as the following must have carried conviction to the mind of every auditor who understood it, at the university where it was recited.

“ Who that hath stood, when summer brightly lay  
On some broad city, by a spreading bay,  
And from a rural height the scene survey'd,  
While on the distant strand the billows play'd,  
But felt the vital spirit of the scene,  
What time the south wind strayed through foliage green,  
And freshened from the dancing waves, went on,  
By the gay groves, and fields, and gardens won?  
Oh, who that listens to the inspiring sound,  
Which the wide Ocean wakes against his bound,  
While, like some fading hope, the distant sail  
Flits o'er the dim blue waters, in the gale;  
When the tired sea-bird dips his wings in foam,  
And hies him to his beetling eyry home;  
When sun-gilt ships are parting from the strand,  
And glittering streamers by the breeze are fanned;  
When the wide city's domes and piles aspire,  
And rivers broad seem touch'd with golden fire—  
Save where some gliding boat their lustre breaks,  
And volumed smoke its murky tower forsakes,  
And surging in dark masses, *sours to lie*,  
And stain the glory of the uplifted sky;  
Oh, who at such a scene unmoved hath stood,  
And gazed on town, and plain, and field, and flood—  
Nor felt that life's keen spirit lingered there,  
Through earth, and ocean, and the genial air?”

This poem is throughout in the genuine Lake style. It is as dreamy, misty, confused, quaint, and, in many parts, as incomprehensible as any thing that ever came from the cogitations of N. P. Willis himself; nay, we question whether Shelley ever produced any thing more intellectually impalpable.

In addition to “The Spirit of Life,” Mr. Clark's volume contains several miscellaneous pieces which he calls “Fugitives from Justice.” These are, in general, much more readable than

the main poem. This may, in part, arise from their being shorter; but, in our opinion, they are also better poems; and although they exhibit abundantly the prevailing faults of the author, namely, a dull dreaminess of sentiment, and an affectation of quaint epithets and far-fetched images, yet, as poetry now goes, they are very respectable productions; and with one or two of them we acknowledge ourselves highly pleased. They bear testimony that Mr. Clark is sometimes animated with the spirit of poetry, although he has infused so little poetry into "The Spirit of Life." We make these remarks to show that we are disposed to praise Mr. Clark when we can do so without violence to our judgment; and, as evidence of our desire to treat him kindly, we shall lay before our readers the following effusion, which we deem by far the best in the volume.

#### "ELEGIAC STANZAS.

"Thou art laid to rest in the spring-time hours,  
In the freshness of early feeling;  
While the dew yet lies on the new-born flowers,  
And winds through the wood-paths are stealing;  
While yet life was gay to thine ardent eye,  
While its rich hopes filled thy bosom;  
While each dream was pure as the upper sky,  
And sweet as the opening blossom:  
But thy promise of being, which shone so fair,  
Hath passed like a summer cloud in air;  
Thy bosom is cold, which with love was warm,  
And the grave embraces thy gentle form.

"Thou art slumbering now in a voiceless cell,  
While nature her garland is wreathing;  
While the earth seems touched with a radiant spell,  
And the air of delight is breathing;  
While the day looks down with a mellow beam,  
Where the roses in light are blushing;  
While the young leaves dance with a fitful gleam,  
And the stream into song is gushing;  
While bright wings play in the golden sun,  
The tomb hath caressed thee, thou faded one;  
The clod lies cold on that settled brow,  
Which was beaming with pleasure and youth but now.

"Should we mourn that Death's Angel, on dusky wing,  
O'er thy flowery path has driven?—  
That he crushed the buds of thy sunny spring—  
That thy spirit is borne to heaven?  
How soon will the visions of earth grow dim—  
How soon will its hopes be faded?  
And the heart that hath leaped to the syren's hymn,  
With sadness and gloom be o'ershaded!  
The feelings are fresh but a little while,—  
We can bask but an hour in affection's smile,  
Ere the friend and the lover have passed away—  
Ere the anthem is sung o'er their wasting clay!

"Then take thy rest in that shadowy hall,  
In thy mournful shroud reposing;  
There is no cloud on *the soul* to fall—  
No dust o'er its light is closing:  
It will shine in glory when time is o'er,  
When each phantom of earth shall wither;  
When the friends who deplore thee shall sigh no more,  
And lie down in the dust together:  
Though sad winds wail in the cypress bough,  
Thou art resting untroubled and calmly now:  
With a seal of sleep on thy folded eye,  
While thy spirit is glad in the courts on high."

The poem of "*Barbadoes*," by J. Chapman, Esq., is one of those desultory productions descriptive of local scenery, which, however well written, are, when extended to any great length, always fatiguing to the reader. The genius of Thompson himself, who wrote the only long poem professedly descriptive that ever became popular—the *Seasons*—could not infuse into any other of his similar productions—witness his *Britannia*, and his *Liberty*—sufficient interest to attract public favour, although he had recourse to every aid he could derive from ethical and narrative digression, as well as from poetical ornament and melodious verse of the most finished kind. The fact is, that in reading works of this desultory nature, whether in prose or verse, the mind soon becomes bewildered and wearied from the absence of arrangement and the seeming destitution of aim in the writer, which, if they existed, would serve the reader as guides to direct him forward and render his path clear and pleasant. Thus Mr. Chapman's production, like the poem of *Britannia*, has beautiful passages scattered through it; but as a whole, it is heavy and wearisome. The perusal of it soon produces a languor in the mind of the reader, which induces him to lay it aside, unless, perhaps, he has been a sojourner amidst the scenes described, in which case local recollections may cause him to feel an interest that may attach him to the book. To a native of Barbadoes, therefore, this may be a very agreeable work;—but to an Englishman or an American who has never visited that island, it can possess but little attraction.

The versification of this poem is generally good, so far as mellifluousness is concerned, yet there are many rugged breaks in the lines; and it abounds with awkward epithets, unpleasant to a reader of true taste. The besetting sin of descriptive poets—too much amplification—is its chief fault in respect to style. In regard to sentiment there is a blemish which we deem much more serious—the *advocacy of slavery*. The author, indeed, in his preface, intimates that one of his motives for writing the work was, to protest against the efforts which the abolitionists of Great Britain were then making to break the chains of the

enslaved negroes. The scenes of horror and bloodshed which he predicts as the consequence of negro emancipation, we believe will not take place, and we trust that Mr. Chapman will himself have benevolence enough to rejoice when the event proves his credit as a prophet to be inferior to his reputation as a poet.

As a favourable specimen of the style and poetic colouring of this work, we quote the following apostrophe to wedded love, and its attendant compliment on the fair sex of Barbadoes.

"Chaste, wedded love! from baser taint refined,  
Whose throne is seated in the gentle mind;  
Here dost thou love to work thy honest spell,  
To fix thy homestead and forever dwell.  
Here thy own star, with love peculiar shines  
On our blest gardens and our fruitful vines.  
A chaste Armida spreads her magic round,  
And all the joys of love and life abound;  
On flower and leaf a fresher hue is seen,  
A milder lustre and a softer green;  
While shines the star that erst on Eden shone,  
And earth and heaven seem blended into one.

"Italia! boast thy beauty-breathing forms,  
Which love has fashioned, and which passion warms;  
Show, Spain! in orange bower or gay saloon,  
Thy dark-eyed beauties with their brow of June;  
Let Gallia's sylph-like daughters twirl the dance,  
Breathe the warm sigh or shoot the amorous glance;  
Let the soft German with her snowy skin,  
Reveal the lurking fire that lives within;  
Let Georgia and Circassia boast their fair,—  
'Their eyes' blue languish and their golden hair.'  
Let England show her brightest and her best—  
Of all earth's lovely forms the loveliest;—  
Our own dear Island's daughters we recal,  
Lovely as most, more loving than them all."

The smaller poems in this volume deserve no particular notice. They are much inferior to the poem on Barbadoes. Some of them—such as those entitled "Cain," "Napoleon," and "Lucrece," are completely Lakish. Cain, in particular, is as Lakishly written as Wordsworth could have written it in his most delectable hours of composition. We quote the first paragraph, for which we fear the reader will not thank us:

"Is it blood? blood that stains my cruel hand?  
Whose blood is it? my brother's! Abel's blood!  
Who slew, in Abel, brother—fellow-man,  
The son of his own parents, and the loved  
Of the great Father?—Who but cursed Cain?  
Earth, air, heaven, and the silent stars speak out,  
And my own heart cries, "Cain! the murderer, Cain!  
No little Abel yet called him father,  
No gentle spouse, like our sweet mother, yet  
Had dressed his bower. He died in innocence.

Died! death! and what is death? must I die too?  
 Where, where is Abel? is his voice, his heart,  
 His smile, dead? is his gentle spirit dead?  
 And is this death? distasteful, hideous death!"

"*Europe*, a political sketch," by Charles Owen Apperly, is the last of the five poetical volumes before us, and we believe, on the whole, the most meagre in poetry. The principal piece is an attack upon Russia for subjugating Poland, and on the other European powers for permitting her. But the arrows of Mr. Apperly's censure are so blunt, and have been shot from such a feeble bow, that we do not believe they have inflicted a single wound on any of the objects against whom they were directed. Far be it from us to blame Mr. Apperly for so courageously attempting a subject, which, to handle properly, would require the bitterness of a Byron, or the satire of a Cervantes. His motives were good; we only regret that his powers were deficient. His heart, when he wrote this poem, was evidently in its right place; but his head—it is hard to say where it was—unless it was dreaming on Mr. Wordsworth's shoulders. The following extract will, perhaps, enable the reader to decide this matter:

"Oh Europe! land of pride and chivalry,  
 How deeply doth this deed reflect on thee!  
 Staining thy later annals with a crime,  
 That would have shamed the dark and olden time;  
 Then chief and monarch roamed o'er earth and main,  
 To plant the cross on Asia's arid plain;  
 And though we smile at their mistaken zeal,  
 Their noble daring who can help to feel?  
 Now sinks a great and ancient state, whose name  
 Is dear to liberty, renowned by fame,  
 And none befriend her; but the great and free,  
 Beholding this, permit it still to be.

"Yet let us censure justly: it was not  
 The nations, but their chiefs, who thus forgot  
 Their faith, their honour, and Sarmatia's woes,  
 And coldly saw the tragic drama close.  
 Seek the Hungarian by the Danube's wave,  
 And ask him, 'Hadst not thou an arm to save?'  
 And he will mention Sobieski's name,  
 And sadly speak of gratitude and shame.  
 From hence unto the sunny vales of France,  
 And as her sons in martial pride advance,  
 Stand thou before the deep and lengthened line,  
 And say, 'Did Poland fall with will of thine?'  
 The answer that shall burst upon thine ear,  
 Would startle tyrants where they by to hear.  
 Then cross the wave to Europe's western isle,  
 Whose name hath often checked a despot's smile:  
 Go to some open heath upon a day,  
 When Britons freely meet their wants to lay  
 Before their Senate, and observe them near  
 When the Poles' wrongs are mentioned—see and hear

The feelings which shall animate them then,  
 And know the same hold sway over mount and glen.  
 Yes, there were willing hearts and ready hands,  
 More than enough to drive those Cossack bands  
 Back to their native forests : freemen stood  
 Prepared for freedom's fight on land or flood,  
 As stands the steed impatient for the course,  
 Proud of his speed, and conscious of his force ;  
 But they, who should have given the words, ' On, on !'  
 Were silent, and the goal was thus not won."

Our readers will by this time think we have given them enough of Mr. Apperly's heroics. We have looked over his volume in the hope to find something among his lyrics that might compensate them for perusing (if they did peruse) the above flat and stagnant passage. But we have been able to find nothing. He who could think of passing on the world such lines as the following, which form the conclusion of an Ode on Rebellion, for poetry, cannot be expected to produce much that will give pleasure.

" Yet unless my hopes *deceive* me,  
 Or small foresight be *decreed* me—  
 Albion ! thou wilt brave each blast,  
 Great and glorious to the last ;  
 But he hath the earth-mole's eye,  
 Or the pard's hypocrisy,  
 Who would say that over thee,  
 Danger frowns not awfully !"

The extracts we have given we conceive to be fair specimens of the volumes before us, as these volumes are fair specimens of the poetry of the times. No wonder, then, that the public countenance should be withdrawn from new poetry altogether. Truly, indeed, may it be said, that poetic genius has fallen on evil days, and that the glory of the Muse has departed. Yet each of these productions has had its advent announced in strains of as high panegyric as if its appearance reflected honour on the poetic talent of the age. We have already adverted on the injury done to the prospects of good poetry, by the praise so uniformly bestowed in the public prints on bad. It destroys the public confidence in editorial recommendations of new poetic works, so that encomiums on productions of real merit either pass unnoticed, or are noticed only to be disbelieved. Until a cessation of this system of indiscriminate eulogy takes place, it will be in vain to expect a regeneration of poetic literature, or a revival of the public regard towards it. In promoting this unmerited praise, the booksellers assuredly do not study their own interest. If it in any degree aids the sale of worthless productions, in a much greater degree it injures that of the meritorious. But the booksellers know

their own affairs best; we have no right to interfere. The publication of new books is with them a mere mercantile speculation—a calculation of profit and loss. Yet they ought to be sensible that as literature rises or falls in public estimation, so will the respectability and prosperity of their trade.

But it is the subserviency of the critics that we are chiefly inclined to censure. They ought never to sacrifice their own judgments in relation to new books, in complaisance to any individuals. Let them recollect that they are responsible to the public for whatever opinions they advance; and that, although, when they advance erroneous opinions, the public may do them no harm, yet they do harm to the public. Let them adopt a bold, manly, independent and conscientious strain of criticism, neither unnecessarily harsh nor obsequiously kind, and the happiest effects will soon follow. Confidence in their opinions will be restored; their recommendations will go forth to the world with due weight, and exercise a proper influence in directing towards deserving objects, the patronage of the public.

---

ART. XVII.—*Letters descriptive of Public Monuments, Scenery, and Manners in France and Spain.* In two volumes. Vol. 1st, France. Newburyport.

THIS is the work of a lady, now dead, and it certainly does her no inconsiderable credit. It is written in a simple, unpretending style, with a degree of good sense and good feeling, which must cause it to be perused with equal pleasure and advantage. Our object at present is only with the first volume, which treats of France, as we wish to indulge in some remarks about the metropolis of that country, the centre of the civilized world.

There can be little doubt, indeed, that most of those who have enjoyed the opportunity of becoming well acquainted with Paris, will be disposed to coincide, to a certain extent, in the assertion that “on vit là, on végète ailleurs;” and whilst they feel that their “first, best country always is at home,” will look upon it as the next most desirable residence in this sublunary sphere. Where else in their peregrinations, did they breathe an atmosphere of such exhilaration and life; where else did they satisfy every wish with so much facility and certainty; where else did they dare to create wants, from the conviction that their amplest gratification could be immediately obtained; where else, in short,

did they find such a combination of every thing that can delight, instruct, and improve?

The chief source of the pleasure which a stranger derives from a sojourn in Paris, arises, of course, from the character of the people. Their universal gaiety, sowing, as it does, every path with flowers, operates with irresistible influence upon his temperament, however gloomy and morbid. When he beholds every countenance illumined with a smile, he cannot prevent his own muscles from relaxing, and the endless variety of the means of enjoyment which the national propensity for spending time agreeably has provided, does not allow them ever to relapse into a melancholy posture. Whatever may be the potency of the blue fiends who have subjected him to their despotism, they cannot resist the effect of the first sally which he makes into the streets after his arrival in the city, any more than darkness, according to the poet, and our own eyes, can withstand the approach of the orb of day.

"Night and all her sickly dews,  
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
Jove gives to range the dreary sky:  
Till down the eastern cliffs afar,  
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war."

Behold him as he issues in the morning of a superb spring day from the hotel in which he had deposited himself the evening before, the yoke of his tyrants compressing his neck with double torture from the malign influence which a *début* in a strange place, when all the solitude of a crowd is felt in its fullest force, naturally exercises upon the spirits. He goes into a *café* to get his breakfast, looking as if he would turn all the milk of the establishment sour, and takes his seat at one of the tables whose attractive neatness affords some little ray of consolation, by the hope that it excites of a comfortable meal, which the articles brought to him do not disappoint. As he sips such coffee and eats such bread as he never sipped nor ate before, varying the occupation with an occasional taste of an *omelette*, prepared in a style which not even a blue devil can refuse to relish, he begins to feel as if he might hazard a glance at the persons by whom he is surrounded, without engendering a quarrel by the look; and his eyes resting in the first place upon the female who sits upon an elevation behind the counter on which fruits and other delicacies are arranged in tempting order, he is somewhat surprised to find her quite a tolerable looking person; then allowing them to roam about, he beholds on one side of him a well dressed individual dividing his time between a cup of *café au lait* and a newspaper; on the other, a couple engaged in the earnest discussion of a dish of *cottelettes* and the manner in which Taglioni danced on the preceding evening;

opposite to him a party of four, laughing and joking with the most perfect unrestraint, but without the slightest boisterousness, and encompassing a collection of dishes and bottles, which induces him to feel an almost irresistible inclination to propound the same question as that which was put by the inquisitive Yankee under similar circumstances, and cost him his life in the duel it occasioned—"May I be so bold, is that your breakfast or your dinner?" and various other groups and individuals in different parts, all engaged in their own way without interfering with their neighbours by those prying looks and ears erect which would be universally observable in such a scene in some other countries. Remarking, also, the beautiful appearance of the saloon with its costly gilding, splendid chandeliers, and walls sheeted on every side with superb mirrors reflecting and multiplying *ad infinitum* all that it contains; he yields to something like a sensation of pleasure at what really appears to him to be a handsome as well as a novel spectacle. He now thinks that he might muster resolution enough to run over a journal, and asks the *garçon* to give him one—a request which is scarcely out of his mouth when the gentleman on his right and his left tender him some that are lying on their tables, with a courtesy of manner which brings as near to an expression of thanks upon his visage as he can well be expected to summon, and excites the idea in his mind, that, stranger as he is, he need not be so isolated a being as he conceives himself. The genial current continues to thaw. He reads paper after paper, interested in the political, and not altogether disgusted with the lighter articles of various kinds with which they are filled. At length he repairs to the counter to pay his bill, with a reasonable diminution of that acidity of face which made the fair damsel stare at him on his entrance with as much amazement as if he were an animal of another *genus*, makes quite a polite bow as he places the money in her hands, and on hearing the delicious tone and beholding the irresistible smile, with which she says, *merçi, monsieur*, absolutely opens his lips and wishes her good morning, departing with an indistinct impression that this is a pleasant mode of taking one's morning repast.

He advances into the street, which he soon learns to be the Boulevards, and at first is somewhat stunned by the superabundant animation amid which he is thrown—the bustle of jostling crowds, the cries of innumerable hawkers of catch-penny articles, the noise of carriages, *omnibuses* and every other species of vehicle—but recovering himself before the fiends are able to regain complete possession of the ground they have lost, he proceeds on his way, and insensibly the variety of amusing and attractive spectacles which he encounters, induces oblivion of self. Now,

a multitude collected about a show arrest his progress, and by their ebullitions of delight, excite something like a sympathetic feeling in his bosom, which the beauty or the humour of the exhibition does not fail to assist; anon a tribe of wandering musicians, executing the finest compositions in admirable style, breathe concord into his soul; here he cannot help stopping to admire the marvellous ingenuity of a *penny-turner*, displayed in the articles which he exposes for sale, and observing how endless are the devices of necessity in an overcrowded metropolis; there he is again detained by the glittering splendour of a jeweller's window, however much he may despise whatever is of the bauble kind, or by the more elevated attractions of that of a vender of prints, where his eye is fascinated by unrivalled specimens of the graver's art, and the corners of his mouth are relaxed by caricatures replete with philosophy and wit. But above all do the pleased expression and light-hearted step of every one whom he meets, which in the outset make him almost wonder what fortunate incident of general influence has occurred to create such invariable satisfaction, operate upon his feelings and appearance, tinging them both with the prevalent hue; and before he has advanced very far, he casts off the slough of despondency, the genial current flows with little impediment from the ice of the winter of his discontent, and he is prepared in great measure to appreciate, and derive an adequate enjoyment from the curiosities of the place.

He reaches the corner of a spacious street, which empties itself, as it were, into the Boulevards, and looking down it, his eye is caught by a beautiful monument of bronze appearance, proudly lifting its head to the skies in the centre of a circular square, as an Hibernian might say, and beyond, something that has the appearance of a park. Bending his steps in that direction, he arrives at the column of the Place Vendôme, the memorial of the most momentous and splendid victory achieved by the greatest captain of modern times. As he stands absorbed in admiring contemplation of its exquisite beauty, mingled with varying reflections upon the character of the singular being by whom it was erected, and the instability of all human grandeur, never so strongly exemplified as in the fate of that seeming controller of destiny, he is accosted by a person who with marvellous volubility of eloquence, depicts the *beauté incroyable* of the view from the summit, to tempt him to expend a half a franc for permission to mount and satisfy himself of the propriety of believing, in this case, in the incredible. Yielding to the enticement, he deposits his coin, and furnished with a light to see his way, "winds up the steep with toilsome march;" but before reaching the middle of it, he is ready to give up the ghost from fatigue and suffocation, so confined is the atmosphere. On

emerging, however, into the blaze of day, he is amply repaid for his sufferings by the prospect of the city and its environs, which is unfolded before his sight. On one side the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides, glistening in the sun, and telling the story of the fickleness and frivolity of the Parisians, whom Napoleon diverted from sedition by occupying their minds with its adornment; on another, the cupola of the Pantheon, towering above every surrounding object, as if it were the receptacle of the spirits of the illustrious worthies whose mortal remains lie mouldering in the vaults beneath, from which they look down with mingled commiseration and contempt upon "the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth," challenge his notice. Again the neighbouring palace and garden of the Tuileries; the *Champs Elysées*, swarming with human beings, who seem to have been transported from Lilliput; the *Palais des Deputés*; the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, where "each in his narrow cell for ever laid" the forefathers, and fathers, and relatives of all kinds, "rude" and polished, of the good people of the city, sleep the sleep of ages; Montmartre, renowned in the belligerent annals of the place, and other objects of interest, successively attract his gaze, until, becoming conversant with the details, he is enabled to appreciate the entire *coup d'œil*. On retracing his steps, he is grievously disappointed to find that the descent, unlike that to the realms of Pluto, is scarcely more easy than was the advancing "si che'l piè fermo era sempre'l più basso," as Dante has fancifully expressed the act of ascending, in consequence of the darkness and spiral form of the steps.

Getting again upon *terra firma* without accident, he pursues his way from the column down the arcaded *rue de Castiglione* to the garden of the Tuileries, into which he enters, invited by the seductive aspect of its umbrageous alleys, impervious to the rays of the sun. As it is not, however, in its glory until the afternoon, when it is thronged by promenaders of all classes, he proceeds to the palace, and passing through into the court-yard on the other side, comes to the triumphal arch *de la Caroussel*, and beholds the magnificent pile of the Louvre stretching to the right and the left, but chiefly to the right, the other side not yet having been finished, according to the original plan, though arrangements are now making to complete it by extending it until it meets the transverse side, and forms the parallelogram. Desirous of inspecting the famous gallery, he asks a person whom he encounters as he goes under the arch, to direct him to it. This the other not only does, but with almost troublesome politeness, insists upon accompanying him to show the way, and it is with great difficulty that he prevents him from incommoding himself still farther by acting as his Cice-

rone, in the examination of the glories of the place. Showing his passport as a stranger to the door-keeper, and inscribing his name and residence in the book of visitors, he is admitted without being called upon to lighten his purse, and from that time until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the doors are closed, he feasts his eyes at a banquet, the equal of which cannot be enjoyed out of Italy.

Returning then to the garden of the Tuileries, he witnesses a scene, which, if he is still tormented by any remnants of the "tristes dégouts," by which he is persecuted, soon puts them to flight. The principal walks, thronged with promenaders of every variety of dress and appearance, from the unrivalled toilette of the belle—

"Whose lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:"

to the well powdered hair, buckled breeches and silk stockings, and gold headed cane, of the watchfully polite old gentleman of the *ancien régime*, keeping his hat in his hand, as much perhaps for the purpose of having it off when he passes a lady, as for any other cause; the alleys thickly sprinkled with occupants of chairs hired for a sous a piece, which, it is said, belong to the king, who appropriates the proceeds to the culture of a beautiful row of orange trees that certainly do not waste their fragrance on the desert air; here a whole family, father, mother, *bonne* and little children, the two first watching and laughing at the antics of the last, and the nurse sufficiently well employed in keeping the urchins within proper bounds; there a grand flirtation between a dame who, if she were to complain of his passing without regarding her, might well extort a repetition of Fontenelle's famous compliment, "Ah madame, si je vous avois regardé, je n'aurais pas pu passer," and a whiskered and moustachioed cavalier, an *incroyable merveilleux* of the first water, 'raining sacrificial whisperings' and soft nonsense into her ear; groups of persons conning newspapers, collected round what seem at first to be sentry-boxes, but which he finds on investigation to be inhabited by nicely attired damsels, with a goodly number of journals piled upon shelves, with which they are accommodating the quidnuncs in consideration of a penny for each one that is read; every thing, in short, appears to say "hence loathed melancholy," with as much earnestness as the poet of *P. Allegro* himself.

Going out of the principal gate of the garden, he finds himself in the *Place Louis XVI*, in the middle of which a small monument once stood to indicate the spot where that unfortunate monarch was beheaded; but it has recently been removed to give place to an Egyptian obelisk. As he beholds the multitude with which the bloody area is thronged, so peaceable and good

humoured, he can scarcely credit the possibility of their ever being excited to such phrensied rage as impelled them to the perpetration of the tragedy, and the long series of still bloodier crimes by which it was followed, any more than the traveller, gazing upon the tranquil expanse of the ocean, unruffled by a breeze, can realize its aspect when lashed into fury by the tempest, dashing its waves against the very heavens, and threatening destruction to all within its sphere. But the French, more than any other people, verify, in one sense, the saying that extremes meet.

Passing through the *Place*, he reaches the *Champs Elysées*,

“locos lætos et amœna vireta  
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas,”

as the poet has called his Elysian fields, and the former are not unworthy of the description, such is the beauty of the spot in itself, and the gaiety and joyousness which are ever reigning within their precincts. The very name, of course, would frighten away any devil, whether black or blue. Here he spends an hour or so, amused with the various games which are going on in all directions, or laughing at the juggles of mountebanks, or admiring the splendid equipages rolling along the grand avenue terminated by the *arc de l'Etoile*, one of the still unfinished monuments of the pride and magnificence of Napoleon, until exercise and renovated spirits remind him that there is such a thing as the satisfaction of appetite in the economy of the human system. He accordingly repairs to the establishment of a *restaurateur* in the Palais Royal, and has soon no need to be informed that this satisfaction can nowhere else be obtained in such completeness as in Paris. “These little things are great to little man,” however “school-taught pride” may dissemble and look contemptuous. A French dinner is not an insignificant matter. There is something positively intellectual in it, not a few of the dishes requiring absolute genius and science in their preparation; and not a few of the *chefs de cuisine* are gentlemen of very elevated pretensions. The one who officiates at the *Rocher de Canaille*, the most celebrated, perhaps, of the *restaurants*, is said to receive no less than twenty-five thousand francs, or nearly five thousand dollars, per annum. All that he does, of course, is legislative, as it were. His mind only is employed, in devising dishes, promulgating the laws for their preparation, and superintending their execution. He never deigns to manipulate himself, never soils his fingers with the actual work of the kitchen, except on some momentous occasion, or when he has excogitated some new *entrée* of a very delicate and elaborate character, requiring the utmost nicety of skill. Then, his reputation being at stake, renders it indispensable for

him to refuse no labour to preserve it unstained; and verily those whose palates have rejoiced in the efforts of his genius, will cheerfully acknowledge his right to fill the trump of fame. Is he not more worthy, indeed, to do so, ministering, as he does, to the wants and comforts and pleasure of his fellow beings, with such admirable efficiency, than the hero whose ambition is "the direful spring of woes unnumber'd" to his country?

The scene which our gentleman witnesses in the restaurant is as exhilarating as any of the preceding ones which have exercised so beneficial an influence upon his spirits. The various groups by whom he is surrounded offer food for the mind, almost as delectable as that which is provided for the palate; whilst the eye is equally feasted by the splendour of the saloon and the diversity of the spectacle. Especially is he amused by the quandary into which some of his neighbours, a party of Englishmen, are put by the *carte à manger*, the names of the dishes puzzling them quite as much as the letter of Hastings perplexed that paragon of scholars, Anthony Lumpkin, Esq. After a protracted consultation, interspersed with sundry damns and other mild ejaculations of a national character, they decide upon calling for a dish whose sonorous and interminable denomination inspires them with the hope of getting something unrivalled in quality, and in quantity more than sufficient for them all. The *garçon* gives a malicious smirk as he receives their order, goes into the kitchen, and returns with an oyster prepared in a particular way, which he sets down before them with the most provoking attention, delighted at the amazement and fury of the Messieurs Jean Bull. Our hero turns his head away to prevent his laughter from being perceived by its objects, and in doing so, his eye falls upon an individual whose manner leaves no doubt of his freshness from the land of notions, who is looking rather surprised at receiving a second bowl of soup. Equally at a loss with the Englishmen, as to "what is what," he guessed that he would manage the matter 'pretty slickly' by beginning at the top of the *carte* and asking for the dishes in succession, not being aware, unfortunately, that the first dozen names are those of different kinds of *potage*. As he finds the soup, however, capital, he makes no difficulty, but suspecting the truth, he orders something in a totally opposite quarter, in order to avoid any more liquid, and is accommodated with a delicious plate of *beignets de pommes* or apple fritters, having unluckily fallen upon the collection of deserts. This second disappointment is rather too much for his equanimity, and he is about to apostrophize the waiter in language not the gentlest, when our hero, who is, of course, an excellent French scholar, steps in to his aid and volunteers some useful information, though, with all his knowledge of the language, he finds himself often at fault. Again he is

amused and interested by other individuals and groups, apparently from all the civilized countries of the globe, besides a goodly number of indigenous Messieurs and Mesdames, and among them some whole families. Such a dinner-party he never attended before.

By the time he makes his exit, "the night with misty mantles spread," in the words of an old poet, has begun to "dark the day, and dim the azure skies," and

"The sparkling stars amid the Heaven's face,  
With twinkling light shine on the earth apace:"

but their light produces no great effect amid the blaze of gas which illuminates the steps and the garden of the Palais Royal in every quarter, creating a scene of splendour of which "itself alone can be its parallel." Sauntering along, he comes to a column on which are pasted play-bills innumerable, offering a choice of all kinds of dramatic entertainments, from the ethereal of the Italian Opera, down to the earthiness of the broadest farce. After a moment's hesitation of as much uncertainty as that of the poor animal who died of hunger between two haystacks, he determines to finish the good work of harmony which has been begun in his bosom, and resign himself to the influence of the spell that "dwells in music's secret cells." He finds his way, accordingly, to the theatre, where the voices of Malibran and Grisi, and Rubini and Tamburini, "make to the instruments divine response meet," and

"Eftsoons he hears a most delicious sound,  
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,  
Such as at once may not on living ground,  
Save in that only spot, be heard elsewhere:"

for nowhere else, perhaps, is such a combination of talent of the highest order to be enjoyed, for the very simple reason, that nowhere else does it encounter so profitable a market.

The strain ceases, the curtain falls, and he is hurried along out of the edifice by the stream of the audience, to the entrance of a café, magnificently adorned and illuminated, into which the crowd pours, making him fain to do likewise. In the twinkling of an eye all the tables of the various rooms are surrounded by persons of both sexes, eager to refresh their palates, parched by the atmosphere of the theatre, with the unrivalled ices of Tortoni. He calls for one, of course, like every body else, and if, after enjoying its delicious flavour he does not order another, it is because the pleasure of the taste is forgotten in that of the eye, amid the charms of the fascinating countenances which he beholds on every side. He lingers until the last, loth to abandon a scene of such animation and brilliancy. As every thing, however, must have an end, he at length returns

to his domicil, but with what different feelings from those with which he had set out from it in the morning! When he retires to his couch, "gay hope is his, by fancy fed," and though his slumbers may not be so "light" as to "fly th' approach of morn"—one being very much inclined, after the occupations of a day in Paris, to allow the sun to be fully up the next morning before taking a look at his face—they are certainly such as to give him the "easy night."

Thus passed his first day in Paris, and every succeeding one may be spent in a manner equally delightful, if he knows how to take with moderation the goods the gods provide him, without running into any of that "wasteful and ridiculous excess" which destroys effectually and speedily the very pleasure which it seeks. The various "lions" will furnish him for a length of time with abundant food for his curiosity—the very air is redolent of amusement—and his appetite for instruction can never be at a loss for a supply amid the different libraries and lectures to which his passport as a stranger is an open sesame. There is something splendid in the munificence of the French government in all its provisions for the well-being of the strangers who visit the capital, exacting from them a large return of gratitude, but particularly in that respecting the lectures, which are delivered by the most accomplished professors in several of the institutions of learning. Without any expense, the student, from whatever country, is enabled to enjoy the benefit of courses of the most elaborate and elevated character, in every department of literature and science—can drink as deep of the Pierian spring as he wishes, from a cup which is offered to his lips. What an advantage, what a delight, to repair in the morning to the Sarbonne, for instance, and occupy hour after hour in listening successively to the eloquence and erudition of such men as Villemain, and Cousin, and Guizot—who now, however, have resigned to other, though not incompetent occupants, the chairs on which they reflected so much lustre—until the hunger and thirst after knowledge is appeased for the time, or subdued by those of a less intellectual character! And then what a repast for the general reader is provided at the *Bibliothèque Royale*, in particular, with its books and manuscripts innumerable, together with that glorious incentive to application which it possesses—a Mount Parnassus, worked in bronze, with Racine and Moliere, and the other worthies of the French school, seated in regular gradations upon it, *bien poudrés et frisés*, with flowing wigs, and ruffles, and breeches, and buckles, doubtless to the infinite edification of *Monsieur Apollon*, the only unnational gentleman of the collection, who is located at the top. To the lover of natural science, also, where else are means furnished of gratifying his tastes like those

which he finds in the *Jardin des Plantes*, with its museums, its beasts of the field, and birds of the air, and plants of the earth, of every species almost that exists, arrayed in a manner to render it equally admirable for the purposes of the student, and delectable for those of the lounge and the inquisitive. In rambling about that magnificent spot, and beholding in every direction all the glories and beauties of the vegetable world, and all the varieties of the animal creation, one might almost be tempted to believe himself Adam in the Garden of Eden, were it not that the beasts are not allowed exactly as much freedom as they enjoyed in the terrestrial Paradise, the more ferocious being confined in cages, and those of a gentler nature restricted to their respective enclosures. The present is not the age, unfortunately, in which the lion lies down with the lamb, and the tiger disports with the kid.

This Garden and the Louvre, especially, are the two boasts of Paris, which furnish inexhaustible resources to the stranger, however protracted may be his sojourn. In some respects, the Gallery of Paintings of the latter is the finest in the world. Its extent is certainly unequalled by any other single collection, and the different schools of the art are more fully represented for the purposes of comparison and study than any where else, with the exception of the English, and that is, perhaps, no very lamentable deficiency. Such a lounge as it affords from its own attractions, and the variety of its visitors! The following is our author's account of this object:

“Passing from thence, across the *Place*, we arrived at the Louvre, that magnificent palace, abounding in every thing that is rich and beautiful in architecture and ornament, and fully worthy of those great men, under whose auspices it was reared and embellished, both within and without, in a style so far superior to any thing I had ever yet imagined of rich and elegant. The court of the Louvre is a square of one thousand six hundred feet in circumference, and is surrounded by four piles of buildings of the most perfect beauty. At the centre of each pile is a projection, ornamented with statues and bas-reliefs, beneath which is an arched passage leading out from the court. Each of the outside fronts is likewise beautifully decorated with bas-reliefs, statues, columns, and pilasters. The effect of the whole is, in fact, most grand and majestic, and cannot but strike the beholder with wonder and admiration.

“The Museum of Pictures is contained in the gallery between the Louvre and Tuileries, and is entered from the *Place du Musée*. Over the door of entrance is a bust of Louis Eighteenth in bronze. From the vestibule you ascend a superb stair-case, which is elegantly ornamented with statues, military trophies, columns, bas-reliefs, and a very richly painted ceiling. This stair-case leads to a sort of anti-chamber, the ceiling of which also presents pictures upon different subjects, mostly relating to the Trojan war. At the right of this hall is a door conducting to the Museum. You first pass through a room, surrounded with pictures of little or no merit, into a second, which likewise contains none of very great value. From this room you enter a magnificent gallery one thousand three hundred and thirty-two feet in length, divided into nine parts, by

arches each composed of four beautiful marble pillars. At the back part of the arches mirrors are placed, which, by reflecting the pictures, have the appearance of successive galleries, as far as the eye can reach. Before each mirror is placed a bust of some eminent artist, a vase of alabaster, or some ornament of the kind. The light is admitted by means of sky-lights, and a range of windows on each side of the gallery. Seats, covered with rich figured blue velvet, are also placed at regular distances on each side. The floor is composed of polished oak, such as I have before described to you, as composing the floors of private houses.

"The first three divisions of the gallery are occupied by pictures of the French school,—the next three by the German, Flemish and Dutch,—and the last three by the Italian school. Although the effect of this gallery is very splendid, yet, as it respects the examination of the pictures alone, it did not please me. The immense number of paintings, thus displayed at once to the view, distract the attention, and become extremely fatiguing after a short time; whereas, if the same number even were distributed in different apartments, they could be viewed with much greater satisfaction, and far less fatigue.

"Among such a vast collection of fine paintings, which require many successive visits to examine, with any degree of accuracy, I shall not attempt to give you a minute description of any; but shall merely state, that the gallery contains master-pieces of the most celebrated artists of ancient and modern times; and this is alone sufficient to give you an idea of the claims which it possesses to admiration and critical attention. The first time we visited it, it was merely to learn the situation of the pictures of the different schools, as it was impossible to examine any attentively.

"From the Museum of Pictures we repaired to that of the Antiques, in another part of the Louvre. This Museum consists of a succession of apartments or halls, filled with statuary, each hall being designated by the principal statue or statues that adorn it. The ceiling of most of these apartments is truly splendid, consisting of paintings, sculpture, and fine bas-reliefs,—the whole beautifully interspersed and ornamented with gilding. These halls, too, are generally adorned with columns of alabaster, porphyry and costly marbles, with busts, vases, candelabras, and altars, besides the immense number of statues, single and in groups, most of which are extremely fine and true to life.

"In the Hall of the Roman Emperors, I was particularly struck with the graceful and flowing manner with which the *togas* were arranged upon the different statues. At a little distance you might almost imagine it real drapery, so free was it from all appearance of stiffness and precision.

"The Hall of Melpomene derives its name from a colossal statue of the tragic muse, which occupies one end of it. Just in front of this statue is a most beautiful pavement in mosaic, representing Minerva in a car, followed by Peace and Abundance. It is enclosed by a gilt ceiling of much beauty. Among the great number of beautiful statues which decorate these superior and elegant halls, there were some very curious Egyptian ones, not more easily distinguished by their large flat features, than by the peculiarly stiff and formal attitude which marked each one. It would almost seem to have been the design of the sculptor to render each limb as ungracefully and unnaturally bent as possible.

"The Hall of the Cariatides is very beautiful, adorned at one end by a tribune, supported by four cariatides. Above the tribune is a bas-relief in bronze, representing a fountain nymph, her left arm resting upon an urn, from whence issues a stream of water; and her right thrown around the neck of a stag. At the opposite extremity of the hall is a very handsome chimney-piece, ornamented with statues of Bacchus and Ceres.

"In the first hall which we entered, there were four large statues of captives, which very much attracted my attention. They were dressed in a sort of dark colored robe, which rendered them particularly striking, from the contrast which they presented to the whiteness of the other statues around them. The attitudes of these figures, their clasped hands, the downcast, sad, despairing expression of their faces, rendered them extremely interesting and attractive.

"These observations upon the contents of this Museum, were not of course the result of one visit, as, like the gallery of pictures, it was examined by me many succeeding times, and always with more interest and admiration."

The theatres of the French metropolis secure the stranger from the possibility of wanting the means of spending his evenings agreeably. Whatever may be the mood of the moment, grave or gay, or lively or severe, he can never fail to gratify it, amid the diversity and excellence of the dramatic entertainments, which are every night at his option. To do them justice, however, and give that view of the present condition of the French drama which should at the same time be furnished, would require an entire article at least. The theme is a pregnant one, not merely in a theatrical point of view, but from its bearing upon the political and social character of the people.

To the attractions of Parisian society we have alluded sufficiently for our purpose, in the article on Mrs. Willard's publication, in our last number. The politeness and kindness which the stranger meets with in it on all hands, are of themselves enough to render the frequenting it a matter of delight, exclusive of its other fascinations. The old charge may be repeated, that all this affability is superficial; but what if it is? What does a stranger want more than courteousness of manner, from persons with whom he is to have an intercourse, which, broken off by his departure, may never again be renewed? What does it concern him, so long as she enjoys all the advantages of the regard for him which may be expressed, whether it be genuine or not? Indeed, he must be an extraordinary egotist, or an extraordinary gull, if he supposes, from the conventional phrases which are addressed to him, that he is an object of particular affection, and a remarkable ignoramus if he imagines that any desire of making him believe himself such, is entertained. There is no insincerity in the French in this respect, for no more is intended to be conveyed by their warmth of phraseology and manner, than ought to be expected; whilst it has an admirable effect in putting the visiter at his ease, removing all the awkwardness of formality and the embarrassment of novelty. We must confess the comparison between the English and the French with regard to this feature of the national character, has always struck us as supremely ridiculous, and we think that all

those who have experienced the difference between the coldness of the former, and the geniality of the latter, will agree with us in opinion. This geniality may be affected; but even if it is, we cannot help preferring an artificial spring to a natural winter. It is no great comfort to be informed in London, whilst your *morale* is shivering under the influence of the chilliness by which it is every where assailed, that this is perfectly real, and that if you can remain long enough without being frozen to death in the interim, you may succeed eventually in educating some genuine warmth; nor is it any great drawback upon the satisfaction with which you bask in the sunshine of Parisian urbanity, to be informed that the light and heat which are diffusing animation and happiness throughout your system, proceed from an illusive ray. We do not think, however, that where there is so much appearance of kindness, there can be a deficiency of it in fact. We believe that the manifestations of it given by the French, are the result of their temperament and education; have no deceptive design, although ignorance and folly may be led by them into a mistake which cannot do much harm; that the French are essentially a kind people, and that the resident there for any period of time, will receive more decided and grateful evidence of good feeling, not only at first, but at last, than he ever will amongst the sincerely cold, haughty, worthy, disagreeable inhabitants of the neighbouring isle.

The public amusements of the people, their *fêtes*, and balls, &c., are a never-failing source of entertainment and interest, especially for one who loves to contemplate the exhibitions of national character. We were fortunate in being in Paris at a time when an opportunity was afforded, such as has rarely been furnished, of witnessing the capabilities of the French, if we may so speak, for enjoying themselves; we mean the celebration, last July, of the anniversary of the Three Glorious Days; and perhaps we cannot do better than devote the residue of this article to an account of it, a detailed one having never, we believe, been given in print, although we might as well "forbid the sea for to obey the moon," as hope to give an adequate description of its brilliancy, variety and uniqueness.

The first day, the 27th, was dedicated to mourning and funeral ceremonies for the patriots who were slain in the revolution. It was the *adagio* movement which, in all arranged pieces of harmony, precedes the *allegro*. Those who had tears were bade prepare to shed them over the graves of the martyrs of liberty; and those who had not, might, we dare say, have found many a *fons lachrymarum* in the streets, in the shape of a *marchand de larmes*, hawking about phials filled with the pathetic liquid, and selling them for *un sous la bouteille*; there being no means

of turning a penny which is allowed to escape by the "fasting messieurs" of this metropolis. We cannot say, however, that we actually encountered any venders of the article, as we did not go in search of it; the true French style in which grief was paraded, prevented us from feeling that sympathy which a natural expression of feeling on so affecting an occasion would excite in the breast of every one who was not "born amid the rocks of Caucasus, and suckled by Hyrcanian tigers." There might have been, and there doubtless was, a quantum of genuine sentiment in operation; but the besetting sin of the Parisians, their fondness for making a spectacle of every thing, imparted an aspect of affectation and *theatricalism* which had very little power to extort the "sympathetic tear."

In the morning we repaired to the church of St. Roc, where, as in all the other churches, a funeral service was to be celebrated, and found it filled with national guards in uniform, and various municipal authorities, together with a splendid band of music, in addition to the choir. The usual ceremonies were performed, and some strains poured forth which St. Cecilia could not have heard with an indifferent ear; which, indeed, might almost have produced the same effect upon her as her own "divine, enchanting ravishment" did upon the angel, and have "drawn her down." Mass concluded, the guards marched out to the sound of the *Marseillaise*, which, played as it is in Paris, *con amore e con fuoco*, always makes the blood tingle in the veins. We then proceeded to the little enclosure near the Louvre, where the inscriptions on the crosses planted upon the heaving soil, festooned with flowers, and shaded with cypresses, tell that there are laid those who died for their country—*morts pour la patrie*. Near the place of sepulture, a funeral monument of painted canvass had been erected, which was not in the best taste. A band of musicians, who played solemn airs throughout the day, and a detachment of military, taken partly from the national guard and partly from the troops of the line, were stationed around it, and had company enough in the crowds constantly on the spot. Tricolor flags, of course, were waving about in every direction; and the grass growing upon the graves could scarcely be seen for the flowers with which it was covered.

From this consecrated spot we went to another of the same description, in the *marché des Innocens*, where, with the exception of the canvass monument, every thing was ordered in the same style; soldiers, music, tricolors, and flowers. Here, however, we did observe one touching spectacle, and the only one we saw during the day. It was a couple, apparently of low condition, habited in coarse though deep mourning, sitting together with interlocked hands, at some little distance from the cemetery, and gazing upon it as if it contained some object for

whose loss their grief was too real to admit of its being obtrusive. We thought they might be a father and mother, whose only son had fallen a victim to his patriotism, but whose pride for his courage and self-devotion had not been able to subdue the yearnings of parental love.

We next visited the *place de la Bastille*, where a monument had been erected similar to that near the Louvre. It was surmounted by a formidable quantity of tricolor flags, which, as the sun was intensely hot, we should not have particularly liked to count; even the delightful airs breathed by the instruments of an admirable band, were not able to counterbalance the effect of the rays. We accordingly returned home by the Boulevards, which certainly presented any thing but a melancholy appearance in unison with the ceremonies of the day. The other two burial places of the *morts de Juillet*, besides those already mentioned, in the rue Froidmanteau, and the Champ de Mars, we did not visit, as they offered nothing different from what we had seen.

In the afternoon we rambled about the Champs Elysées. Here was a scene, such as never could be witnessed in any other part of the globe. The genius of popular amusement had taken up his abode in this at all times favourite resort of his geniusship, with a pomp and circumstance which words are inadequate to depict. It is in such a spectacle as was here exhibited, that two of the most prominent and distinguishing traits of French character are brought out into the strongest relief—their mania for amusement, and their fancy in devising the means of amusing themselves. They certainly do possess more of that faculty of invention in trifles, which is denominated fancy, and less of it in lofty matters, when it assumes the name of imagination, than any other people. The manner in which their genius displays itself in the higher exertions of intellect, is in direct contrast to its manifestations in the lower; it being only in those departments of the former, in which invention is worse than useless, that they have obtained pre-eminence: thus, whilst they are the most ingenious and entertaining triflers in the world, they are the profoundest mathematicians and astronomers, and, in some respects, the least admirable poets. In those of the exact sciences, even, in which imagination is of service, they have effected comparatively little; mankind is indebted to America for the steam-boat, and to England for the rail-road; but what discovery of universal importance do we owe to France? In their most elevated poetical compositions, imagination, assuredly, is not the predominant trait; it is rather exactness, if we may so speak. More power of calculation is remarkable in them than “fine frenzy;” their grand merit being their strict conformity to gratuitous rules; their

precise observance of preposterous unities. The lyre, which their hands explore, strikes more by the perfection of its workmanship, its faultless proportions and graceful shape, than by the extasy to which its strings are ever awoke.

To enumerate all the varieties of shows, games, and other amusements with which the Champs Elysées were filled to overflowing, would be a labour which we should not very willingly undertake. We must confess, however, there was something revolting in the contrast between the scene of festivity which they presented, and the nature of the ceremonies to which the day had been devoted. It had begun in the morning when these commenced; the jokes of Punch and the antics of Harlequin were going on whilst the churches in the city, hung with black, were echoing to the solemn strains of *de profundis*, and every testimonial of veneration and grief was ostentatiously exhibited at the graves of the patriots who had "died embracing their country;" and the same people who had just been assisting with a tragic air at the latter performances, were immediately afterwards to be seen indulging in uncontrolled merriment at the former. The melancholy peal of the cannon, which was fired every quarter of an hour from the Hotel Dieu, reverberated discordantly amid the shouts and revelry of the Champs Elysées.

The second day had been looked forward to with no inconsiderable anxiety by the politicians of Paris—that is to say, by every body; for who is not a politician there, from the king down to the gentleman who stands at the corner of the street with blacking brush in hand, and solicits the honour of cleaning your boots with irresistible politeness, and whilst engaged in the business of polishing, favours you with disquisitions upon the state of affairs quite as luminous and profound as many that are uttered in the Chamber of Deputies? It was to be discovered on that day, what were the feelings of the National Guard towards Louis Philippe, and what their sentiments in reference to the detached forts which the government had commenced constructing about Paris. These, it is true, had been discontinued in consequence of the almost universal disgust excited by the measure. So strong was the opposition to it even among the staunchest adherents of the powers that be, that the ministry became sensible they had committed a *faux pas*, and such was their apprehension that the National Guard would take advantage of the review they were to undergo, to intimate their opinions upon the subject in a manner which would not induce any one of them to sing the favourite song,

"Je suis content,  
Je suis heureux,"

and might even entail consequences of a serious nature, that besides giving a public notification in the *Journal des Débats*, that all further proceedings in the matter were stopped until it had been submitted to the Chamber of Deputies, they took the unprecedented step of sending a circular to the same effect, couched in the most conciliatory terms, to the residence of every member of the Guard, and indeed, of almost every inhabitant of the capital. They thereby hoped to stop the mouths of the multitude in and out of uniform, and save their places, and peradventure their persons, from peril; but this method of escaping from the difficulty was as undignified as their involving themselves in it was imprudent. How could they ever have imagined that the Parisians, in the existing condition of things, would consent to live perpetually under the mouths of cannon, which, however plausible the pretext on which it might have been located, would still be a tremendous instrument in the hands of power for keeping them in check and exercising despotism *ad libitum*? But the pretext itself was worse than insufficient when properly considered. Instead of being the means of preserving Paris, these forts would be much more likely to be the cause of its destruction; for an enemy, obtaining possession of them, would turn them against the town with many thanks to the courtesy of the politest people in the world, for saving them so much trouble as they would then be spared, in case they were animated by the spirit of old Blücher, and determined upon razing it to the ground. May such a catastrophe never happen, is our earnest prayer. Paris once in ashes, would not, we fear, imitate the bird *quæ reparaet, seque ipsa reseminet ales*. Another such a receptacle of every thing that can delight and instruct, could scarcely again be created much before doomsday. There was yet another reason which operated very potently in producing dissatisfaction with the measure, as it affected numbers in a most sensitive part—their purse. The lands on and near which the forts were to be constructed, depreciated so much in value, as to render them scarcely worth possessing, and no loyalty of their owners could endure that. He who takes another's purse may take 'nothing,' but it is a nothing, which, like the 'do nothing' of the Italians, is exceedingly *dolce*, and is more coveted, in general, than any something which can be named. But to the proceedings of the day.

Going out early in the morning to a café on the Boulevards, we found that splendid street filled with troops marching and counter-marching; and taking a seat at a table near a window of the establishment, we feasted our eyes with their evolutions, whilst feasting another part with something more

substantial. The line extended the whole length of the Boulevards, making the entire circuit of the city—or rather the lines, as there were two parallel, the National Guard forming one, and the regular troops the other. After the *déjeuner*, we bent our steps in the direction of the Tuileries, to see the king commence his ride along the lines, but on reaching the rue de Rivoli, we found that he had got a little the start of us, and was just passing. We caught a good view of him as he went slowly by, billing and cooing the National Guard in the most tender style. He rode so close to them, that they must have felt some slight apprehension of having their toes mashed under his horse's hoofs, with his chapeau in his hand, making the most obsequious bows, and the most affectionate gesticulations to each individual, which, duly interpreted, seemed to say: "Do, my dear sir, open your mouth and cry *vive le roi!*" There was something, I could not help thinking, positively sycophantic in his manner, which, if we had belonged to the Guard, would have kept our lips as tightly sealed as if we had been under the influence of political discontent. Exaggerated affability in a monarch, to say the least of it, is rather suspicious, and is little calculated to attain the end it has in view. The way for a king to

"Pluck allegiance from men's hearts,

Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths:"

is not by allowing himself to be "common hackney'd in their eyes," and manifesting over-anxiety to receive their applause, but by "keeping his presence like a robe pontifical, ne'er seen, but wonder'd at." Louis Philippe would do well to read the account which Shakspeare gives of the mode in which Henry the Fourth acquired the "opinion that did help him to the crown." The cries of his subjects did not make the welkin ring in our vicinity, and proceeded chiefly from the populace, whose sweet voices, of course, will always be heard on such occasions, if it be only for the fun of straining their throats. The Guards, we thought, made but cold responses to the salutations of the king. He was attended by a numerous staff, and retinue of grooms, having near him his three sons, the Dukes of Orleans, Nemours and Aumale, the first dressed as a general officer, the second as Colonel of the Lancers, and the other, who is quite a boy, in regimentals, of what kind we do not exactly know. The king himself was habited in a marshal's uniform, and mounted on a white horse, which seemed to have been selected much more for its quietness than its beauty.

After he had passed, we proceeded to a house at the corner of the Place Vendôme and the rue Castiglione, where we had been offered by a friend a place near a window to witness the ceremony of the uncovering of the statue of Napoleon, which

had been raised to the top of the column, and of the marching of the troops before the king. We did not get there, however, with the greatest facility imaginable. The crowd was tremendous. An English multitude of similar denseness, it would have been impossible to make one's way through, without being shoved and jostled almost to death; but Frenchmen, as long as they are in good humour, are always well-behaved, individually or *en masse*. We were very fortunate in the situation which we obtained, as it enabled us to see not only all that occurred in the Place, but also the approach of the troops up the rue Castiglione, after they had turned the corner of the rue de Rivoli; and the effect of their appearance was much finer than when they were defiling before his majesty. After waiting a considerable time, the carriages of the Queen and suit, escorted by a regiment of Lancers, and driving into the court-yard of the *Hotel de la Chancellerie*, the principal window of which, immediately opposite to the column, had been magnificently fitted up for the ladies, gave some hopes of the speedy commencement of the show. It is surprising, we may observe *en passant*, with what patience the French, the most impatient and nervous people on the face of the globe, wait for any thing like a spectacle to begin. At length the king made his appearance with his attendants, having finished the ride on which he was setting out when we first had the felicity of beholding his face in the morning. Dismounting at the *Chancellerie*, he disappeared from sight to gratify the cravings of the appetite which his exercise had doubtless created, a splendid collation having been provided for the purpose; but he was so long about it, that we were not singular in feeling a wish that he had eaten so hearty a breakfast as to preclude the necessity of the luncheon. As all things, however, must have an end, even, alas! a French repast, behold him again seated upon his horse and advancing, smiling, bowing and gesticulating, to place himself in front of the statue of Napoleon, which as yet stood in veiled majesty on the summit of the column, but was not covered so thickly that you could not perceive that the face was turned in the direction of the Tuileries. The column was gaily decked out with wreaths of laurel and garlands of flowers encircling its base and top, and was surrounded by six small columns of wood, erected for the occasion, on which were inscribed the names of the most celebrated marshals of the empire. The king and suit having taken their stations so as to form a semi-circle, the signal was given by M. Thiers to the men who were placed, for the purpose, on the balustrade around the top, to remove the covering. Arrangements had been made to have it accomplished instantaneously, in order that the entire statue might burst at once upon the eye; but by some mismanagement or entanglement of

the veil, it happened, most unfortunately, that the brazen-faced gentleman made his appearance in a very deliberate manner, productive of rather a ridiculous effect. First the cocked-hat exhibited a portion of its classical shape—the covering being open at top so as to fall down—but manifested considerable unwillingness for a time to show itself *in toto*, as if it had a suspicion that it made rather a queer finale to a column upon the antique model; then the face, then the *redingote*, and at length the whole statue, by degrees, was introduced to the light of day. We had awaited the moment of its complete exposure with a good deal of anxiety, expecting to hear a genuine explosion of French enthusiasm; but we were marvellously disappointed. Whether the difficulty and tardiness of the uncovering, which destroyed the theatricalism so potent in its operation upon French feelings, had damped the ardour of the multitude; whether the cocked-hat and the *redingote* caught their acute sense of the ridiculous; or whether they were sensible of the revolting paradox of a citizen king, the representative of the right of insurrection and of the genius of liberty, glorifying the imperial tyrant, the very personification of despotism—of the man of the Three Days prostrating himself, on the anniversary of that glorious epoch, before the man of the Hundred Days—we cannot say; but the shouts were meagre, wavering and uninspiring. Straggling cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* which sounded sufficiently ridiculous after he had been mouldering for years in his grave, were ever and anon heard, followed by those of *vive le roi!* as few and far between as angel visits. They were uttered as if the shouters were not over confident that they made quite as good harmony as one of Rossini's best overtures, and indicated that *La jeune France* was in something of a quandary between the national infatuation for military glory, and the political principles with which she professes herself just now smitten.

The king and company made a grand series of bows to the statue, which, we dare say, they, or at least he, regarded with no more real love than poor Leporello does the *statua gentilissima* of the commander, in the opera. They then moved to the side of the column facing the window in which were the queen and ladies of the court. The National Guard now began to move, and each battalion, at it passed before Louis Philippe, received from him its quantum of salutation. His neck and right arm had certainly no sinecures on that day. This time the Guards were more noisy than in the morning. Their acclamations were steady and tolerably lusty; but there was nothing in them which sounded like the ebullition of enthusiasm. It was affirmed that several cries of *à bas les bastilles!* were

mingled with the others in reference to the forts, and that the king responded to them, *Oui, mes amis, point de Bastilles*, but they did not come within the scope of our ears. More than four hours were consumed before all the Guards had passed, so it may be imagined in what numbers they were. They marched tolerably well, but not better than our gallant volunteers; and assuredly they did not make half so smart and exhilarating an appearance with their monotonous uniform, as that which is presented by our

Black soldiers and white,  
Blue soldiers and gray,

and soldiers of all other colours, on a grand parade. The troops of the line who followed, made a much more splendid figure than the civic forces, especially the magnificent cavalry regiments of the Lancers and *Cuirassiers*. Their whole aspect explained something of the secret of Bonaparte's wondrous successes. If king Pyrrhus had commanded such troops, we doubt much whether he would have sighed to be the leader of the Romans. The spectacle of the *Cuirassiers*, with their shining breast-plates and glittering swords, galloping up the rue Castiglione, the immense crowd of people shrinking back to give them passage, the showy dresses of the officers of the staff in the Place Vendôme, the infantry disappearing amid the dense, dark mass in the rue de la Paix, and every window, as far as the eye could reach, from the Tuileries to the Boulevards, filled with ladies, offered a coup d'œil which, as the phrase goes, altogether beggars description!

The review terminated between seven and eight o'clock, when the king rode back to the Tuileries, not regretting, it is to be presumed, that the business of the day was over, nor very sorry that none of the threats of assassination contained in twenty *billets-doux* sent to him the evening before, as was reported, had been put into execution. The multitude then poured into the garden of the Tuileries to hear the grand concert that was to be given there, on a sort of inclined stage in front of the palace, by five hundred instrumental musicians, and vocalists in proportion, which was dubbed the *concert monstre*. There also we squeezed ourselves, but no elbowing nor pushing could get us near enough to enjoy the sounds. In vain we strained our ears, putting our hands behind them in the most approved style; every effort was useless. What faint notes might have reached them, were completely lost in the *maladetto* chattering of our neighbours, and the bustle of the crowd. We went sorrowfully away before the end of the performances, scarcely in spirits enough to make any exertion to

see the fire-works that were to follow. Recollecting, however, the good advice of the philosophic poet—"œquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem"—we did not go home to bed, but with exemplary fortitude remained abroad and gazed at a succession of Vulcanic exhibitions which we would much rather see than describe. Some of them surpassed in brilliancy any thing we could imagine. The illumination, also, of the garden of the Tuileries, the Hotel de la Marine, the Arc de l'Etoile, and other places, viewed from the highest story of a house in the rue de Rivoli, to which we ascended for the purpose, was splendid in the extreme. Thus terminated the second day.

The proceedings of the third were commenced by the laying of the first stones of some Entrepôts and of the grand gallery of mineralogy in the garden of plants, by the king. Those ceremonies, however, we did not attend, preferring to ramble about the Champs Elysées, where the festival had reached its climax. In addition to what had been going on during the two preceding days, two large theatres had been constructed in the *grand-carré*, on which military pantomimes were enacted, and orchestras numerous and excellently composed, were maintaining a constant concord. Fatigued, at length, with walking about, we took a seat under an awning, where a female, nicely dressed, was sitting near a table covered with newspapers, and hiring them for a penny a piece to the quidnuncs or idlers who were attracted by the tempting display of the journals, or the comfortable appearance of the chairs. We ran our eyes over the leading articles in the organs of the different political parties, and were not a little amused at the contradictory accounts which they gave of the events of the day before; one asserting that the enthusiasm testified for the king was beyond conception; another, that nothing but manifestations of dislike were given; a third affirming that the covering fell from the statue of Napoleon as if by magic, and was followed by a burst of acclamation that almost rent the heavens in twain; a fourth assuring his readers that a sombre silence was preserved on that occasion. All the articles seemed to have been written previously to the occurrences which they described, and like the Abbé Raynal's history of the Venetian conspiracy, once written, they were not to be altered, however fabulous they might prove. It was not, certainly, the object of any of them to shame his Satanic majesty, the ministerialists going as far beyond the truth in one way as the opposition in the other.

At two o'clock there was a performance in all the theatres of the city gratis; so it may be supposed that the audiences were not the most select. We should have liked to put our head into

the grand opera, to see what effect Robert le Diable produced upon the *grisettes* who adorned the boxes, and the *sans-culottes* who crowded the pit; but the concourse was too formidable for our courage. We had endured enough of squeezing the day before. At the same hour there was also a joust of boats upon the Seine between the bridge of Concord and that of the Invalids. There were ten of them, five painted red, and five blue, with four rowers a piece, and on the stern of each stood a doughty warrior armed with a long pole, with which he endeavoured to push the antagonist whom he encountered into the water. Whenever a red and a blue passed near enough to one another, there was a concussion, sometimes without effect, sometimes followed by a ducking of one of the combatants. The victors in the contest received prizes from the Prefect of the Seine, but after three or four splashes had taken place, the spectacle became too monotonous and tiresome to render us insensible to the rays of an ardent sun, and we did not wait to see the result. The finest part of the show was the multitude lining both the banks, and appearing to take the liveliest interest in what was going on. It was just the thing for the Parisians; they were in perfect extasy whenever a luckless wight was tumbled into the water.

In the evening we went to the grand ball given by the city to the king, at the Hotel de Ville. This was a magnificent affair. At least twelve rooms were open, and the court-yard was boarded over so as to form another apartment, with the 'blue vault of heaven' for its ceiling, where the guests could escape into the fresh air from the heat and closeness of the interior, and renovate themselves for a renewal of exercise on the fantastic toe. In the principal hall, seats for the king and royal family had been placed upon a slightly elevated platform. Here the dancers chiefly figured, but the return from Avernus could not have been more of a labour and a work, than the attempt to trip it amid the multitudes that filled the room. Fortunately for the admirers of beauty, rows of benches had been ranged around the walls, one above the other, for the ladies, and every seat upon them was occupied. It was the richest, most brilliant sight that ever dazzled our eyes. Such a gay and variegated parterre of 'wall-flowers,' has rarely, we suspect, been seen, even in the American garden of grace and beauty. Their beaming faces, their exquisite head-dresses, their—but we shall get eloquent upon this theme, so let us to another.—The king and family made their appearance between nine and ten, and were applauded with becoming vivacity, especially by the soprano voices. The ball was opened by the dukes of Orleans and Nemours, M. Thiers, and other distinguished personages, who danced with the *Mariées de*

*Juillet*, in whose honour, partly, it was given. We should beg pardon of these ladies for not having alluded to them before. They were the daughters of men who fell during the revolution, eight in number, who were married on this anniversary celebration, to gentlemen similarly circumstanced, bride and bridegroom receiving a *dot* of three thousand francs. Most of the couples, we believe, had never seen each other before they met at the hymeneal altar, and they were joined together, not according to their own fancy, but according to the patriotic merits of their slaughtered relations, the son and daughter of the most worthy being put into the same yoke, and so on.

During the evening, we made our way very near to the station of the royal family, and obtained a pretty good view of its members. The queen unquestionably was not the prototype of Canova's Venus, but one of her daughters, apparently about seventeen, is a lovely creature, with liquid blue eyes, roseate complexion, and an expression of fascinating sweetness. Our republicanism, we are free to acknowledge, melted away under the influence of the beams which stole from her glances—and for the moment we would by no means have had any objections to be the owner of a title as long as our arm, or even to be of blood royal, to enjoy the privilege of soliciting the honour of her hand for a dance. The duke d'Orleans is a handsome, gentlemanly looking youth, of blond complexion, delicate proportions, and altogether answering in appearance to the term *distingué*, though there is not much intellect discernible in his countenance. In the latter respect his brother, the duke de Nemours, has much the advantage of him, inferior as he is generally, in his external man. His hair and complexion are very light, and his features are not moulded in the most regular shape, but the deficiency is amply compensated by an air of considerable intelligence. He does not seem to be more than nineteen, if so much. The whole family made the circuit of the hall, shortly before they retired, the papa and mamma bowing and speaking most courteously to the ladies within their reach. We followed them round with the crowd, with true Yankee inquisitiveness, and were amused with the various expressions of the fair ones as the group was passing. Some were all curiosity, others all anxiety; this one pale as death, that one blushing to the eyelids, and most of them in fit condition to sing *di tanti palpiti* with perfect effect. We really pitied some of the poor fans from our souls. The exercise they were made to undergo, was enough to terminate any existence—'*Je vous assure,*' said a lady to her neighbour, within our hearing; '*Je vous assure que cela me coupe la respiration,*' and then she fluttered hers with such vehemence, in order, doubtless, to regain her respira-

tion by means of the air thus obtained, that we apprehended it would come to pieces every instant. The supper is said to have been magnificent by those who saw it in its high and palmy state, but by the time that we were able to make our way to it, it presented nothing but a mass of ruins, as shapeless and uninviting as any of the piles of stones, the remains of once splendid edifices, that are encountered by the traveller in Italy.

When we departed, madam Aurora had already left the "crocium cubile" of her lord and master, and was busily occupied in opening the gates of the east. How impressive was the aspect of the great city at that early hour, faintly illumined by the coming morn with that indefinite light so congenial to the breathless silence which every where reigned! We passed through the Place Vendôme, where this stillness and desertion were doubly affecting, from the contrast it presented to the bustling, crowded spectacle with which we had seen it animated when the statue of Napoleon was unveiled, and that statue—"wondrous man!" we exclaimed, 'thy deeds'—but just then an impertinant yawn obtruded itself into our mouth, and at the same moment our eye caught the cocked-hat, which effectually put all sentiment to flight. We returned home, consequently, and went to bed, as we shall terminate this narrative, without finishing our apostrophe, for the which, we trust, our readers will not be altogether inconsolable.

---

ART. XVIII.—*Report of the "Union Committee," appointed by the Meeting of the Signers of the Memorial to Congress, held on the 11th of February, 1834, at the Merchants' Exchange, in the city of New York.*

WHATEVER differences of opinion may exist as to the causes by which the present state of things has been produced, none of our readers will, we presume, be disposed to deny that our country has, for the last few months, been suffering from an almost unprecedented stagnation in every branch of business. Not only has a check been given to new enterprises, but some of the oldest and most prudently conducted establishments have been obliged to submit to the greatest pecuniary sacrifices, which, in no few instances, have proved inadequate to avert the fatal blow. The merchant and manufacturer have been equally sufferers from occurrences which render it of comparatively little importance to them whether the principles of free trade, or of

the protective system, be ultimately triumphant; and which present to their minds no palliating circumstances in the belief that present losses are to be compensated by proportionate permanent prosperity. Though the agriculturist is less sensible to temporary fluctuations in prices than his fellow-citizens, engaged in some other branches of industry, yet he also cannot fail to be sooner or later affected by whatever has a bearing on those great interests to which he must look for the disposition of his surplus produce.

Of the existence of the distress, did not the experience of us all, and the explicit declarations in the powerful remonstrances made to congress by the friends of constitutional liberty, afford conclusive evidence, sufficient proof would be found in the admission of those who, to divert public indignation from the proper quarter, impute to the utterance of the complaints of an injured people, the very difficulties against which they are struggling. Indeed, to what but a thorough conviction that the evil was past endurance, and that a crisis had arisen in the history of our republic, are we to ascribe the circumstance so repugnant to American feelings, that delegations have been sent to implore relief in a matter cognizable by the legislature, from many of the towns and cities of our country; not to the representatives of the states and of the people, but to the man on whose *fiat*, it was believed, depended the happiness or misery of millions. What but an universal sentiment that the prosperity of the nation, in all its great interests, was menaced, has induced even those classes which, from habit and inclination, are the least inclined to political strife, to engage with unprecedented zeal in efforts to restore the sway of the constitution and the laws; and to hurl from power those whom they regard as the authors of their gratuitous sufferings?

But what is the cause of our present distress? Does it result from any foreign wars, which have exhausted the resources of the country, or from any international difficulties which have interposed obstacles to the successful prosecution of our extended commerce?

Since the treaty of Ghent, more than twenty years have elapsed; during which time, we have been at peace with all Christendom. In that period, our swords have been unsheathed only against the savages on our borders, in contests which have uniformly resulted in the progressive extinguishment of the only right—that of occupancy—which we recognize in the aborigines, to the regions of the west. Not only have we been at peace, but even the burdens imposed by former wars have ceased to exist. It is, indeed, a point on which the present chief magistrate lays no slight stress, though it was effected by

the operation of a system adopted long anterior to his time, that under his administration the last remains of the debts created, as well for the war of the revolution, and the subsequent maintenance of our national rights, as for the peaceable enlargement of our territory by the purchase of Louisiana and Florida, have been discharged.

In the reciprocity system promulgated by Mr. Jefferson in his celebrated report, while secretary of state, formally proffered to all nations, by the act of congress of 1815, and since sanctioned by treaties with most commercial states, we have a secure guaranty of a permanent and beneficial intercourse with all the world; while in its very nature it effectually preserves us from those jealousies which are inseparable from the attempts of nations to overreach each other; and which have been the foundation of no small portion of the wars that have in former ages desolated the fairest portions of the universe.

Are there any great constitutional questions involving the respective rights of the state and federal governments which agitate the minds and divide the opinions of our fellow-citizens? Is the country distracted by discussions on important principles of public policy, with which the respective pecuniary interests of the inhabitants of different sections of the Union are so blended as to divide the people of the states into geographical parties?

To none of these causes, at least, are the existing embarrassments of our fellow-citizens owing. Even the eloquent expositions by a Webster and a Hayne of the fundamental principles of our government, which, a very few years since, formed the topic of every conversation, are forgotten in the more absorbing interest of questions connected with the exercise rather than with the theory of power. Those internal difficulties which not only threatened a civil war in one of the ancient states of our confederacy, but, according to the exaggerated views of the opposing parties, could only terminate in the destruction either of the planting or manufacturing interests of the Union, have been happily adjusted to mutual satisfaction. We find, indeed, those states which have hitherto complained most loudly against the tyranny of federal legislation, the least affected by those measures to which we shall have occasion to allude as the causes of the general suffering.

While the tariff was settled by compromise, the constitutional discussions on the power of carrying on internal improvements by congress, were in a measure rendered unnecessary by the spontaneous adoption on the part of the people, wherever the condition of the country was prepared for it, of a system based on individual interests; and which is, therefore, far more conformable to the principles of political economy than any plan

for roads and canals that could be prosecuted under the control of the national legislature.

But, then, what is the cause of the present distress? Does it arise from unfavourable seasons, which have deprived the husbandman and planter of the ordinary returns for labour and capital, and the country of the means of meeting its payments abroad for the purchase of the productions of other climes, and the manufactures of other nations? Has any pestilence laid waste the land and depopulated our flourishing towns and cities? That dread hydra, the cholera, from whose ravages, two short years ago, we had so much to dread, is now only remembered as the auxiliary of temperance. Never since the commencement of our government were the concerns of our merchants with their foreign correspondents in a more favourable condition than at the end of the last shipping season. Not only had Providence been bountiful to us in a most extraordinary degree, but our commodities commanded in the markets of Europe, prices which, while they compensated the exporters, furnished them with large surpluses to meet the engagements of subsequent years.

Our great staple, cotton, had not only advanced in price from ten to twenty-five per cent within the year, but there was every indication that the demand for it abroad would hereafter increase more rapidly than the annual augmentation of the products of our soil. At the end of 1833, though none of the old stock remained in the country, in the markets of England, into which, out of 1,150,000 bales (the whole quantity grown in the United States), 650,000 bales had been imported, the amount on hand was less than the probable consumption of the ensuing ten weeks. Similar observations are applicable to most other articles of produce, the objects of foreign exportation. The value of the domestic exports, according to the official returns in the year ending on the 30th September, 1833, exceeded, by seven and a half millions of dollars, the corresponding exports of the previous year. And as the valuations were made at the ports of shipment, and a considerable rise in price occurred after they were sent abroad, the public statements convey but a very inadequate idea of the increased resources of the country deduced from this source. So favourable, indeed, has been the foreign market for our staples, that, with all the pecuniary pressure which has prevailed in our commercial cities, those sections of our country, as has been already intimated, which supply the principal articles of export, have, as yet, been comparatively exempt from severe suffering. Owing to the prices abroad, the staples of the south have not fallen, notwithstanding the diminution of the demand by our own manufacturers, in any extent proportionate to the decline in the value of land and

commodities; the competition for which is limited to those who are under the more direct influence of the American money market.

Much has been said on the subject of the redemption of the three per cent stocks of the United States; and the bank has been charged with frustrating the views of government in attempting to postpone the payment of five millions of that portion of the amount which was held by foreigners; and two million seven hundred thousand dollars of which were ultimately placed under their control. So far as this question involves a consideration of the authority of the treasury on the one side, and of the duties and obligations of the bank on the other, it is foreign to our present purpose to consider it.

But it is here proper to remark, that any measure, by which the people of the United States, who can usefully and profitably employ money borrowed on the best securities, at rates varying from six to ten per cent, might retain capital on which they were paying only three per cent, could not fail, in a financial point of view, to be an advantageous arrangement.

Supposing that it was inconvenient to the bank suddenly to refund the moneys of the government, is that a matter which can operate to its disadvantage? Assuredly neither banks nor individuals keep their money unemployed. And if the Bank of the United States, instead of having the ordinary average deposits, found the government balance entirely exhausted, it must necessarily have called upon its debtors, to refund to it the capital which was employed in sustaining the industry of the country, or become itself a borrower, in another quarter. The choice of the alternative to the institution itself was of little consequence; but to the people of the country, who relied on the accommodations which it furnished to trade, it was of immense importance.

It is also to be borne in mind, that the demands of the government on the bank were not made in order to pay its creditors at home, where the capital would have been available for the purposes to which it was previously applied in other hands, but to remit to foreign countries, and thus diminish *pro tanto* our active means. So far, indeed, was the attempt carried of administering to the President's vanity, and of gratifying his desire of paying off the national debt in the first four years of his administration, that on the 1st of January, 1833, the balance of the public moneys in the bank was only seven hundred and thirty thousand two hundred and seventeen dollars subject to the treasurer's drafts, and the greater part of this small sum was held by the government as trustees for the claimants under the Danish treaty.

Before any arrangement was entered into with the holders of

the three per cent stocks, an application had been made by the government to the bank to advance, in October, 1832, the sums that might be required beyond the resources of the treasury to carry into effect the public notice given for the payment of the debt, proposed to be discharged at that time.

But, though by the course adopted of paying off our three per cent stocks at par, the country at large was deprived of the benefit of possessing foreign capital at the lowest rate of interest, it is a happy circumstance that sums, far exceeding the amount thus refunded, have been obtained from abroad, not only by individuals in the ordinary course of trade, but on the credit of several of our states and private associations.

When the Pennsylvania loans amounted to sixteen and a half millions of dollars, more than nine millions were held by London capitalists, and these investments have been increased within the last few months. It is, therefore, a matter not to be lost sight of in regarding the prosperity by which the condition of our country was, a few months since, characterized, that most of the canals, rail-roads and other great public works were constructing, without any drain upon the active capital of our citizens.

How far the recent occurrences may have an influence in cutting off future resources cannot, as yet, be fully appreciated.

The few loans which have been recently negotiated, have been at rates which, as in the substitution of a less favoured security to that of the government in the case of the three per cents, have imposed additional charges on the borrowers, for the exclusive benefit of foreigners. Connected with this subject we may notice a suggestion not unfrequently made, and which is discussed in the report before us, that the local sufferings of some of our principal cities, and especially of New York, may be traced to the loans which they have furnished to the south and west, where the rates of interest are proportioned to the fertility of a virgin soil. To these loans, as a cause of commercial embarrassments, we do not attach much importance.

It will be found that many of these transactions were on account of foreign capitalists, and that, even when they were taken on American risk, they have been remitted to Europe for sale, or as security for advances obtained from thence. At all events, the bankers and traders of those cities, whence the money for the new states is obtained, are, on their part, borrowers in Europe to a far greater extent than they are lenders here. Nor is this mentioned in derogation of their resources. They are creditors to foreigners only, because they can obtain from the use of their capital, returns exceeding the stipulated

interest, and this borrowed capital is the source and foundation of new accumulations.

While alluding to internal improvements, we may be permitted to remark that the creation of artificial channels of communication is tantamount to increasing the fertility of the soil. Whether a farm be situated on the banks of a navigable river, or on the borders of a canal, affording the same conveniences for carrying its produce to market, is a matter of indifference to its proprietor.

In either event, its value beyond that of a similar tract scarcely accessible, will be equal to a capital, the income of which would pay the difference of the expense of transporting to the place of sale the surplus produce of the latter, and of bringing to it the articles that might be required for consumption.

In the same way the extending of the range of country, which trades with a commercial town, either by the settlement of new lands, or the opening of roads and canals, adds to its population the number of merchants and others required to transact the business of the new districts, and of course increases proportionably the value of all the ground required either for business or pleasure in the place in question.

The higher prices which land has brought within the last few years, both for agricultural purposes, and in our cities and towns, may therefore be accounted for on sound principles, without either ascribing the rise to a spirit of speculation or to a depreciation of the currency.

The view just taken of the increase in the value of real estate leads us to say a few words with regard to overtrading, to which those writers and orators who indulge in vain generalities, are fond of ascribing all the evils which we experience. In a country, where capital is difficult to be obtained, and among a people enterprising to an extraordinary degree, it is probable, that the business transactions bear a larger proportion in amount to the capital of the merchants, than would be deemed prudent in most parts of Europe.

We are also prepared to believe that the speculations of individuals more frequently terminate in bankruptcy among us than in places where there is more capital and less enterprise. But we see no evidence of any undue extension of business which would have been attended with disastrous consequences to whole classes of the community, had not extrinsic causes interfered with the ordinary calculations of our merchants and traders.

On the contrary, very strong facts exist, which go far to demonstrate that there could have been no overtrading of the country at large.

The rise of the value of land has been accounted for on principles which will, it is believed, stand the test of examination.

We have also seen that the prices of the commodities usually exported to other countries have been enhanced, for reasons wholly independent of the state of the American markets.

But it is unnecessary to allude to any partial considerations or isolated facts. We have in the state of the exchanges an ample elucidation of the whole matter, and the best practical refutation of any charges against overtrading, which can be brought against the mercantile community.

It is a well understood principle, that gold and silver, being articles of merchandise, like all other commodities, are transferred from one country to another, when, by their augmentation or diminution beyond the demand for them, it becomes profitable to export or import them in preference to other articles. Every country has, as we shall have occasion to see, its share of the precious metals, the amount of which depends primarily on the number of commodities to be measured by them, the quantity of its transactions, its mode of effecting interchanges, &c. When a convertible paper money is used, to the extent beyond what is required to be reserved to provide for its redemption, is there an economy of the precious metals; but an excess of bank notes produces a rise of prices, or, what is equivalent thereto, a general depreciation of the circulating medium, in the same way as if the money was wholly metallic; and leads to the exportation to places where it is comparatively more valuable, not of the paper but of the coin, into which it is convertible, or which circulates concurrently with it. Thus it is by a rise of prices interchangeably with other countries, that the exchanges are effected, so as to occasion an efflux of the precious metals. The reverse, of course, happens on a decline of prices. That there was no exportation, to any extent, of gold and silver during the last summer, is a fact not contested. Neither could there have been any consistently with the laws of trade.

It will be found, by examining a table of the exchanges for 1833, that till the adoption of the fatal executive measure of October last, the rates at New York for bills on London varied from seven to eight per cent above the nominal *par*, which, considering the price of silver in the English market, was within a fraction of the true *par*. Consequently, there existed no motive for sending away specie or bullion from the country, and very little, if any, for importing it from abroad.

We know, also, that the present difficulties arose from matters unconnected with the general occurrence of trade, or, otherwise there would—such is the sympathy among all nations having extensive dealings with one another—have been manifested in other countries, some symptoms of corresponding distress. Nothing, however, is further from the case. We do not hear

of any failures in England or in France, our great commercial correspondents. Where there has been a general overtrading, or sudden stoppages of great markets, arising from commercial causes or political occurrences, affecting the business relations of nations, the electrical effect has been so apparent, as to leave no doubt with regard to the mode of explaining it.

After detailing the distresses which gave rise to the advance by the British government of exchequer bills to sustain the commercial credit in 1811, Mr. Tooke\* introduces an extract from a letter from New York, dated February 11, 1811, in which it is said; "Since the middle of December we have had between sixty and seventy failures in this city, and many more are expected to fail in the course of this and the following month." The events of 1825-6 are of so recent occurrence as to be familiar to all conversant with the commercial history of our country; and who does not recollect the almost simultaneous explosion of the bubbles by which the money market of England as well as of America was then characterized?

Another circumstance has been referred to as promoting the embarrassments now complained of: we refer to the operation of the tariff of 1832, by which long credits were abolished, and the duties required to be paid in cash at the time of importation, or by bonds due at the expiration of three and six months.

From a report of the Secretary of the Treasury of April 4, 1834, it appears that about twelve millions of dollars were received in 1833, which, under the old laws, would not have been payable till 1834.

This subject is thus alluded to in the report of the Union Committee:—

"It is believed that the great importance to one party and the great sacrifice required from the other, by the conversion of duties payable at a distant day into cash, or short duties, were not estimated at their full value. That sacrifice falls most heavily on that city in which more than one half of the revenue is collected. The duties did not, under the old system, become payable till about the time when the importer was paid by the consumer. At present the New York importers not only collect, as heretofore, but, in fact, advance to government one half of the whole amount of duties on importations, which is ultimately paid by the consumer."

We are not disposed to underrate the evils resulting from the recent change in our revenue laws. Their existence is a proof of the danger of altering a system which has been found convenient in practice, and which is interwoven with all our business transactions and the circumstances of our country.

In the present case the adjustment of a vexed question, which menaced the peace, if not the very existence, of the Union, might well be pleaded as an apology for innovations far more exceptionable than those to which we have alluded.

\* High and Low Prices, 83.

It is also satisfactory to know, that without affecting the principle of the tariff compromise, much may be done to obviate the inconvenience experienced under the new system. This may be accomplished by passing the warehouseing bill now before Congress, and which proposes to permit merchandise to be placed in store for twelve months, and to date the credits now given from the expiration of that period, or from the time of the withdrawal of the goods, instead of from the day of importation.

But that the change in the mode of taxing imports could not have been productive of the extensive consequences ascribed to it, is sufficiently evident from the consideration that it did not withdraw any capital from the country. The amount in the United States was the same, whether the duties were paid on the entry of the goods or after the returns were received from the consumers. The alteration of the law affected the distribution of capital, not its amount. The simultaneous operation of the pressure at the points the most remote from the seaboard, as well as in the Atlantic cities, shows that this cause, whatever weight may be attached to it, can only be regarded as of secondary importance. That some confusion was likely to result from the new arrangement for collecting the revenue, demanding as it did the employment of larger capitals by our importing merchants, constituted a strong argument for not interposing unnecessary embarrassments in the way of their business. It formed an additional motive for allowing the revenue to be received in that depository, the officers of which, from long habit, had become acquainted with the wants of the commercial community, and which, from its peculiar position in other respects, was best able to make the funds of the government efficient to the promotion of the mercantile interests of the Union.

The preceding remarks have, in some measure, prepared us for considering the only remaining cause by which the present aspect of affairs can well be accounted for. We of course lay out of all serious consideration the idea, however honestly it may be entertained in a high quarter, that the apparent distress is not real, but that it is a mere pretence adopted for political objects. To say nothing of the extraordinary coincidence of the same embarrassments prevailing, at the same time, in the most distant and most dissimilarly situated districts of our country; to suppose that individuals, who have devoted their lives to the accumulation of wealth, and who look to its possession as the only desirable object of distinction, would sacrifice that commercial credit which is dearer to them than life itself to gratify partisan feelings to which they were ever strangers; to believe, as has been promulgated by presses supposed to enjoy the Executive confidence, that directors of the banks, men of character and standing, regardless as well of their own fortunes as of

the mite of the widow and the orphan confided to their charge, have, without necessity, committed acts of bankruptcy for the sole benefit of a rival institution—argues a degree of credulity passing human comprehension. Respect for the intelligence of our readers would prevent a formal refutation of such suggestions, which are but a cruel mockery of the uncalled-for sufferings of our unfortunate fellow-citizens.

Most of the memorialists who have approached Congress with prayers for relief, agree with the report before us in ascribing their sufferings to the removal of the deposits on the 1st of October last from the Bank of the United States and its branches, in pursuance of the orders of the Secretary of the Treasury; or rather, to the discontinuance of the bank as the fiscal agent of the government.

The question has been frequently and triumphantly asked—is it possible that the mere transfer of a certain amount of money from one side of the street to the other could occasion any great pecuniary embarrassment to the country? We emphatically answer that, however paradoxical it may be to the superficial observer, the cause was fully adequate to the effect.

In order to understand the bearing of the executive proceedings on the commerce of the country, it is necessary that we should advert to the nature of our currency and to the mode in which business is transacted in the United States. To do this with advantage it is requisite that no misconception should exist as to the terms employed.

Capital is a generic term, and embraces all the products of accumulated labour. It includes, of course, the precious metals; and the currency, so far as it is composed of them, constitutes a portion of capital. But they are very far from being synonymous terms. A very small part of the capital of the country is invested in currency, and much of our currency is not capital. Credit is neither capital nor currency. Its existence is, however, almost equivalent for practical purposes to the creation of additional wealth. It operates in two ways—

1st. It supplies a substitute for a metallic currency by a paper circulation, convertible or otherwise, passing from hand to hand as money: and,

2dly. It enables a vastly diminished amount of currency, whether it be wholly metallic, composed of paper and coin or of paper alone, to carry on the purchases and sales of a community.

Though the precious metals, in facilitating interchanges between man and man, and thus performing the functions of money, act as useful a part as any other portions of our capital; yet any method by which a small sum can be made to carry on comparatively large transactions, is productive of the same advantages,

as improvements in machinery and other inventions, by which labour and capital are saved. In the present age of the world, and in a country commercial to the degree for which the United States are distinguished, it would be infinitely more inconvenient to employ gold and silver, in all purchases and sales, than we can suppose it to have been to carry on the limited traffic of Sparta by the iron money of Lycurgus. The discovery, indeed, of the American mines, by cheapening the metals, except so far as they are applicable to other purposes than money, was of no real utility. The effect was to require a greater weight of gold and silver to be given in exchange for other commodities. The inconveniences, however, of a cumbersome currency have been obviated in free and civilized states by measures which introduce, at the same time, new elements in determining the quantity of the circulating medium. It is no longer measured merely by the proportion which it bears to the total amount of commodities. It depends, likewise, upon the rapidity of circulation, the degree of confidence which exists among traders, and upon the judicious operations of banking.

The mode of conducting business with us authorizes an economy of the metals, either by furnishing direct substitutes for them, or by the employment of a species of credit, which renders the ordinary currency extremely small. The notes which are issued by the banks are, to all intents and purposes, substitutes for coin; and their quantity, supposing them freely exchangeable at the counter for gold and silver, can differ but little from that of the metallic money of correspondent denomination, which would otherwise have been retained in circulation.

Most of the difference between the amount of a pure metallic circulation and the quantity of gold and silver required as the basis of a convertible paper money is therefore a clear gain to the country.

We do not estimate the direct saving from a convertible money to be equal to the entire amount of gold and silver with which we are enabled to dispense, because as the very issue of paper money is similar in its effects to the discovery of new mines, it tends to a general depreciation of gold and silver. The effects of the depreciation from this source are, however, distributed throughout the world, while the gain from using a cheaper currency is limited to the country employing it.

Besides the issue of paper as money, wherever banks of deposit are established, there is an economy of other currency by the use of bank credits, which being liable to be realized at pleasure, serve all the practical purposes of money to their holders, while from the accumulation of large amounts, the banks are always able to calculate upon average balances, of which they may make loans as of their own capitals.

These deposits are instruments of circulation almost equally with bank notes, and in our large cities even very small payments are made by the depositors' checks. Not only are the debts of individuals settled on the books of the banks, without the intervention of money, but by the system of mutual exchanges among the banks themselves, a small amount of money is made to answer the purposes of currency to an almost indefinite extent. It was, a few years ago, stated, that at the clearing house in London all the actual demands and payments of that great metropolis were daily discharged by the payment of less than £500,000; and we learn from the work before us, that the payments into the banks of the city of New York, including the United States branch bank, may be estimated at five millions a day, or more than sixteen hundred millions a year; while the real circulation of the bank notes of these institutions did not exceed four millions.

In the United States twenty millions of specie sustain eighty millions of bank notes and five hundred millions of bank credits. As far as metallic currency is economised by these operations, it is obvious that the credit of the banks is, to all intents, equivalent to an actual increase of capital; and any destruction of confidence, by which the banks should cease their business, would be, for all practical purposes, *pro tanto* an annihilation of national wealth. So far the gain from this use of credit is susceptible of calculation, and the extent to which it may be carried is regulated by the consequences of depreciation, which would result from any attempt to augment the circulation beyond the basis on which it purports to be founded.

There is, however, another product of credit, the direct bearing of which upon currency is not so apparent. Bills of exchange and promissory notes, not payable on demand, as well as book debts, furnish means for enabling us to economise the currency, strictly so called; and by far the largest portion of the transactions of society are carried on by means of these instruments of credit. The distinction between them and currency, though somewhat nice, is extremely important. As they are not convertible into money at the will of the holder, they do not form, like bank notes or deposits, any portion of the circulation of the country. In other words, they are not money; they are not substitutes for gold and silver coin; and their abundance or scarcity does not impair or enhance the standard of value, and thereby affect the exchanges and lead to the exportation or importation of the precious metals. On the extent, however, that these credit sales are substituted for cash transactions, must the ability of a given amount of currency to perform the business of the community mainly depend. Thus, if twenty millions of currency be adequate to carry on the transactions of

a society where confidence exists to the utmost extent, and money is only demanded for small transactions, or to settle balances, it is very evident that, if a state of things arises by which mutual distrust is created, and no one will receive the promises of individuals payable at a future day, there must be a vast augmentation of money to conduct the same amount of business.

The distinction between currency and the credit transactions of merchants, is especially to be attended to by all who would examine the cause and probable duration of any period of commercial embarrassments. There may be a pressure in the money market, occasioned by the contraction of the currency, where bank notes are used as money, or the same difficulties may arise from the want of mercantile confidence.

We have seen that the currency was not extraordinarily inflated, whatever might have been the situation of particular banks, at the period when the Executive thought proper to issue his mandate for transferring the national treasury from the place in which Congress had ordered it to be deposited, to certain banks selected by himself, and over which the United States could exercise no constitutional control. It appears from the published statements that the banks in the city of New York (including the branch), had, on the 1st of October, 1833, an apparent circulation of bank notes of \$5,952,523, and that the private deposits amounted to \$10,135,385. On the 1st of February, 1834, the circulation was \$5,608,223, and the individual deposits \$10,245,993.

The government deposits, which had in the interval been removed to the state banks, had increased from \$4,130,322 to \$5,204,676; thus showing, even after four months of commercial sufferings, no diminution in the extent of bank credits. Owing, also, to the circumstance that the branch bank of the United States increased rather than diminished its discount line, after the loss of the public deposits, they having been \$6,180,833 in October, and \$6,458,540 in February, and the deposit banks having loaned the government money in their hands, there was a general increase of bank facilities from \$34,323,169, to \$39,722,287.

In other places the relations of the banks to the public were not precisely the same. The individual deposits in the bank of the United States and all its branches were, on the 1st of October, 1833, \$8,009,000; its nett circulation was \$19,128,000; on the 1st of February there were \$6,715,000 of individual deposits, and \$19,260,000 of circulation. In the interval there had been a withdrawal of \$6,743,000 of government deposits, which had been attended with no effect on the bank-note circulation, and had reduced the private deposits less than \$1,300,000. There was on the whole loans of the bank of the United States

within the four months, a reduction of 5,251,000; but that was more than met by the increased discounts of the city banks of New York. The previous reduction of \$4,066,000, between the 1st of August and 1st of October, is accounted for by reasons independent of a forced restriction of bank facilities. Of the discounts of the treasury banks, other than those of New York, we have seen no statements which would enable us to judge how far they had increased their discounts in consequence of receiving the government deposits. But though their specie resources did not enable them to extend their loans in proportion to the receipts from government, or make the deposits as available as they would have been in the possession of the national bank, there must have been, at first, an increase at least equal to the contraction of the other state banks. As the foreign exchanges continued, on account of the high interest of capital here, and the consequent small demand for bills, to fall even beyond the rate that the state of the currency would have indicated, there was no inducement on the part of solvent banks voluntarily to diminish their issues. Months had elapsed, and the severity of the pressure had passed off, before any extensive apprehension among the people of the security of bank paper led to that drain of specie for the payment of bank notes and deposits which has eventuated in the failure of several institutions, and deprived the districts in which they were situated of their ordinary circulation.

The great redemption of the notes in the interior of New York, which, in the course of two or three months is said to have amounted to three millions of dollars, and of an actual circulation not greatly exceeding eight millions, did not commence till after the 1st of January. The specie in the state banks generally bore, it is true, but a small ratio to the notes and the deposits for which they were answerable, but there was no probability of demands being made on any of them, which preserved the confidence of the community for the redemption of notes, which, from the scarcity of the currency, had actually a value exceeding that of the gold and silver which they represented. Without a panic they were entirely safe. It was a happy circumstance indeed, that the president selected a period of peculiar prosperity in which to make his "experiment." Had the currency been redundant last autumn, and the exchange on London at twelve per cent against us, as in 1826, there would have been a demand of specie for exportation, and such a contraction of commercial paper at the same moment, as would probably have involved bankers and merchants in one universal bankruptcy.

The present difficulties grow out of a diminution of credit; not of that credit which is employed as a substitute for *credit*,

but of *commercial credit*. The general destruction of confidence has rendered necessary a vastly greater amount of currency to carry on the same on even a diminished business. Besides the promissory notes and bills of exchange of individuals, the public stocks constituted a means of effecting payments. The same circumstances, to wit, the necessity of obtaining ordinary currency, which induced the sacrifice of commercial paper at enormous discounts, likewise led to the forced sale of that portion of these securities which was held on speculation, and consequently to such a fall in the price of the whole as greatly lessened their aggregate nominal value.

Every commercial man knows, that when the pressure began to show itself in the increased interest of money, though the circumstances which had clogged the wheels of circulation were not then well understood, there was an immediate contraction of all credit. Mercantile paper, which would have been convertible at the legal discount in ordinary times, could not be sold at any price; and those who had calculated upon the facilities which their credit had usually afforded, found themselves compelled to obtain money to discharge their obligations on any terms, or admit their insolvency. This competition for circulating capital and the cash settlement, induced by the withdrawal of credit, rendered necessary an augmented currency in the same way as a general demand on the banks for the redemption of their notes would make it requisite to employ for circulation a much larger amount of specie than would suffice in ordinary times. Without referring to the commercial credits, that fall under other denominations, it was computed some years ago, that there are in London at least three hundred millions of pounds sterling of credits constantly circulating as a substitute for currency, in the form of bills of exchange, and that the amount of them paid, every day, at the clearing house, is upwards of four millions. The whole issues of the Bank of England at that time (1830) did not exceed £20,000,000, and the country paper did not add to that amount more than £7,000,000.\*

When we then consider how large the value of bills of exchange is, compared with that of the bank issues, we may understand why it is not sufficient, in order to avoid inconvenience from the suppression of any considerable portion of them, to

\* The circulation of the bank of England on the average of the three months, ending 4th February, 1834, was £19,146,000, without including deposits, which were £14,086,000, making together £33,232,000 of liabilities. Its bullion was £9,954,000—other securities £23,992,000. Under the arrangements recently adopted, many of the country bankers circulate Bank of England notes. This statement, compared with former ones, shows a considerable diminution in the paper currency. On the 1st January, 1833, the circulation of the bank was £27,912,000, and the deposits £11,737,000.

preserve the circulation of the bank at the previous amount, or even greatly to augment it.

Enough has been said to show the effect that must naturally arise to a commercial community from diminishing to any considerable extent its credit transactions. It is believed that the circumstances attending the removal of the public deposits from the Bank of the United States are sufficient to explain all the occurrences which have taken place. Whether the evils of which the community complain resulted directly from the proceedings of the President, or are ascribed to the measures adopted by the bank in its defence, is not a matter important in any view of the case. If the safety of the bank, or even ordinary prudence, compelled the directors to change their mode of business, so as to make that institution a less useful auxiliary of commerce, all the inconveniences that have followed must be ascribed to the first wrongful act.

If we refer to the ordinary functions of the bank, unconnected with its business as the fiscal agent of government, we shall detect the immediate cause of the pressure. Without advertg to its dealings in foreign exchange, its loans to the commercial community are made in two ways:

1st. By the discount of promissory notes, the parties to which generally reside in the place where the money is advanced. The loans under this head do not differ materially from the corresponding accommodations furnished by the state institutions.

2d. By the purchase of bills of exchange, by which the merchants residing in the most distant parts of the Union have been able to transfer their funds and receive payments for their sales without inconvenience, and at an expense far less than the cost of conveying the money. To the merchant of New Orleans and the importer of New York the exchange operations of the bank were equally serviceable—and some idea may be formed of the importance of this branch of its business, when it is remembered that its dealings in inland bills during the year 1833, exceeded \$241,717,000. The amount invested in these latter securities fluctuates very considerably according to the season of the year. Cotton and the other produce which furnish the principal part of our domestic exports to foreign countries, are purchased at the south in large amounts for bills, between October and June, and of course the loans founded on those transactions terminate between June and October. Thus there was last year in the natural course of business between the 1st July and 1st October, a diminution of the loans by the voluntary payment of bills at maturity of more than \$3,800,000.

The circumstance of the reduction of this branch of its loans,

it will probably be recollected, formed one of the grounds of the complaint against the bank by the secretary of the treasury, who seems not to have directed his attention to the peculiarities in the commercial transactions of the different sections of the country. But though the bank did not, in anticipation of the removal of the deposits, actually diminish its loans, yet it had, as it was in prudence bound to do, made preparations for that event; and when the order was actually issued from the treasury, it was, of course, wholly out of its power to extend its accommodations to its southern and western dealers, as it had usually done at that period of the year. The mere retaining of the same amount of investments in bills of exchange, after the business season had commenced, as had been employed during the autumn, would be attended with the same results as a diminution of discounts. To expand, at the time that the bank was threatened with a withdrawal of the whole deposits, subject to the treasurer's order, and when "contingent drafts," issued to the amount of millions, contrary to the rules established by the treasury, and without notice to the bank, exposed every vulnerable point to the severest attacks, would have been wholly impracticable.

The attempt to discredit the branch at Savannah, by an unprecedented call for specie, made out of the ordinary course of business, is so flagitious a transaction, that we would regret to believe that it had the executive sanction. But whether or no that scheme was approved by the President, the attempt having been made, afforded sufficient ground for the institution to put itself on its guard against similar attacks.

It is always found that in calling in debts due to banks, the whole amount curtailed is not an addition to the available means. The borrowers of the bank are also its creditors to a certain extent, and whenever the discounts are lessened, the deposits likewise diminish.

Thus the curtailment of about five millions in the two months that succeeded the executive proceedings, was attended with a decline of private deposits to the amount of more than twelve hundred thousand dollars.

The reduction of the loans was not the only step which prudence dictated. It was necessary to concentrate the resources of the institution at those points where they would be most required to meet existing engagements. By the charter, the notes of the bank, wherever payable, are receivable for all debts due to government. As those issued from the branches of the interior constitute the best means of remittance to the seaboard, they are collected to a very large amount in the Atlantic cities, where they are used for the payment of the duties accruing there. It appears, from an official statement of the bank,

that between the 1st October, 1883, and the 1st April, 1884, \$12,691,130 of those notes were received at Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. To be provided to redeem this paper was an additional reason for concentrating the resources of the institution at the mother bank and its adjacent offices.

The bank had, in August last, when preparing for the measure with which it was long menaced, instructed its western offices only to purchase bills payable in the Atlantic cities. Subsequently, when the resources of the bank were diminished by the withdrawal of the government and other deposits, and it was no longer its business to receive the public moneys at various points and remit them to the place where they were to be employed, a more extensive operation was given to the resolution. By these measures, however necessary and justifiable on the part of the bank, the ordinary business of domestic exchange was arrested:—to illustrate this by an example:

Pittsburgh is the point whence the adjacent country is supplied with foreign goods and articles from the east, as well as with the iron and manufactures of the place itself. But, while it is the market for supplying the neighbourhood with goods, it is not, to any extent, a depot for the produce of the country. Consequently, the merchant of the interior, who sends his flour &c., to Cincinnati or New Orleans, draws on his correspondent at the usual date, and with the accepted bill makes his purchase at Pittsburgh. This bill is immediately cashed by the branch bank; but when the bank ceased to purchase exchange, it was no longer a substitute for money, and as no new facilities were created to supply the bank's place, the Pittsburgh merchant could not receive the bill, and the country dealer was obliged to forego his purchase. The operations of the currency once checked, it is obvious that the embarrassment would rapidly extend to all classes of commercial men, and thus confusion and distrust be made to pervade every branch of trade.

It may be asked, why not carry on this business of the exchanges by state banks?

To the merchants of New York, five millions additional discounts were of very little importance, compared with the influence which the termination of the relations between the government and the bank produced on the exchange operations of that institution. By the facilities afforded by the Bank of the United States, they had been in the habit of relying for realizing the proceeds of their sales from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Lakes. The mere amount of bills purchased at the New York office could give no just idea of the benefits derived to them from this source. Any contraction of currency—any check on circulation at the south or west—

produces an almost electrical effect on the money market of the sea-board. The operations of the bank on the trade of the place were felt in a thousand ramifications. Its interposition was almost as necessary to the other purchases of our exchange as to those whose bills were directly discounted by that institution. The bills bought formed but a small proportion of the amounts collected through its various offices, on account of individuals and monied institutions. Nor did there exist in the country, at the moment that the check was given to these exchange transactions, any convenient means of supplying substitutes capable of affording the same facilities.

There is little difficulty in Europe, where private banking establishments have continued in the same families for centuries, and the stability of every firm is well known to the whole financial community, in forming such connections as will lead to the safe collection and transmission of money. As also from the amount of capital seeking employment, its possessors are content with small profits, this may generally be effected at a very trivial charge, though not even then on terms as advantageous as the business has been done by the United States Bank. The members of the same establishment, having officers or partners through the Union, possess means of acquiring a knowledge of the circumstances of individuals to an extent that never can be enjoyed by separate individuals or isolated capitalists. The banks in our large cities have undoubtedly more or less correspondents, but it is impracticable for them, as well on account of their limited capitals as of the difficulty of ascertaining the true condition of independent institutions, to form a system of domestic exchanges, which will bear any comparison with the operations of a National Bank. To the extent in which their business is conducted, on terms less economical to themselves, than the same transactions were carried on by the Bank of the United States, must their customers and the public at large be losers. They always incur a risk of the solvency of their agents, from which the Bank of the United States is free, and for which, as soon as the competition of that institution is withdrawn, they must be indemnified by extra charges. What compensation would the present mode of collecting drafts, on Baltimore or Washington, for instance, afford a bank at New York, which had happened to keep its account with the Bank of Maryland, or with any of the institutions in the District of Columbia which have recently become insolvent? Private money dealers have always embarked in the purchase of the bills which the banks were unable or unwilling to take, in the same way that capitalists have discounted promissory notes. The terms have, of course, been fixed by the market rate of money, but even the lenders, in those cases, have in a great de-

gree, depended on the facilities for collections given by the bank itself. As might, therefore, have been expected, among those who first succumbed in our large cities to the pressure of the times, or were obliged, in order to avoid the worst results, to contract their operations, was a large portion of the dealers in domestic exchanges; so that the very same circumstances that rendered their services the more desirable to the community, were the means of driving them from the market altogether. Besides, when, for the purpose of drawing money from a distant place, recourse is now had to an individual trader, exposed to the vicissitudes of commerce, the merchant has superadded to the danger of the transaction a new risk, to which he was not exposed when he availed himself of an institution of such means and such undoubted credit as the Bank of the United States.

It is not among the least aggravating circumstances attendant upon the recent occurrences, that the pressure was occasioned by hostility to that very establishment, which the foresight of the wisest statesmen had provided as a safeguard against all panics, whether they affected the issuers of money or the commercial community at large. The anomaly was presented of the chief magistrate of a free state, one of whose primary duties is the furtherance of the prosperity of those who have intrusted their interest to his care, exerting, or rather abusing, the powers derived from his office for the destruction of that credit which served his fellow-citizens as capital, and, with whatever intentions, using the whole energies of the government for the exclusive benefit of stockjobbers and lenders of money at usurious interest. The tax levied by them on the mass of the community, over and above the ordinary interest, has very much exceeded all the contributions paid directly or indirectly during the present year to the general and state governments.

The business of the Bank of England as a bank of discount, is confined to extraordinary occasions. Its notes are generally issued for the purchase of exchequer bills; but in seasons of peril, it is enabled to supply accommodations to the public by giving out its paper on mercantile securities, and it thus aids in filling up the circulation, when, by the destruction of all confidence, it has necessarily become contracted. It is thus the support of the credit of the country. The year 1825-6 is memorable in the commercial annals of England. Not only was there, as has recently occurred here, a general destruction of all commercial confidence, attended with numerous bankruptcies, but the Bank of England, which is more emphatically than even the United States Bank with us the national depository of specie, was called on to supply all the country banks, including the banks of Scotland, with the means of redeeming the notes returned

upon them by the general panic. But even when its resources were reduced so low as £1,000,000, an amount less than it possessed when Mr. Pitt issued the order restricting specie payments in 1797, such was the faith reposed by the people in a national institution of known resources, and administered with integrity, that an issue of its notes was received at the height of the panic, as equivalent to coin, and contributed most sensibly to the restoration of confidence, and to averting an universal suspension of payments, which under other circumstances might have but too readily occurred. This was, of course, done with the aid and countenance of government. Strong as the Bank of England is, there is no probability that it could, either in 1825-6, or during the more recent run on all the banks in 1831, have sustained itself, had the government occupied towards it the unnatural position which the Executive of this country has assumed towards our national institution.

What the Bank of England has done for the commercial credit of Great Britain, it would be in the power of the Bank of the United States to do for the great interests of this country, were it permitted to employ its resources, not in protecting itself against the illegal acts of the government, but in the performance of its appropriate functions. Never did its affairs exhibit a more favourable aspect than at the present moment. Placed, however, as the institution is, with reference to the government, and under the obligations according to the existing law of closing its transactions within a period of less than two years, it is not only unable to aid the operations of commerce, but it will be compelled gradually to contract still more its liabilities, unless a change occurs in the public measures. A restoration of the deposits to it, and a prolongation of its chartered privileges would at once restore to the country that prosperity of which we have been deprived by the folly of our rulers. But until the relations of the bank to the government shall be restored, we have the opinion of the practical and intelligent gentlemen who composed the New York Committee, that no great increase of accommodations can prudently take place. "It is evident," say they, "that its discounts cannot be increased without a proportionate increase of its circulation, or individual deposits, or without lessening its stock of specie, by an equal amount. The increase either of its circulation or of its private deposits does not depend on its own acts; and in the present state of things, it is absolutely necessary, not only for its own safety, but for that of all the state banks, and as the ultimate means of sustaining through the crisis the general currency of the country, that the specie in its vaults should not be considerably diminished."

Our object, in the preceding remarks, has been rather to point

out the causes of the pressure than to discuss the motives of the government in the adoption of their recent measures. It may, however, be incidentally remarked, that the evils which we have undergone are the less supportable, from their having been inflicted by the Executive in direct violation of the spirit of the law, from which the bank derived its chartered rights. An excessive caution had introduced into the clause of the Act of Incorporation requiring the moneys of the United States to be kept in the bank and its branches, a proviso in the words, "unless the secretary of the treasury shall at any time otherwise order and direct."

No fair construction could have applied this limitation to any case not connected with the object for which it was inserted; nor could it have entered the minds of its framers, that it would authorize the removal of the deposits for causes not having reference to their safety. In spite, however, of the plain purport of the law, and the express declaration of the House of Representatives at the last session, that the government deposits might be safely continued in the "Bank of the United States"—their transfer was ordered, not for any cause pretended, even by the authors of the measure, relating to their safety, nor even for any considerations bearing on the general state of the currency.

As to the alleged proceedings of the bank in curtailing its loans, even supposing the facts and motives to be as Mr. Taney states them, they were subsequent to the intimation of a design to remove the deposits, and as a preparation for that event; and of course could scarcely be offered as arguments in justification of the measure by which they were occasioned.

The grounds, therefore, of the President's measures, divested of all rhetorical flourish, are reduced to the two following, viz: and first, the publication and diffusion at the expense of the bank of the article on the currency by Mr. Gallatin, which first appeared in this journal, and of other similar essays—and secondly, the near expiration of the charter, with all the consequences which, in the opinion of the secretary of the treasury, were to flow from that event. It would be easy, as has been done by the Union Committee and others, to show that none of the apprehended difficulties could occur, if the deposits had been left where the law had placed them. But this consideration for their removal at the present period was not the result of any event unexpected by the legislature. It was known at the time the charter was passed, that it would exist, and it should have induced Congress, if they deemed it of any force, to limit the period for which the bank was to be the depository of the public moneys to sixteen or eighteen instead of twenty years. The argument founded on the propriety of punishing the bank for

circulating sound economical doctrines among the people, appealing to the judgment, not to the prejudices, of American citizens for its recharter, may go for what it is worth. If it be considered a ground for breaking up all the commercial exchanges of the country, stopping the usual channels of circulation, enhancing the price of money, and thereby "making the poor poorer, and the rich richer," be it so; we are content to rest the controversy on the issue tendered by the President himself.

But what is to be gained by the recent sufferings? Have we merely passed through a crisis, and are we hereafter to be exempt from the evils of a fluctuating currency? The President and Secretary told us, and in this they were at first sustained by their champions in Congress, that we were to have hard money. The president informs us that, by the constitution, gold and silver coins are the only legal currency of the country. Though Ricardo and all other economists for the last half century have told us, that bank notes were, to all intents and purposes, money as much as coins made of the precious metals, he adopts a construction which repudiates, for the general government, all superintendence over seven-eighths of the currency—the regulation of which constituted one of the most important objects of the Federal Union. Indeed, it is not a little remarkable that no notice should have been taken, either in Mr. Taney's report to Congress, or in the cabinet paper of 18th September, 1833, of the functions of the bank as a regulator of the currency. Nor in the instructions to the agent for selecting deposit banks is any inquiry instituted as to the result of the withdrawal of its salutary guardianship. The attention of the government seems to have been turned to the bank only as a fiscal agency, which, though an important, is far from being the most important relation in which it stands to the nation.

Supposing the state banks to be unconstitutional, and it would be much easier to prove them to be so than to establish the principle that the general government does not possess the power to incorporate such an institution, either as the fiscal agent of the treasury, or for the regulation of the currency, it might be possible to have a specie currency, and the President's "experiment" has already gone far towards bringing that event about. But while the states retain the privilege of coining money through the issuing of bank paper, it is in the power of any of them to defeat the plan. Let our currency be so contracted by the entire withdrawal of all paper of confidence, whether used for currency or for commercial transactions, as to reduce the price of all articles here, either the produce of other countries or our own, very much below their price elsewhere, and we may have specie in abundance sent hither to purchase them. Before, however, we receive by this process the sixty or eighty

millions of dollars required for the existing bank currency—to say nothing of the additional quantity which the destruction of confidence would render necessary as a substitute for commercial paper—we are inclined to believe that we should find ourselves in the situation of the mariner cast away on a desert island, who starved to death reposing on a bag of gold.

The demand for a larger additional quantity of gold and silver would necessarily increase the value of the standard. The circumstances attending the restoration of specie payments here, as well as in England, may give us some foretaste of what we have a right to expect from the entire abrogation of a cheap, and the substitution of an expensive currency. With us the revolutions in property which it brought about are sufficiently familiar to all. The demand for specie can only be met by its withdrawal from other markets, and the consequent alteration in prices throughout the world. And this would occur at a time when a diminished supply of the metals, as compared with the existing currency, is becoming more and more manifest. Jacob estimates that the current coin of Europe and America diminished between 1809 and 1829, from £380,000,000 to £320,000,000—nor is the annual supply of the metals more than one per cent of their amount. In order to bring back gold in England, the paper currency was not only diminished below the wants of the community, but a great treasure was collected in the cellars of the bank, which was drawn from the general circulation of the world. This happened simultaneously with a similar monetary change in the United States, whereas the advocate of Mr. Peel's bill merely calculated on such a rise in the value of our currency, as would bring it on a par with bullion, then itself reduced in value by want of demand. But though in 1819 the difference between the market price of gold and notes was only four per cent, the restoration of specie payments by the demand which it occasioned for the precious metals produced a rise of prices to the extent of twenty-five per cent.

But neither is metallic currency a certain preservative against commercial revulsions.

In a late examination (1832) before the house of commons, it was distinctly declared by the governor of the Bank of England, that a metallic currency would not have prevented the mercantile excitement of 1825. During the invasions of France in 1813-14 there was of course no panic amongst the common people as to the money of interchange, and that circumstance was appealed to by the British ministers with much confidence at the time they abolished the small note circulations. But neither that country nor the other states of the continent, where even large notes, like those of the Bank of France, are un-

known, have been exempt, of late years, from commercial revulsions.

A distinguished writer, to whom we have before referred (Mr. Tooke), remarks, that what occurred at the close of the last century at Hamburgh, proves "that even a purely metallic currency admits of a large superstructure of private paper and credit, which may be subject to sudden contraction or extinction." Perhaps the commercial paper may be greater in amount from the absence of all money of confidence, and the consequently greater motive of economising a currency on that account, vastly more expensive. After giving an account of a speculation in British colonial goods, and the reaction owing to the diminished consumption consequent on the advanced prices, Mr. Tooke adds: "The inevitable result was a destruction of the paper, which had been created there, and which had extended itself along with the speculation to other towns in Germany, and to some in Holland. These, therefore, participated in the reaction. The number of houses that failed at Hamburgh between August and November 1799, was eighty-two; and the amount of their engagements upwards of 29,500,000 banco marks, or about £2,500,000. The rate of discount rose during that interval to fifteen per cent."

In a recent proposition emanating from the treasury,\* to legalize the existing system of selecting local banks, as the depositories of the public moneys, there appears to be an abandonment of the metallic scheme, and an attempt made to introduce an exclusively state bank circulation, with all the attendant evils of which the country, from 1813 to 1816, had such ample experience. This is infinitely worse than the metallic proposition. When the first cost of buying sixty to eighty millions of dollars of the precious metals is defrayed, and all the present generation is ruined, especially all the active, industrious, and enterprising men, who have borrowed money to carry on their business, and who unexpectedly find themselves obliged to pay two dollars in value for every one that they have received, we might get on pretty well with a circulation exclusively confined to gold and silver coin. But the plan of state banks, without a United States Bank, would keep us exposed to perpetual monetary revolutions, and to that constant depreciation of currency, which would divest property of all stability.

Confining the abolition of bank notes to those under five dollars, with a progressive advance of the minimum as is now suggested, is a very different plan from the metallic currency originally recommended. As, however, it is not intended that any portion of the state bank currency should be withdrawn till

\* See Mr. Taney's letter to Mr. Polk, in the Report of the Committee of Ways and Means, April 22, 1834.

the expiration of the United States Bank charter, there will be time enough for the full effects of the extension of the government credit to these institutions to be experienced before any of the correctives or palliatives are applied.

It might easily be shown that the plan, by which it is proposed to effect the abolition of small notes, is wholly inadequate to the end proposed. The payments and disbursements on the part of government form so small a proportion of the whole monetary transactions of the country, that the mere refusal to receive, on account of the public revenue, the notes of banks issuing the small bills in question, would avail but little. According to our system of currency, as it exists in practice, their abrogation must depend upon the action of the state legislatures.

This idea of abolishing small notes is not confined to the government; it has been put forth with no less earnestness by Mr. Webster, Mr. Calhoun, and others, who advocate a National Bank, than by the President and his secretary of the treasury. These gentlemen, not limiting the restriction to notes below five dollars, which has been adopted by several of our state legislatures, propose ultimately to carry it to all under twenty dollars, which, considering the relative value of money for the ordinary purposes of life, is extending the rule further than that of England. It is very certain that paper and coin will not circulate together, and therefore we cannot expect any larger denomination of metal money to be in common use than such as is less than the smallest bank note. The abolition of the small notes would undoubtedly increase the amount of coin in the country to the extent of the difference between the amount of that description of paper in circulation, and the specie reserve retained in the banks on its account. But we cannot have the increase of gold and silver without paying for it. The change proposed would deprive the country of the interest on the coin saved by the present arrangement. How far it would tend, by creating a greater demand for the precious metals, to enhance the standard, it is not so easy to conjecture. We see no reason to dissent from the remark of Mr. Huskisson, that "the quantity of metallic money should be as small as possible, and of convertible paper as large as possible." What these limits are, must depend on the test of experience, the true safeguard being that the currency shall be the same in quantity as if it were all metallic. Our present system, in all its parts, has worked admirably in practice. All the loss by small bank notes, since the Bank of the United States has been in successful operation, bears no proportion to the saving in the wear of the coin, and the interest of capital, which they have effected.

The subject of excluding bank notes under five pounds, which were always prohibited in England before 1797, has within a few years undergone a full examination in that country. It is probable that the restriction on the issue of them would never have been renewed, had it not been for the failures of the country bankers in 1825-6, which not only produced a general crash of commercial credit, but well nigh drained the Bank of England of all its specie.

It is not, however, very manifest whether we are not to ascribe the embarrassments, which have occurred in England, to the monopoly which formerly existed in favour of the bank, and which, at the time referred to, restricted all other banking establishments to private partnerships not exceeding six persons, thus preventing the formation of joint stock companies, and other institutions, combining capitals adequate to resist the ordinary convulsions in trade. The opposite condition of things in Scotland, where a system of joint stock companies, not unlike that which prevails in our several states, and which, by recent laws, are encouraged in England, out of London, has long existed, and where the £1 notes have ever maintained their credit, has been cited to show that the difficulties in English banking must be accounted for by other causes than the existence of a small note currency. The fact of the stoppage of specie payments by the bank in 1797, when there were no small notes, is also offered as a proof that the measure, adopted for that purpose, is no effective preventive to the dangers of a panic. The late regulation for making the notes of the Bank of England a tender every where, except at its own counter, and thus enabling the country bankers to dispense with specie reserves, shows some disposition to retrace those steps, that had in view the enlargement of the metallic basis. As an economical improvement it will at least compensate for the withdrawal of the small notes.

In the United States, when we had no National Bank, it is pretty evident that the restraint on the small issues would have been of little avail, and from the time that the first difficulties of effecting its establishment have been overcome, until the recent "Experiment,"—no bank has failed whose fate would have been averted by the proposed regulation. Wherever, indeed, national banks have been established, to them has been confided the duty of procuring a treasure capable of sustaining nearly the entire paper circulation; and it is the only sure dependence. The country banks in England never kept more specie than in the proportion of one pound of gold to ten of paper, and the accounts of several of our state institutions exhibit similar results. Indeed, one large reserve is vastly more economical than a great number of small ones. In England

the specie reserve of the bank is equal to one-third of its liabilities; the remaining two-thirds being vested in marketable securities. This has been found on trying occasions not only adequate to support its own credit—but that also of all the solvent issuers of paper in the country. There may be panics against which nothing can guard us.

The Bank of the United States had, on the 1st of May last, \$11,183,000 in gold and silver, besides other resources equivalent to specie—viz. notes of, and balances due from state banks and funds in Europe, to the amount of \$4,745,000, to meet liabilities in deposits and circulation, and unclaimed dividends of \$26,958,000.

The specie reserve is larger than would in ordinary cases be deemed requisite in peaceable times. It has always been used to sustain the monied institutions, as well as the mercantile interests of the Union, and though now absolved from all obligations as a government bank—more than one state bank has recently been indebted to it for supporting its credit, and enabling it to continue its ordinary business.

As to the restriction of small notes, we do not wish to be misunderstood. We do not strenuously object to such a moderate limit on the issues, as would banish all paper under five, and even ten dollars. But we deem such a regulation of comparatively little importance, and not wholly free from objections; and we do most earnestly protest against any propositions of this nature being received as a substitute for a National Bank.

There is one circumstance to which the Union Committee refers, the neglect of which to the present time proves how difficult it is to induce our national legislature to apply their attention to matters in which the zeal of party is not engaged. The present laws of the United States, respecting foreign coins, were passed soon after the establishment of the Federal Government. Since then a complete revolution has taken place in the condition of the mining countries. But, though we acknowledged, years ago, the political independence of Mexico and the states of South America, we have never to this day legalized their coinage. The consequence is, that of the small specie reserves in our country, a very inconsiderable portion is composed of coins which are a legal tender. Thus, when the local banks of the city of New York had (February 1st, 1834) \$1,600,000 in specie, only \$200,000 of this amount was of the description that those who had claims on them could be compelled to receive.

The inequality between the mint prices of gold and silver, and which has long expelled the former metal from circulation, still continues unremedied by any legislative provision. As it is stated in a recent report to Congress (April 4th, 1834), that,

upwards of eight millions of dollars have, since 1824, been obtained from the mines, much of which has been exported in consequence of our mint regulations; all the old arguments in favour of the encouragement of American industry may be brought to bear on this point of the proposed reform. A bill has been recently introduced into the House of Representatives on this subject; but instead of confining it to the equalization of gold and silver, the former of which, as compared with the latter, has been raised from 15 to 1, to 15½ to 1; there is a further provision for the establishment of a subsidiary coinage of five and three dollar gold pieces, degraded six per cent, and of silver coins depreciated about four per cent. This is in imitation of the English silver currency, which is only a legal tender to the amount of forty shillings, and circulated like our copper pieces. But though there is a clause that even the proposed small gold pieces shall only be a tender to the amount of ten dollars among individuals, still by their being made payable for all debts due to government they will, (if there be any force in the secretary's reasoning as to the importance of these payments, when referring to the exclusion of small notes,) lead to the depreciation of the whole currency of the Union. Besides, if the deposit banks are to receive this money as cash, there must be a loss to the amount of the depreciation, and there will be a deduction from the duties to the extent of six per cent.

It may also be observed, in noticing the causes of the present difficulties, that they have been aggravated by certain legal regulations, not ascribable strictly to any recent action on the currency, and the removal of which rests with the state legislatures. We refer particularly to the usury laws, which, in spite of the conclusive arguments of all moralists and economists, from Calvin to Bentham, exist in several states of the Union.

Interest is, at no time, a true criterion of the rate of profits, where the amount of the currency fluctuates, either by the greater or less supply of ordinary currency, or by the expansion or contraction of commercial credits, though it is the consideration by which it is ultimately regulated. The depreciation or appreciation of the currency has, of course, no permanent effect on interest, as it is capital, not currency, which is lent or borrowed; but if a large amount of bank notes be suddenly added to the circulating medium, through the operation of discounts or other loans, there would be an increased supply of lendible capital, and of course the rate of interest would momentarily fall, according to the principle of supply and demand. So in case of a contraction, there must necessarily be a rise in the rate of interest till prices adjust themselves to the new me-

dium, in which they are to be estimated. The increase of currency primarily affects the rate of interest, and, at all times, diminishes the value of money. In like manner, the fall of prices, and the temporary rise of interest is the consequence of a contraction. Banks, by increasing currency, may raise prices, but they cannot permanently lower interest. They can have no effect on interest, except during the period that the prices are accommodating themselves to the new order of things.

The best means, indeed, of rectifying the exchanges, is to increase the interest of money. This tends to reduce transactions and lower prices. The fall of prices leads to the export rather than to the import of other commodities, and consequently to the return of gold and silver, till the currency is restored to its ordinary state.

By establishing a permanent rate of interest, the banks are prevented from applying timely correctives to inordinate speculations. Did it vary according to circumstances, by raising the prices of money according to the demand, the great excesses might be restrained before they arrived at a ruinous extent. This matter was duly appreciated when the Bank of England was rechartered, and in England no restraint is now imposed on commercial bills having less than ninety days to run. This was an amendment of the law with great propriety connected with the charter of a bank issuing paper, as it is well calculated to prevent the rise of interest in cases of a contraction of the currency from going above the point to which it would be raised by the diminished supply. As the law now stands, in most of our states, when a temporary scarcity of circulating capital is occasioned by a diminished currency, all those lenders, who are unwilling or afraid to demand more than the legal rate of interest, are at once withdrawn from the market, and, in the absence of all competition, the rate rises not to eight or nine per cent, at which an unrestricted traffic in money would place it, but to sixteen or eighteen per cent. The hardship is the more intolerable, as it is on these occasions that loans are contracted, not to embark in new operations, the prospective advantages of which may exceed the price paid for the use of capital, however apparently exorbitant, but to fulfil old engagements entered into in a totally different state of the money market, and from which no profits equal to the interest now demanded ever were expected. Onerous as under any circumstances would have been the results of the executive measure, it has had in the usury laws a most powerful coadjutor, in accomplishing the ruin of many an enterprising merchant. For the existence, however, of a state of things, which renders the usury laws at this time of practical importance, the President, as the

original author of the derangement of the commercial transactions of the community, is responsible.

The whole measure as to the bank has been termed an "Experiment," and the President's ignorance of currency has been offered as an apology for his proceedings by those of his partizans whose respect for public opinion would not allow them to justify his violation of all the rules of economical science.

Before we trust our persons or our property to a physician or a lawyer, we deem it necessary that we should receive from the appropriate authority some evidence of his qualifications. If we employ either a professional man or a mechanic to do any thing for us, and he performs our work unskilfully, we are entitled to a special action on the case for the damages that we have received. Assuredly, those who would undertake the most important of all businesses, in which the happiness of millions is involved—the government of a state cannot, as conscientious men, enter on their task without a knowledge of those *leges legum*, which political economy inculcates, and which lie at the foundation of all legislation.

If it be too much to ask of a President a minute acquaintance with the subjects falling under the appropriate functions of the different departments, we have a right to expect that he will, at least, possess that knowledge which will enable him to select advisers who are equal to the ordinary intelligence of our age and country, and that his ministers will take the trouble of perusing the history of our own, and other countries, so far as it relates to the business of their respective official stations, and not subject the nation to the expense of millions, to make "experiments" on matters which have been already fully tested.

The points involved in the questions that now agitate the country, though somewhat intricate, are by no means novel. Errors which might have been palliated a quarter of a century since, are now without excuse.

It is twenty-three years ago since the House of Commons passed a resolution, "that the promissory notes of the Bank of England," which were then selling at an open discount of ten per cent, compared with gold bullion, "had hitherto been, and at that time were held to be in public estimation, equivalent to the legal coin of the realm." In the same year also (1811), Congress allowed the old Bank of the United States to expire.

The unprecedented condition of England, contending single-handed with all the world, may perhaps be pleaded as an excuse for the support given, in opposition to the incontrovertible positions of the bullion committee, to a system which furnished facilities for immediate supplies.

The American Congress, when they undertook to dispense with a national institution, had no experience of the effect of allowing hundreds of independent banks to establish mints to coin substitutes for the legal currency of the country. They could have had no notion of the effects of an "Experiment"—which cost the government and individuals a sacrifice of wealth almost beyond calculation.

Since the occurrences referred to, we have had presented to our view in this country, and in Europe, the practical operation of every species of currency. We have also had the advantage of the most luminous discussions on the subject, by the first minds of the age.

Without adverting to the states of the continent, most of whom have, within the periods in question, modified their monetary systems, and restored specie payments either by an equitable adjustment, as has recently been done in Austria, or by an entire redemption of their paper for its full nominal amount, we have had, in the economical history of Great Britain, the most useful, practical lessons. The different banking systems of England and Scotland present to our view all the modifications of which a convertible paper money is susceptible. Though the alterations in the charter of the Bank of England, renewed last year, were not such as to give entire satisfaction to the speculative views entertained at different times by the British economists, yet no individual in parliament, whose opinion was entitled to any respect, denied the necessity of preserving the bank, and maintaining it essentially on its present basis. Nor is it to be forgotten that the Bank of England holds the same corrective check over the currency of the northern as of the southern portion of the island. The country banks of Scotland settle their balances periodically in Edinburgh, and the final accounts between those of Edinburgh are discharged by drafts on London, which is the great "clearing house" for the whole British empire.

The long continued agitation of the question respecting the renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States, has also led to economical investigations in our legislative assemblies, which may well compare with any that have occurred elsewhere. Essays of high value have also been, by the importance of the subject, elicited from other than congressional sources. This journal was the channel through which was first presented to the public an article from the pen of an experienced statesman, which has been repeatedly cited, and with equal respect, in the House of Commons and at the American capitol, and which is now received, not only among the enlightened part of our community, but by the statesmen and bankers of Europe, as the highest authority on currency extant.

To Mr. Gallatin, who, though removed by his age, and the stations he has heretofore filled, from ordinary party strife, does not think himself absolved from giving his fellow-citizens, at this important crisis, the benefit of his experience, are we also indebted for the application, in the pamphlet before us, of the principles of his former work to the existing condition of things.



## INDEX.

### A.

A Statement of the Principles and Objects of a proposed National Society for the cure and prevention of Pauperism, by means of systematic colonization, reviewed, 240.

*Alfieri Victor*, his genius, poetry and tragedies, 361.

*Algernon Sydney* wishes to depose King Charles, 29.

An Inquiry into the state of Slavery amongst the Romans—from the earliest period until the establishment of the Lombards in Italy, by William Blair, Esq., reviewed, 71.

*Antigone*, an Italian drama, by Luigi Alamanni, 356.

*Antho'n's Classical Dictionary*, 30—law of copyright—Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, 31—Dr. Antho'n's reputation, 32—Chronology, 33—reformation of the Roman Calender, by Julius Cæsar, *ib.*—Exodus of the Israelites, 34—conquest of Canaan, *ib.*—Cadmus, *ib.*—Chronology of Usher, *ib.*—dawn of Chronology among the Greeks, 35—Herodotus—Cræsus—Solon—Pisistratus, *ib.*—origin of the Arts and Sciences, 36—India, gods of, 37—Navigation, *ib.*—German writers, *ib.*—astronomy of the Hindoos, *ib.*—Ethiopians, *ib.*—they form a part of the army of Xerxes, 38—empire of Nimrod, *ib.*—original population of India, *ib.*—pretensions of the Hindoos to antiquity unfounded, 39—statements of Herodotus, *ib.*—conquests of Alexander, *ib.*—Hercules, 40—Brahman, first king of the Hindoos, *ib.*—Menander, the

third great monarch, *ib.*—destruction of the kingdom of Bactria, 41—kingdom of the Parthians ravaged, *ib.*—singular practice among the Indo-Scythians, *ib.*—conformation of the higher castes of India, *ib.*—state of India, when Egypt had lost her independent existence, 42—creed of the Scythians, *ib.*—original settlers of India, negroes, *ib.*—India indebted to the Greeks for astronomy and decimal arithmetic, 43—authentic history of the origin and progress of the human race in the sacred volume, 44—traditions of the Gentile nations, *ib.*—official annals of the Chinese empire, *ib.*—human society first formed in the plains of Mesopotamia, 45—dispersion of mankind, *ib.*—Cushites of Arabia, *ib.*—earliest history of the Assyrian kingdom, *ib.*—date of the death of Sardanapalus, 46—early settlement on the banks of the Nile, *ib.*—Egypt conquered by the Shepherds, 47—the country below the cataracts of the Nile settled first, *ib.*—Greeks indebted to Egypt for their civilization and mythology, 48—hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, *ib.*—Hebrew and Phenician language, *ib.*—literature of the Egyptians, 49—indebted to the Greeks for all our knowledge of the ancient world, except through the medium of the scriptures, *ib.*—effect of a mixture of races, *ib.*—the Pelasgi, the earliest race in Greece, *ib.*—remains of Pelasgic structures in Greece, 60—known in Italy by the name of Cyclopean, *ib.*—Pelasgic language, *ib.*—Pe-

lasgic temple, 51—Inachus, his course to Greece, 52—king of Argos, *ib.*—tutelary gods of Inachus, 53—worship of Neptune introduced by pirates, *ib.*—Cecrops' first landing in Attica, *ib.*—Olive introduced by him, *ib.*—departure from Egypt of Cadmus, 54—story of his consulting the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, *ib.*—settlement of Pelops in Greece, 56—works of Homer, 58—his account of the state of Greece at the time of the war of Troy, *ib.*—agriculture among the Greeks, 59—cities of Greece, *ib.*—useful arts of the Greeks, 60—epoch of the Persian invasion, 61—religion of Greece, *ib.*—polytheism, *ib.*—mountains of the island of Crete, 63—honours of Neptune, *ib.*—worship of Jupiter, *ib.*—on the origin of the deities of Greece, 68. *Archbishop of Canterbury*, his talents, learning, and character, 13.

## B.

*Balmerino*, Lord, his trial and execution, 208.  
*Bank U. S.*, renewal of charter, 530.  
*Bibliotheca Classica*, or a Classical Dictionary—containing a copious account of the principal proper names mentioned in ancient authors—with the value of the coins, weights and measures used among the Greeks and Romans—and a chronological table. By J. Lempriere, D. D. A new edition, enlarged, remodelled and extensively improved. By Charles Anthon, L. L. D. Jay Professor of the Greek and Latin languages, and of Archæology and Ancient Geography, and Rector of the Grammar School in Columbia College, New York, reviewed, 30. See *Anthon's Classical Dictionary*.  
*Burns*, Robert, the poet, his habits, 229.

## C.

*Clark*, Willis Gaylord, his poetry, considered, 448 et 466.

*Classical Dictionary*, Anthon's, 30.  
*Cox* on Quakerism, 380.  
*Cause and General History of the Late War*, by Black Hawk, 426.  
*Court of Charles I.*, memoir of, 1.  
*Cromwell*, character of, 2.

## D.

*Decline of Poetry*, a review of several poetical productions by various authors, 448—sterility of poetic merit, *ib.*—worship of the muses, 449—poetry the most pleasing of literary pursuits, *ib.*—immortality awarded to Homer, Virgil, Pindar, and Horace, Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Scott, 450—their reputation illustrious, *ib.*—causes of the decline of poetry, 451—the capacity of the mind for the enjoyment of good poetry as vigorous as ever, 452—primitive state of society best adapted to the production of poetry, 453—the present the age of mechanism, &c. 454—busy state of society, an efficient cause of the decay of poetry, 455—other causes enumerated, *ib.*—Lake poets, *ib.*—unquotable and unreadable, *ib.*—very unpopular, 456—literary criticism different formerly, *ib.*—at present a mere trick of trade, 457—*The Pleasures of Religion*, a poem, considered, 459—religion the natural field for sublime religion, 460—faults of the *Pleasures of Religion*, 461—comparison of the *Pleasures of Hope and Religion*, *ib.* and 462—beautiful poetry on religious pensiveness, 463—*Dentologia*, a poem, *ib.*—boldness in selecting such a subject as diseased teeth for poetry, 464—brilliant inventory of dental materials, 465—poetic account of a lady who sang in the choir of a church, *ib.*—reviewer's approbation of the poem, 466—*"The Spirit of Life,"* *ib.*—a poem which does not please, *ib.*—life in all living things, *ib.*—a genuine Lake poem, 467—and intellectually impalpable, *ib.*—Mr. Clark sometimes animated with the spirit of poetry, 468—*Elegiac Stan-*

- zas, *ib.*—Barbadoes, a poem by J. M. Chapman, reviewed, 499—beautiful passages, but dull and wearisome, *ib.*—versification good, *ib.*—advocates slavery, *ib.*—selection from the poem, 470—Europe, a political sketch, by Charles Owen Apperly, considered, 471—motives of the author good, *ib.*—his poems deficient, *ib.*—poetic genius fallen on evil days, 472—the muse departed, *ib.*—subserviency of critics, 473.
- Dentologia*, a poem on the diseases of the teeth, and their proper remedies, by Solyman Brown, A. M., with notes practical, historical, illustrative, and explanatory, reviewed, 448 and 463.
- Dryden* the poet, the last ten years of his life, 229.

## E.

- Equalization* of gold and silver, 527.
- Euphemia* of Messina, a tragedy, translated from the Italian of Silvio Pellico, review of, 351—rules for dramatic composition, 352—object of the early poets of Italy and France, *ib.*—Shakspeare, *ib.*—coldness of the Italian drama, 353—genius of Alfieri, 354—first regular Italian tragedy, *ib.*—Rosmonda and Orestes, Italian tragedies, 355—Antigone of Luigi Alaman-ni, 356—the Tullia of Ludovico Martelli, *ib.*—Scipio Maffei, his tragedy of Merope, 359—Victor Alfieri, date of his birth, 361—his dramatic poetry, *ib.*—the gloom and serenity of his tragedies, 362—his confessions, 364—defects of his tragedies, 366—Vincenzo Monti, 367—practice of Monti, 370—Manzoni a leader in literature in Italy, 373—his faults, 374—Silvio Pellico, his happiness in the choice of his subject, 376—merits and excellencies of his tragedy of Euphemia, *ib.*—examples and specimens, 377, et seq.
- Europe*, a political sketch, and other poems, by Charles Owen Apperly, reviewed 444 and 471.
- England and America*, 240—faults of English tourists, 240, 241, 242—

author never saw America, 244—his object to speculate, *ib.*—National Colonization Society, 245—lands and labour, *ib.*—the Canadas, 247—duplicity of the author, 248—falsehood of his statement exposed, 250—Colonization important to England, *ib.*—ignorance of the author on America, 251—slavery, 253—the author's plan for its extinction, 253, 254—first article of the National Colonization Society, 255—glut of labour, 258—Irish labourers, 259—time to stop the desolating flood of emigration, 260—opinions of the author not distorted nor misrepresented, *ib.*—impolitic expressions touching America, 260, 261—no lover of his country would write as the author writes, 261—passion, prejudice, and base ends of writers on the United States, 262—author vilifies the clergy, the aristocracy, and the government, 263—Utilitarians, *ib.*—religious frenzy, 264—American curiosity, 265—New York superior to Canada, 267—degeneration of the inhabitants of the United States, 268—crimes, convicts, and paupers, foreign and native, comparative estimate of, 269, 270—bounty to Irish paupers, 272.

## G.

*German Writers*, 37.

## H.

*Hamilton*, Alexander, the life of, by his son, review of, 311—Hamilton the master spirit of the Federal party, 313—not a native of America, 314—applied to commerce, *ib.*—early literary essays, *ib.*—arrival at New York, 315—first attempt at public speaking, 315—its success, 316—writes for the New York press, *ib.*—his efforts to preserve order, *ib.*—appointed captain of the provincial company of artillery, 317—appointed by Washington his aid-

de-camp, 318—his high sense of personal independence, *ib.*—Washington's discrimination in the selection of his aids and secretaries, 319—campaign of 1776, *ib.*—error of the British government in strategy, 321—causes which nearly led to the loss of the services of Washington to his country, 323—rivalry and designs of Lee, *ib.*—Gates an instrument in the hands of a cabal against Washington, 324—hostility of Mifflin and Conway to Washington, 325—Mifflin placed at the head of the Board of War, 326—intrigue between Gates and Conway, *ib.*—entire defeat of the cabal, *ib.*—councils of the secret conclave, 327—conduct and powers of the Congress, 328—importance of the existence of the American army, 329—state of the colonies, 330—emission of bills of credit by Congress, 331—disastrous consequences of the paper system, 332—fiscal embarrassments, 332, 333, 334, 335—plan for an American Bank, 353—bank of Pennsylvania and North America, 337—Hamilton's opinion of a National Bank, 339—example of England, 340—Hamilton's splendid fiscal account, 341—votes on the bank question, 342—Hamilton's letter to Duane, 342—want of power in Congress, *ib.*—defects of the confederation, 344—imperfect organization of the army, 345—our trade rests chiefly on foreign capital, 348—publication of the *Continentalists*, 349—Hamilton enters the army again, and is appointed commander of a battalion of light infantry, 350—married to the daughter of General Schuyler, *ib.*—adopts the profession of the law, *ib.*

*Hartford Convention*—History of the Hartford Convention, with a review of the policy of the United States Government which led to the war of 1812, by Theodore Dwight, review of, 167—anecdote of an Italian preacher, *ib.*—Otis's letters, 168—General Washington, his administration, 171—General Hamilton, *ib.*—Mr. Jefferson,

*ib.*—French revolution, 171, 172—Genet, 172—origin of the Hartford Convention, *ib.*—early acts of Mr. Jefferson's administration, *ib.*—annexation of Louisiana to the Union, *ib.*—opposition to Jefferson's administration, 173—reasons for New England opposing the war, 174, 175—constitutional question on the requisition for the northern quota of militia, 175, 176—plea of the administration to raise troops, 176—Mr. Giles's bill, 177—refusal of the governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut to comply with the demands of Gen. Dearborn, *ib.*—withdrawal of the regulars from the North, *ib.*—defence of the coast by the militia, 178—object of the Hartford Convention, 179—number of delegates to the Convention, 180—proceedings of the same, 180, 181—laws of Congress, 181—right of the Convention to assemble, 182—its design loyal, *ib.*—certificate of George Cabot, 183—oath of Mr. Dwight, *ib.*—John Henry, a British spy, 185—Sir James Craig, 186—communication of the President of the United States on the designs of the northern leaders, *ib.*—Mr. Adams overrated the evidence upon which his declaration was founded, 187—parallel between the Hartford Convention, and the South Carolina Convention, 189.

*Holy Ambassador*, 417.

# I.

*Infirmities of Genius*, 214—qualifications of Mr. Madden, *ib.*—waywardness of genius, 215—literary occupations not absolutely prejudicial to health, 216—diseases of men of genius, 217—study favourable to longevity, 217, 218—Bichat, eulogium on, 219, 220, 221—Beclard, Georget and Godman, 222—Dr. Godman, his genius and character, 223—Laennec and the Stethoscope, 225—comparative ages of the disciples of the several branches of literature and science, 226—natural philosophers and poets, 228—Burns, his intemperance,

229—Dryden, the last ten years of his life, *ib.*—Ariosto and Camoens, 230—Collins, the irregularity of his habits and early death, *ib.*—Cowper, his goodly age, *ib.*—Goldsmith, cause of his death, *ib.*—Gray, Tasso, and Thompson, the cause of their death, 230, 231—Johnson, Scott, Newton, Bentham, Leslie, Goethe, Franklin, their early propensities, 233—female authors of Great Britain, and their ages, 235, 236—motives of Mr. Madden for writing his book: author not clear in his professional ideas, 236—maladies of the nervous system, 237—paralysis occurs under different states of the system, 238, 239.  
*Interest*, no criterion of the rate of profits, 527.  
*Interest*, permanent rate of, 528.  
*Italians*, their music not so full of pathos and expression as the Germans, 124.  
*Italian Tragedy*, 351.

## J.

*Journal and Letters from France and Great Britain*, by Emma Willard, review of, 131—conscience and gallantry, *ib.*—literary convention, 132—female authorship, 133—motive of author for publishing, *ib.*—Sir James Mackintosh's opinion of Mrs. Willard, 135—Mrs. Willard's bad French and English, *ib.*—fountains of Versailles, 136—the author's arrival at Havre, *ib.*—her journey to Paris, *ib.*—her residence in that city, 137—General La Fayette, *ib.*—his soirée, 138—Mr. Rives, *ib.*—French opera, and occurrences there, *ib.*—scenery of the theatre, &c. &c. 139—Gen. La Fayette's peculiar tact, 140—letter to Mrs. O. T—, 141—presentation to court, *ib.*—dress of the ladies and gentlemen, 142—the queen, *ib.*—her daughters Louisa and Maria, 143—king's sister, *ib.*—Duc D'Orleans, the king's son, his manner and remarks, *ib.*—Duke of Nemours, *ib.*—Mrs. Rives, 144

—Lady Granville, her disappointment, her dress, appearance and manner, *ib.*—invitation to a ball at the palace, *ib.*—decorations of the rooms, dresses, dancing, music, &c. &c. 145—supper, 147—French Chamber of Deputies, 148—the tribune,—its scenes, *ib.*—character of Barthe, Manguin, Odillon, Barrot, Dupin, Bignon, Thiers, Guizot, 150—French soirees, 152—Mrs. Opie, her dress and manner, 153—Madame Belloc, *ib.*—Paris society dangerous for young American ladies, *ib.*—Mrs. Willard's objections to waltzing, *ib.*—Parisian want of morality, 154—French society carried to a high degree of perfection, 155—eating obtains too much attention in American society, 156—European party hours, 157—female costume of France deserves imitation, 158—economy of the ladies' dresses, *ib.*—napkins at dinner table, *ib.*—attention to health in dress, &c. &c. *ib.*—shopping in Paris, *ib.*—morning promenades, 158, 159—French ladies' predilection for ear-rings, 159—the old bachelor and his remarks, *ib.*—neatness and elegance of French ladies in their dress, *ib.*—French hair-dresser, 160—facility of the French in adapting themselves to their situation, *ib.*—prejudice of the French against a woman's earning money, *ib.*—conspicuous part which women hold in French society, *ib.*—Mrs. Willard's reflections on the state of females in France, 160, 161—shop in the Boulevard, 161—Catholic religion, 161, 162—Italian opera, description of, 163—Miss Edgeworth's recommendation, 167.

## K.

*Kilmarnock*, Lord, his trial and execution, 208.

## L.

*Letters of Mrs. Willard*, 131.

*Letters* of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, 214.

*Letters*, descriptive of Public Monuments, Scenery, and Manners in France and Spain, 473—the work of a deceased lady, *ib.*—chief source of pleasure in Paris, derived from the character of the people, 474—Boulevards, 475—omnibuses, *ib.*—Hotel des Invalides, 477—Tuileries, *ib.*—Champs Elysees, *ib.*—Palais des Deputes, *ib.*—Pere la Chaise, *ib.*—Montmartre, *ib.*—scene at the restaurant, 480—the theatre, 481—end of the first day in Paris, 482—Jardin des Plantes, 483—its museums, &c. &c. *ib.*—gallery of paintings, *ib.*—the Louvre described, *ib.*—kindness of the Parisians to strangers, 485—public amusements, 486—church of St. Roc, 487—funeral service, *ib.*—ceremonies, *ib.*—mania for amusement, 488—shows, games, &c. 489—political feelings manifested the second day, *ib.*—troops, 490—National Guard, 491—Louis Philippe, *ib.*—cold response of the guards to the salutation of the king, *ib.*—review of the National Guard, 493—the Cuirassiers, 494—termination of the review, *ib.*—the multitude, *ib.*—proceedings of the third day, 495—grand ball at the Hotel de Ville given by the city to the king, 496—description of the ball, *ib.*

## M.

*Memoirs* of the Court of Charles the First, 1—character of Cromwell, 2—comparison between Washington and Cromwell, 6—character of the patriots of Charles's time, 8—character of Charles, 9—Duke of Buckingham, 10—Strafford and Laud, 11—character of Laud, 13—Puritanism, 17—state of parties, *ib.*—Presbyterians and Independents, 22—king's obstinacy, 23—views of the Independent party, *ib.*—Earls of Argyle and Loudon, 24—Charles's horror of the Presbyterians, *ib.*—Scotch

agree to give up Charles, *ib.*—conduct of Cromwell, 25—Charles fled from Hampton court to Carisbrook castle, 26—answer of Charles to the Scotch and Presbyterians, 27—determination of the army, *ib.*—struggle in the House of Commons between parties, *ib.*—abolishment of monarchy in England, 28—Cromwell dictator, *ib.*—trial of Charles, *ib.*—declaration of the king from the scaffold, 29.

*Memoirs* of the last ten years of the reign of George the Second, by Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, reviewed, 191. See *Walpole's Correspondence*.

*Merope*, an Italian tragedy, by Scipio Maffei, 359.

*Maffei Scipio*, an Italian and dramatic writer, 359.

*Monti Vincenzo*, review of his poetry and genius, 367.

*Madden*, R. R. on the Infirmities of Genius, 214.

*Musical Style*, review, 92—Dr. Crotch, his precocious talents for music, 93—Mr. Gardiner's musical performances, *ib.*—Sir William Jones's opinion of music as a science and an art, 94—nature of harmonies, 96—on the term *style* in music, 96—church, chamber, and dramatic styles of composition, 97—particular character of each, 97, 98—music, the sublime, the beautiful, and the ornamental, 100—Sir Joshua Reynolds, *ib.*—leading characteristics of modern music, 102—taste in music, 103—Haydn's music first introduced into England, *ib.*—major and minor keys, the sentiments they are calculated to express, 107—musical rhythm, 108—Italian, German, and French styles, 109—changes in musical composition, *ib.*—Guido, the inventor of scientific music, *ib.*—Hebrew chants, *ib.*—the Greek air Romeka, 110—music in the commencement of the 18th century, 112—improvement in music, 114—Dr. Burney's opinion, 114, 115—sacred music, 116—change of tastes in music, 118—Earl Mount Edgcumbe, his opi-

nion, 119—division of parties in the musical world, 121—progressive improvement of taste in England, 122, 123—Italians have less expression and pathos than the Germans, 124—German music serious, *ib.*—operatic music, 125—power of music, 126—songs of birds, &c. 129.

## O.

*Orbecche*, by Cintio, an Italian tragedy, 358.

*Orestes*, an Italian tragedy, by Giovanni Rucellai, 355.

## P.

*Paris*, and the anniversary, 473.

*Pellico Silvio*, his dramatic writings, 351.

President responsible for usury, 528.

*Promissory notes* of the Bank of England, 529.

## Q.

*Quakerism* not Christianity, or reasons for renouncing the doctrine of Friends, by Samuel Hanson Cox, review of, 380. Dr. Cox's writings calculated to injure the cause which he espouses, 381—too acrimonious and unfair, *ib.*—his book an ebullition of sectarian spleen, *ib.*—the labour expended on it calculated to increase the author's dyspepsia, *ib.*—his dander up, 382—the doctor's love for the souls of Quakers, 383—his tender mercies for their condition, *ib.*—moonstruck sense, 385—justification and sanctification, *ib.*—Quaker meeting, *ib.*—inward light, 386—apostacy, 387—the doctor's hatred of long continuance, 388—opening of his spiritual eyes by Mrs. Douglass, 389—examples of Luther and Calvin, 392—Quakerism not Christianity, *ib.*—grounds for suspecting mental hallucination, 393—the author's acceptance of D. D., 394—the degree unworthily bestowed, 395—a degree sometimes libellous, *ib.*—

William Penn's opinion of the resurrection, 397—capital punishment, 398—learned legal logic, *ib.* literary blemishes, 399.

## R.

*Renewal* of the charter of the U. S. Bank, 530.

*Report* of the Union Committee, appointed by the meeting of the signers of the memorial to Congress, held on the 11th of February, 1834, at the Merchants' Exchange, in the city of New York, 498—existence of distress, 499—prosperity of the nation menaced, *ib.*—peace for twenty years with all Christendom, *ib.*—cotton advanced in price, 501—redemption of the three per cent stocks, 502—demands of government, *ib.*—Pennsylvania loans, 503—foreign capitalists, *ib.*—internal improvements, 504—higher prices of land, *ib.*—speculations of individuals, *ib.*—gold and silver articles of merchandize, 505—the public distress real, 507—meaning of the term capital, 508—currency and credit, 511—government deposits, *ib.*—present difficulties arise from a diminution of credit, 512—the removal of the public deposits from the United States Bank the cause of the present distress, 514—reduction of loans, 515—preparations of the bank, 516—the pressure occasioned by hostility to the bank, 518—Bank of England, 519—alleged proceedings of the bank, 520—grounds of the President's measures, *ib.*—metallic currency considered, 522—occurrences at Hamburg, 523—proposition of Secretary Taney, *ib.*—abolishment of small notes, 524.

*Rosmonda*, an Italian tragedy, by Giovanni Rucellai, 355.

## S.

*Slavery* amongst the Romans; an inquiry into the state of Slavery

amongst the Romans, from the earliest period till the establishment of the Lombards, in Italy, by William Blair, Esq. review of, 71—comparison between ancient and modern slavery, 72—of the number of the slaves of the Romans, 73—Romulus, his regulations of the city in regard to runaway slaves, *ib.*—number of Roman citizens, 74—number of slaves, *ib.*—gladiators principally slaves, 75—decline of slavery, *ib.*—sources of slavery among the Romans, 76—treatment of prisoners, *ib.*—sale of prisoners, *ib.*—Roman commerce in slaves, 77—places with which Rome traded for slaves, 78—power of a father over his children, 79—man-stealing, *ib.*—conduct of creditors towards debtors, 80—exposure of children, *ib.*—manumitted slaves, 81—condition of the mother, *ib.*—Hebrew slavery, *ib.*—descriptions of slaves, and conditions of slaves, in relation to citizens, *ib.* appellations of different degrees of servitude, 81, 82—Roman slaves composed of all hues, *ib.*—original condition of slaves, *ib.*—slaves incapable of holding property, 83—ancient armies of Rome, *ib.*—dress of slaves, *ib.*—injuries to slaves, *ib.*—punishment of slaves for crimes and misdemeanors, 84—had permission to spend a portion of time in religious duties, 84, 85—their baptism and rites of burial, 85—their holidays, *ib.*—condition of slaves in relation to their masters, *ib.*—the latter had power of life and death over the former, *ib.*—sanctuaries of slaves, 86—treatment of slaves, *ib.*—their dress, *ib.*—their hair suffered to grow long, 87—attention paid by some masters to the education and accomplishments of their slaves, *ib.*—cases of Atticus, Crassus, Virgil and Mæcenas, *ib.*—Amusements of slaves, *ib.*—slaves had only one name, 88—occupations of slaves, *ib.*—division of slaves into public and private, *ib.*—division of labour among slaves, 89—sale, value and expense of slaves, 90—

price of slaves, *ib.*—their condition compared with Grecian slaves, *ib.*—effects of slavery upon the Roman character, *ib.*—the main cause of the decay of the Roman empire, 91—laws of the United States in relation to slavery, *ib.*

*Sands*, Robert C., the writings of, in prose and verse: with a memoir of the author, reviewed, 400—national literature necessary to preserve intellectual individuality, 401—Sands' writings confined, with one exception, to American subjects, *ib.*—Yamoyden, his first poetic production, 402—born in New York, *ib.*—his aptitude for the dead languages, *ib.*—the activity of his mind at college, 403—literary confederates, *ib.*—Mr. Eastburn and the paraphrase of the Psalms, *ib.*—merits of Yamoyden, 405—specimens from Yamoyden, 407, 408—heroes and conduct of the poem, 408—incantation, 411—beautiful sketch of the journey of Nora, 413—Sands' reputation among his countrymen as a poet and writer of taste, *ib.*—admitted to the bar, *ib.*—his failure as a lawyer, and the causes, 414—practice of Bacon and Brougham, *ib.*—learns French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese languages, *ib.*—St. Tammany Magazine, 415—Analectic Magazine, *ib.*—N. York Review, *ib.*—Sands' wit and playful humour, *ib.*—J. Brown, *ib.*—notice of Cortes, *ib.*—his researches into Mexican history, 416—Dream of the Princess Papantzin, *ib.*—the Talisman and its editors, 417—his prose writings and their merit, 419—A Simple Tale, *ib.*—Terence, 422—Boyuca, 423—specimens of his prose style, 420, 421, 422, 424, *et seq.*

*Sophonisba*, by Giovanni Giorgio Trissino, the first regular Italian tragedy, 354.

*Spirit of Life*, a poem, pronounced before the Franklin Society of Brown University, by Willis Gaylord Clark, reviewed, 466—469.

## T.

*Tullia*, an Italian drama, by Ludovico Martelli, 356.

## U.

*Union Committee*, report of, 498.

## W.

*Walpole's* correspondence, 191—paper found at Strawberry Hill, 192—administration of Sir Robert Walpole, 192, 193—Horace Walpole determines to avoid the errors of his father, 193, 194—political history of England, 195—Lord Granville, his character, *ib.*—political corruption of that period, 196—Lord Mansfield, his character, *ib.*—Fox and Pitt, 197—Pitt's remark to the Duke of Devonshire, *ib.*—low state of morals, *ib.*—Walpole's learning, 198—his letter to Sir Horace Mann, *ib.*—his writings, 199—character of his letters, 200—his quarrel with Gray, the poet, 202—testimony of Lord Dover, *ib.*—Walpole's offer to Madame du Deffand, 203—modern honour, 204—country solitude, *ib.*—tar water, *ib.*—Walpole's prejudices against the Scotch, 205—his disregard of opinions of men, *ib.*—landing of the Pretender in 1745, 209—prisoners taken at the battle of Culloden, 207—execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, 208—Walpole's protest against slavery, 210—his offensive expressions in regard to Washington, 211—contemptible character of Braddock, *ib.*—Admiral Byng, 213.

*Washington* and his writings, 275—disclosed traits of greatness when a boy, 276—nature and extent of Mr. Sparks' work, 278—Washington's official papers, whether all wrote by himself or not, 279—particular feature pervades all his correspondence, *ib.*—the author's

researches at London and Paris, 280—custom of Washington to keep a diary, 281—manuscript productions of Washington's boyhood, *ib.*—his early rules for civility and decent behaviour in company and conversation, 282—his early developement of military disposition, 283—his letter to his friend Robin, 284—his letter to Mrs. Washington, 285—visits Barbadoes, and gets the small-pox, 286—his appointment under Dinwiddie, *ib.*—French encroachments, *ib.*—French imputations upon the conduct of Washington in the death of Jumonville, 287—French authors on this subject, 287, 288—Mr. Sparks' statement, 289—Fort Necessity, 291—capitulation with the French, 291, 292—Washington ignorant of the French language, 292—statement of M. de Villiers, 293—Washington's comments, 294—Virginia House of Burgesses pass a vote of thanks to Washington, 295—he resigns his commission, *ib.*—General Braddock appoints him one of his aids, 296—Washington's letter to John Robinson, *ib.*—effect on the public mind upon learning Braddock's defeat, 296, 297—account of the battle, 298—French account, 299—tradition relating to Braddock, *ib.*—tradition relating to Washington, 300—Washington's letter to Mrs. Mary Washington, giving an account of the battle of Fort Duquesne, *ib.*—letter to his brother John, 301—his letter to Robert Jackson, *ib.*—his statement to Gov. Dinwiddie, 302—Col. Gage's letter to Washington, 303—Dinwiddie recommends Washington to Gen. Abercrombie, 304—his deference to the civil authorities, *ib.*—elected a member of the House of Burgesses, 305—correspondence between Washington and General Gage in relation to the treatment of prisoners of war.